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PART V

Teaching and Travelling

1957-1970

Osho is appointed professor at Sanskrit College Raipur

Not all the Masters have been able to express even the one percent; many have remained silent seeing that they have no skill.

When I decided to become a teacher in the university, a few of my friends who were aware of what had happened to me asked me, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "It will be good if I can be a teacher for a few years, it will help me tremendously: it will give me the skill. Now I have something to express, I have something to share, but the skill is needed. The best teacher is one who can help the *last* person hearing him, the lowest in intelligence, to understand. Of course the best ones will understand easily, but you have to keep aware of those who are not that intelligent."

And humanity, the greater part of humanity, is not intelligent at all. It lives in a very stupid way; it lives in mediocrity. Its consciousness is so much covered with dust and rust that its mirroring quality is completely lost. It cannot reflect anything, it cannot echo anything. Great skill is needed; only then can one percent of the experience be expressed. *guida06*

When I graduated from the university I immediately went to the education minister of Madhya Pradesh. He was also the chancellor of the University of Sagar, where I had postgraduate degrees in psychology, in religion, in philosophy. Now that same person is the vice-president of India.*

I went directly to him. I told his secretary, "I am going to meet the chancellor of my university, not the education minister, so don't come in between me and the chancellor. He knows me, he has been coming to the university every year for the convocation address. He has even addressed under my presidency the philosophical department of the University of Sagar. He knows me."

He informed the education minister, who called me in. He said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "I have passed from your university, and I have topped the whole university. This is the gold medal. I need a teaching job in any university."

He said, "You qualify absolutely. All the way you have been a first-class first, and finally you have topped the university, so you will get a place. And I know you personally, and I have always loved and respected you. Because you have been presiding over the meetings in the university where I was a guest speaker, I have heard you."

So he looked at my papers, the application, and then he said, "One thing is missing, your character certificate."

I said, "I know it. But do you want me to have a character certificate from someone to whom *I* cannot give a character certificate?"

He scratched his head. He said, "Perhaps you are right. What about your vice-chancellor? What about your head of the department of philosophy?"

I said, "You know perfectly well my vice-chancellor is a drunkard. Do you want me to get a certificate from a drunkard about my character? I cannot certify my vice-chancellor for *his* character.

"My head of the department of philosophy has never lived with his wife, has been living with another woman. He keeps his wife and children in Delhi just to avoid them, so that he can have all the women he wants. Do you want me to get a character certificate from him? I know him better; perhaps you don't know him that well."

He said, "It is a difficult problem."

I asked him point-blank, "Do you want to give me a character certificate? Do you think you are qualified? No politician in this country is qualified to give me a character certificate. Either you accept my application without the character certificate, or you refuse it. And I am here and you are asking for a character certificate. Look into my eyes! Look into my face! And do you have any understanding? Then don't ask foolish questions."

He immediately gave me an appointment in a college. I took the appointment order from his hand. He said, "This is not the right way, it has to go through the post."

I said, "When I am going to the college myself, why unnecessarily waste postage stamps?"

He said, "You are a strange fellow."

I said, "That's correct. But to be a strange fellow does not mean a man without character."

So I took the appointment order, and the next day I appeared in the college where he had appointed me. *1seed04*

*Note:*1989*

I used to live in Raipur. I lived there only for six months just through the mistake of government bureaucracy. I was to be appointed to Jabalpur but some idiot wrote Raipur instead of Jabalpur. And I saw it happen, because I was there, in the capital. So I told the education minister, "Give the letter to me, hand to hand, and I will go immediately. Why

bother about sending it by post?--I am here." I looked at the letter--Raipur? But I said, "There is no harm; for a few months let us be in Raipur. I will be absolutely useless there because the college is a Sanskrit college and I have no qualifications for that college. So I will enjoy myself as long as I am there--there is no work for me."

So I went there. The principal said, "But your qualifications are for a philosophy department, and we don't have any philosophy department. This is a Sanskrit college. There is a linguistic department, but you don't have any qualification for it."

I said, "I know. But what to do with bureaucracy? They have given me a holiday, so don't create trouble. They have sent me, and this is given to me directly by the education minister"

When I said "education minister," the principal thought it better to accept me, perhaps I was related to the education minister or something--because never before had anybody come with an order delivered directly. It is the formality that the order go through the post. It was so unusual, unprecedented, that he told me, "Can you wait in the common room, just for a few minutes, and I will call you."

I said, "But remember, I am going to remain here, otherwise I will call the education minister immediately." And I knew what he was going to do. His clerk was in his room and after five minutes he called me.

The principal had phoned the education minister to say, "This order has not reached us by post. Somebody can just arrange a false, bogus order and come. Moreover he is not qualified for this college at all, so what are we to do?"

The education minister said, "First accept him, and then we will see where to send him, because I don't know what has happened. I was not aware that something had gone wrong, so we will see." The clerk told me in the evening that the principal had phoned the education minister to confirm my post.

Next day I gave that principal a good beating; I said, "Now I have to phone him too, to tell him that you are trying to disobey his order. And you deceived me: you told me to sit there, and you phoned the education minister. He is my friend, and if anybody is to go from this college it will be you; you will have to go. I can immediately arrange for you to be transferred through the same bureaucracy who sent me here. I know the clerk who has done this--you will be transferred."

He said, "Don't create trouble. I was just checking to be sure that I am not in trouble later on. You be happily here."

I said, "No more asking from the department!"

So for six months neither the department bothered, nor the principal bothered to do anything. And I was not at all interested in making a fuss about it: it was going perfectly

well. I lived in the campus in the Sanskrit college, but for almost the whole day I remained in my quarters. Once in a while sometimes I would go to the library or just chitchat with the professors and come back again. There was nothing else for me to do. *person18*

Osho writes to a friend:

Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya

Raipur

23 September 1957

Respected Deria ji,

I have come here the day before yesterday. I have been appointed by the State government in Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya (College), Raipur. I had joined the college the day before yesterday itself: the heart was very sad at the time of signing in: a feeling persisted as if the moments of freedom are coming to an end. Teaching in a college feels to be very dead: it does not impart any message of life. In the heart of my heart I know that I am not for all this, but one will have to wait for that moment and the day when one will be able to engage in that work which will truly make my 'I' my 'I'. That day I will become a *dwija,* the twice-born: I will be born again. 'I' will be truly born. I am incessantly praying for that day.

How is Satya? My love to all. By 5th or 6th October I am reaching home. The rest is all fine. My respects to honourable Lal Saheb and others. What are you doing: write.

Rajneesh Ke Pranam *letter04*

Osho visits his family, his father wants him to marry

My village which was eighty miles from the university. Once in a while I would drive to the village just to see my father because he was so much attached to me that if I did not come for eight or ten days, then he would come to see me; he would not be satisfied that everything was okay without seeing me. He was always afraid that something was going to be wrong.

So rather than troubling him I used to drive there... *ignor10*

My father was a very simple man. He was not even aware--because he had eleven children--who was in which class and where. If some visitor, some guest asked him, he would have to call me and ask,

"In what class are you?" He never asked me, "Have you passed or failed?"

When I came first in the whole university, I thought, "He will be happy, I should inform him." I told him, "I have come first in the whole university."

He said, "So what! That simply means your whole university is full of stupid people; otherwise, how could you manage to come first?"

I said, "That seems to be right"--and I threw the gold medal given to me by the university into the well.

My father said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "I am simply destroying the gold medal, because I don't want to be first amongst thousands of stupid people. I am perfectly okay as I am."

He said, "But don't burn your certificates. You will need them for employment."

I said, "Okay. For employment I will need them, but the moment I leave employment, the first thing I am going to do is to burn them all"--and that's what I did. *false06*

Naturally, my father wanted me--I was his eldest son--he wanted me to help him. He wanted me, after my education, to come and take charge of the shop. The shop he had managed well; it had become a big place, slowly, slowly. He said, "Of course, who else is going to look after it? I will be getting old; do you want me continually to be here?"

I said, "No, I don't, but you can retire. You have your younger brothers who are interested in the shop, in fact too interested--even afraid that you may give the shop to me. I have told them, 'Don't be afraid of me; I am no one's competitor.' Give this shop to your younger brothers."

But in India the tradition is that the eldest son inherits everything. My father was the eldest son of his father; he inherited everything. All that he had now was for me to take care of Naturally he was worried...but there was no way. He tried in every possible way, somehow to get me interested. *misery01*

I am very grateful to my brother, Vijay. He could not go to the university just because of me, because I was not earning, and somebody had to provide for the family. My other brothers went to university too, and their expenses had also to be paid, so Vijay stayed at home. He really sacrificed. It is worth a fortune to have such a beautiful brother. He sacrificed everything. I was not willing to marry, although my family was insistent.

Vijay told me, "Bhaiyya"--*bhaiyya* means brother--"if they are torturing you too much, I am ready to get married. Just promise me one thing: you will have to choose the girl." It was an arranged marriage as all marriages are in India.

I said, "I can do that." But his sacrifice touched me, and it helped me tremendously. Once he was married I was completely forgotten, because I have other brothers and sisters. Once he was married, then there were the others to be married. I was not ready to do any business.

Vijay said, "Don't be worried, I am ready to do any kind of work." And from a very young age he became involved in very mundane things. I feel for him immensely. My gratitude to him is great. *glimps30*

In my family there must have been fifty to sixty people--all the cousins, uncles, aunts, living together. I have seen the whole mess of it. In fact, those sixty people helped me not to create my own family. That experience was enough.

If you are intelligent enough, you learn even from other people's mistakes. If you are not intelligent, then you don't learn even from your own mistakes. So I learned from my father's mistake, my mother's mistake, my uncles', my aunts'. It was a big family, and I saw the whole circus, the misery, the continuous conflict, fights about small things, meaningless. From my very childhood one thing became decisive in me, that I was not going to create a family of my own.

I was surprised that everybody is born in a family.... And why does he still go on creating a family? Seeing the whole scene, he again repeats it. *socrat05*

When I came back home from the university my parents were concerned about my marriage--naturally. My mother asked me first, because my father was always very cautious about asking me anything, because once I have said anything then there is no way to change it. So first he tried through my mother, that she should find out what he feels about marriage, because once he has said no to me we have to drop the subject completely! So just to feel his mind....

When I was going to sleep my mother came and sat on my bed and asked me, "Now you have finished your education, what do you think about marriage?"

I said, "I would like to ask you, because I have never been married before so I don't have any experience. You have been married, you have raised eleven children. You are an experienced person--I seek your advice. Has this life been a life of blessings? Have you not thought many times in your life that if you had not married it would have been better? And I don't ask you to answer right now; I give you fifteen days to think it over."

She said, "This is really strange. I was going to give *you* time to think about it, and you are telling me to think about it!"

I said, "Yes, because I don't know. I trust you. If after fifteen days you say that yes, your life has been a life of tremendous joy and ecstasy, of course I will get married. But remember, I am trusting you so much, I am giving my whole life in trust into your hands. And remember also that I know your life--there has never been any ecstasy, any blessing. It was a continuous fight, a struggle--with the father, with the children...." And in India it is a joint family. My family consisted at least of sixty people: my uncles, their wives, their children. "And you have been continuously miserable--that I know. Perhaps inside you may have experienced something that I am not aware of. You think it over for fifteen days. And I leave it to you: if you say "Get married," I will get married.

After fifteen days she said, "No. Don't get married." She said, "You tricked me. You trusted me so deeply that I cannot betray you, and I cannot cheat you and cannot lie to you. You are right; many times I have thought what the hell am I doing?--just giving birth to children, raising children. This has been my whole life from early in the morning at four o'clock to late, twelve o'clock in the night. I am continuously working. I have never known a single moment of my own.

"These fifteen days," she said, "have been of great turmoil in me. I have never thought about my whole life the way you forced me to think. And I love you, and I take my question back. It was not really my question; your father was trying to find out the answer."

I said, "Tell him that he should ask me directly."

She told my father, "As far as I am concerned, it is finished. I have told him not to get married."

My father said, "My God! You have advised him not to get married?"

She said, "Yes, because he trusted me so much, and he asked me to think it over for fifteen days. He was willing, but now I cannot cheat and I cannot live with the guilt my whole life. You do whatever you want to do."

Now he was even more afraid--even my mother was gone out of his hands. But somehow the answer had to be found, what I want to do. He asked one of his friends, a Supreme Court advocate, very famous, very logical and rational, and he thought that that man might be the right man to argue with me. And of course that man said, "Don't be worried. I have been arguing my whole life in the Supreme Court. Do you think I cannot convince your boy who has just come from the university? What does he know? What is his experience? I will come tomorrow."

The next day was Sunday, the courts were closed. He came to my house, and I told him, "Before you start--because my father has told me you are coming to meet me about my marriage--before you start I would like to make a clear statement that if you convince me, then I am ready to get married, but if you cannot convince me you will have to divorce your wife. You have to stake something. And I trust you, so I don't ask for a judge. I have

loved and respected you just as I have loved and respected my father. You have been such bosom friends, I have never thought of you as anything else than my father. So I don't ask for a judge because that will be distrusting you. I trust your abilities and I am ready for the arguments, but this condition should be remembered."

He said, "Then just give me a little time, because I have never thought about this alternative. The truth is that I have suffered my whole life because of my marriage, but I have never given a thought to it. And you are proposing that I divorce if I cannot convince you in favor of marriage. Let me think it over. I have children, I have a wife, I have my whole respectability in the society. I cannot divorce so easily."

I said, "And you think I don't have anything? All that you have is past and all that I have is future. The past is already dead and finished. I am risking the living, the coming, and you are risking only the gone, the finished. Do you think you are risking more than I am risking?"

And he informed me the second day, "I don't want to argue about it at all."

I used to go to his house every day, and he would tell his wife, "Just tell him that I am not in the house."

Finally the wife said, "Why are you afraid of that boy? Why do you go into the bathroom and lock it from inside? The moment you see him coming, why are you afraid?"

He said, "You don't know. The problem is that either he has to get married or I have to get divorced from you. It is a question of life and death. You simply go on telling him that I am not at home!"

Before I was going to leave the city and join the university as a lecturer, the last day I went and I told his wife, "I know he has always been in, and you know also why he is not coming to face me. Just tell him that he may be an advocate of long experience in the Supreme Court, but he has lost this case as far as I am concerned. Tell him he should stop bragging that he has never lost a case. He has lost an actual, existential case and even without a judge. He was both. I had given him the chance to be both the client and the judge. He could have cheated me, he could have been insincere to me. But I know that it is very difficult when somebody trusts so deeply in you...."

He came out while I was talking to his wife and he said, "Just forgive me. You are right. I have always been in but I was afraid. I was never afraid of anybody but I was afraid of you, because I cannot tell a lie when I look at you, at your eyes, at your trust, your love towards me. I cannot tell a lie, and I cannot divorce my wife. There is so much involvement and there is so much investment--that I cannot do. My suggestion is you talk to your father directly and tell him that there is no other way. He will have to talk directly to you."

My father never did that. I asked him many times, "Why don't you ask about my marriage? You have been trying to inquire from other ways; why don't you ask directly?"

He said, "I know that your answer will create trouble for me. Your answer is not going to become a marriage for you, but it is going to become a nightmare for me. You simply forget the matter. Whatever you want to do, you do. If you want to get married, you get married; if you don't want, just drop the subject. As far as I am concerned, I have dropped it." *last212*

Marriage is one of the ugliest institutions man has invented. But it has been invented with deep concern, goodwill. I do not suspect the goodwill, I only suspect people's wisdom. Their intention is right, but their intelligence is very mediocre. *unconc18*

A real man of understanding never promises for tomorrow, he can only say, "For the moment." A really sincere man cannot promise at all. How can he promise? Who knows about tomorrow? Tomorrow may come, may not come. Tomorrow may come: "I will not be the same, you will not be the same." Tomorrow may come: "You may find somebody with whom you fit more deeply, I may find somebody whom I go with more harmoniously." The world is vast. Why exhaust it today? Keep doors open, keep alternatives open.

I am against marriage. It is marriage that creates problems. It is marriage that has become very ugly. The most ugly institution in the world is marriage, because it forces people to be phony: they have changed, but they go on pretending that they are the same. *wlotus10*

I have been staying with thousands of families--everybody is miserable. And because I have been loved by so many people, the husband could open his heart to me, the wife could open her heart to me. Both are beautiful people, but together they are continuously at war. Every house has become a battlefield. And children are growing in this poisonous atmosphere. They will learn the same techniques and strategies and they will repeat them.

That's how every generation goes on giving its diseases to the new generation. Generations change, diseases have become permanent. Now we have to drop the diseases, so that the future humanity can be free from all this ugliness.

Don't just give it a new name, change it from the very foundations. *dawn20*

I have lived with many people, in many places. I was surprised--why are people so much anxious to create trouble for other people? If somebody is unmarried they are worried: "Why don't you get married?"--as if marriage is some universal law that has to be followed.

Tortured by everybody, one thinks it is better to get married--at least these people will stop torturing. But you are wrong: once you get married they start asking, "When is the child coming?"...

I am sitting, silent in my room my whole life. I am not bothering anybody, I have never asked anybody, "Why are you not married, why have you not produced a child?" Because I don't think that it is civilized to ask such questions, such queries; it is interfering in somebody's freedom. *yaahoo18*

Osho's observations on Children

You ask me: *Have You never wanted to have a child Yourself?*

No, for the simple reason that I don't want to burden this earth. It is already burdened too much. *last112*

I used to live in Raipur for one year. One day I just saw the neighbour beating his small child, so I rushed into his house and told him 'What are you doing? I will call the police!'

He said 'What are you talking about? This is my kid! And I can do anything that I want to my kid! And who are you?'

I said 'This is not *your* kid. This is God's kid. And I can claim as much as you can claim.'

He could not believe what nonsense I was talking. He said 'This is *my* kid. Don't you know?--you have been living here for one year.'

He could not understand because of the claim--the claim that 'This is my kid, and I can do anything that I want to do.' For centuries parents were allowed to kill their child if they wanted to. They were allowed, because the thought was accepted that 'You have given birth.' How can you give birth? You have been just instrumental. Don't claim. No child belongs to you. All children belong to God, they come from God. You are at most a caretaker. *isay107*

Perhaps very few mothers on this earth have fulfilled the role of motherhood. It's a Herculean task to be a mother. And the task is, for nine months giving the child's consciousness a specific direction. During these nine months, if the mother stays angry.... And when she gives birth to an angry child, when he behaves angrily, she scolds him, rebukes him, and wonders who has spoiled him, what bad company he must have fallen into.

Mothers come to me complaining about their sons and daughters having fallen into bad company. But they don't realize that *they* are the ones who have sown the seeds of their children's wrongdoings. They alone are responsible for building their consciousness--children are simply manifesting it. Of course, sowing the seed and its manifestation are

two different phenomena. We don't see the connection between the two because an enormous gap exists in between. *now14*

I was staying in a friend's house in Amritsar. Early in the morning I went into the garden. My friend's young child, not more than eight years old, was also there picking flowers. Seeing me, he came to me and we started talking. I asked him, "What are you going to become in life?"

And he said, "My mother wants me to become a doctor, my father wants me to become an engineer, my uncle wants me to become a scientist, my younger sister wants me to become the prime minister; and as far as I am concerned, nobody asks me. And I don't know either. If somebody asks the way you have asked, I don't know who I want to become."

But this is the situation of every child. He is being dragged by others, forced by others this way and that. Of course he lands somewhere, he becomes something, but he loses his being. In this becoming, he has lost his most precious treasure. *ignor22*

I used to live in a house eight or ten houses away from a post office. In front of my house was the public park, so it was a very quiet and silent place. I used to go for a walk early in the morning about three o'clock. One day I saw near the post office a little boy with a mustache. I could not believe it. It was dark, but it was full-moon night, so I could see the mustache. And he was smoking a cigarette.

I thought, "Perhaps he is a pygmy." Seeing me the boy moved behind a big tree by the side of the road. So I went behind the tree.

The boy said, "Don't tell my father."

I said, "I'm not going to tell anybody. Who are you? I don't know your father."

He said, "My father is the postmaster here; that is the post office."

I said, "What are you doing? You have got a good mustache."

He just pulled the mustache off. He said, "It is not real, but my father has a real mustache and I always want to grow one quickly. But how to grow it quickly? I even shave my mustache when my father is out, but nothing grows. And he shaves twice a day. So I got this mustache from a shop which sells things for people who are playing in a drama in a college gathering or somewhere."

And I said, "You are smoking a cigarette, too." He was hiding it behind him.

He said, "My father always smokes, and while smoking he really looks like a man. So I just thought to give it a try."

In that small boy I saw all the children of the world. Every child wants to grow fast, because what is childhood? Being ordered by the mother, by the father, being ordered by the teacher, beaten by the parents, beaten by the teacher... Every boy wants, every girl wants, just to grow as quickly as possible... Just remember your own childhood. *gdead03*

Once it happened: I went to see a friend with one of my friends driving me. His small son had come with him--not more than three years old. The friend went into some other person's house to enquire whether he was there or not. I was sitting in the back of the car and the child was sitting in front. The child somehow fell over and hit his head against the wheel. I closed my eyes, as if I had not seen. He looked at me, remained silent. After ten minutes when his father came back he started crying.

I said, "This is not right! This is not fair! Why are you crying now?"

He said, "And then what to do? What was the point of crying? You were not even looking at me!"

I said, "Now it cannot be hurting. At that time it must have hurt, I know."

But he knows the politics because he understood immediately: "This man will not take any note of it. Even if I cry or weep it is useless. When my father is back, then!" *guida11*

I once lived with a friend for a few days. He had a small son so full of energy, that it was impossible to talk. He was jumping into everything, throwing things, putting on the radio. My friend said: "What to do with this boy? He is so full of energy.... "

I said, "Don't be worried." I told the boy, "You just go around the house as many times as you can. Then you can ask for any reward, and I will give it to you."

He said, "Promise?"

I said, "Promise." He could go only seven times around the house and then he was flat on the ground.

I said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Finished!"

I said, "What about your reward?"

He said, "I will think later on. Right now, don't disturb me."

His father said, "Strange...I have been telling him continually, not to disturb me! It is the first time *he* has said `don't disturb me!'"

I said, "He has gone into meditation!" *spirit21*

Osho's experiences in Raipur

I used to live on a university campus. The first day, I entered into my bungalow. I was alone, and the attached bungalow was occupied by a Bengali professor. And the walls were so thin that even if you plugged your ears, still you would be able to hear what was going on on the other side of the wall.

Because the husband and wife were fighting so badly, I thought that there was going to be some blood. I could not sleep. It was one o'clock in the night and they were fighting and fighting and fighting. And I could not understand what they were saying either, but things must have been serious because finally the professor said, "I am going to commit suicide"--that he said in English.

I said, "This is something good; at least I can understand this much." So I came out of my house to prevent him--"Just wait. In the middle of the night, where will you go to commit suicide? In the morning it will be better"--but by the time I was out he was gone, fast.

I asked his wife--who had not come out even to say goodbye! I said, "What am I supposed to do? Should I go to the police station? Somebody has to be informed by phone? What has to be done?"

She said, "Nothing has to be done. Do you see his umbrella is here? Without his umbrella he cannot go anywhere. He will be coming soon--the moment he remembers the umbrella. In anger, he has forgotten the umbrella. A Bengali without an umbrella?"

I said, "But suicide is such a serious matter, and an umbrella is not needed at all."

She said, "You just wait. You sit here. I will make coffee for you because you have been...I knew that you must be hearing all this."

And within fifteen minutes he was back.

And I said, "What happened?"

He said, "What happened? I forgot my umbrella! And now it must be at least two o'clock in the morning."

I said, "That's the right thing to do. In the morning, take your umbrella and go out, find a right place." But who goes in the morning?

In the morning I reminded him, "You are still here? The sun has risen. You should go now and search for the right place."

He said, "I was thinking to go, but when I opened the umbrella it was not repaired because the rains have not come."

I said, "I see you with that umbrella every day, going to the university."

He said, "That is just habitual. Because there are no rains, nothing, so there is no question of opening it; one just carries it. Now I tried and opened it--it is not repaired. And I have been telling my wife that my umbrella should be kept repaired in case some emergency arises. Now I wanted to commit suicide and the umbrella is not ready."

I thought, "This is really great of you, and every person who commits suicide should learn something from you."

One day, it must have been afternoon, three o'clock or something, I again heard that he is going to commit suicide. But this time I was not so much excited, because I thought that this is the usual business. Still, I came out to say goodbye.

He looked at me with a very strange face. He said, "What do you mean by goodbye?"

I said, "You are going to commit suicide, and I don't think that we will be meeting again so I am saying goodbye. But what are you carrying?" He was carrying a *tiffin.*

I said, "Where are you taking the tiffin?"

He said, "You know these Indian railway trains--sometimes they are ten hours late, twelve hours late. And I cannot tolerate hunger at all, so I will lie down by the line and wait for the train. If it comes, good; otherwise, I am taking my supper with me."

I said, "You are a clever and intelligent person--anybody looking at you would think you are going on some picnic."

And when he was gone, his wife came. She said, "Has he gone?"

I said, "He has gone."

She said, "He will be coming soon. This idiot," she said, "whenever he wants to go for a picnic.... But he is such a miser that he will not take even me with him, so he says that he is going to commit suicide. He must be eating just near the railway station; you can go and see right now."

The railway station was not very far away, so I went and I saw him. He was enjoying all Bengali sweets and things.

I said, "Chatterji, the train is standing on the platform. Leave your tiffin, run! Just lie down ahead of the train!"

He said, "It is too late. First I have to finish everything that I brought, and today I have missed. And the train comes to this station only once in twenty-four hours"--because it was not a big station, it was a small station, and the train used to stop only once for the university because the university was outside the city. So he said, "Today it is finished."

But I said, "You were first saying, `I am going to wait.' And this is not suppertime; it is only three o'clock."

He said, "When you have such sweets in your hand, you cannot wait. And I am just coming back home with you." *enligh01*

It was almost thirty years ago. I was only their neighbor for a few months; since then I have not seen them, but they have given me one thing to which I have become addicted: earplugs....

I cannot get rid of those earplugs. I cannot go to sleep without earplugs. I have tried. *dark09*

I was for a few months in Raipur as a professor teaching there. I have traveled all over India, but Raipur seems to be a strange place. You will be able to pass only two or three houses before you find a great board declaring: "Here lives a great astrologer." You pass only two, three houses, and there is somebody who knows how to bring ghosts out of you, how to drive devils out of you. That kind of man, in Raipur, is called an *ojha*, one who drives devils, ghosts, from people's mind.

In those days I used to walk at least eight miles every day, so I walked to almost every nook and corner of the city of Raipur, and everywhere there were boards on the wall, advertisements. There must be people who are suffering from ghosts and devils, otherwise how are so many people doing this business--and doing well? They seem to be the most established people.

Just in front of my house there was one astrologer who was very famous. People from faraway places used to come to him for everything, not only marriage. In India, if you are starting a business you go to the astrologer: "On what day, at what time, are the stars favorable to me?" That is the time for the opening ceremony of your shop. If you are going traveling, first you will go to the astrologer: "What time? I am going south; is it favorable with the stars that I go to the south on such a day? Or should I wait?" And the astrologer will give you the date and the time.

I saw that man doing it the whole day. Sometimes the train would leave in the middle of the night, but *you* had to leave at the time the astrologer has said, so you left your house in the middle of the day because that was the time when the stars were favorable. You left the house at that time and then you stayed at the station for twelve hours and waited for

the train; but you should leave the house at the right moment, when all the stars are favorable.

One of my friends...he was also a professor, but he was a professor of Sanskrit. He was a great believer in all kinds of nonsense. Whenever he went to visit his family, he would ask this astrologer. And sometimes it was very difficult, because the astrologer would say, "This month you cannot go out. This month is not favorable for you at all."

He would come to me and say, "This is very difficult; this is the month I have got leave granted. Now this astrologer is saying I cannot leave this month."

I said, "You wait. Let me see the astrologer. I know him perfectly well; he lives just in front of my house. And there are ways.... You just give a one rupee note to the astrologer, and then he asks you, 'What date, what time?' So I will give him one rupee and tell him, 'This poor fellow will come; you please give him this date and this time'--so you can catch the train directly, and go home."

I arranged many marriages; I just had to give one rupee to him. One day he said, "But you are a strange fellow. You go on giving rupees for others, their travel, their business, their marriage."

I said, "I enjoy the game, I see their foolishness and I see your cunningness. Just one rupee to see this whole game--it is not costly. And it is not only you, this is what all your forefathers have been doing. You decide about people's marriages, and every day your wife is nagging you, beating you. What happened to your astrology? At least for yourself you could have chosen the right woman. And these fools go on coming to you, knowing perfectly well that it is very difficult to find a more henpecked husband than you. But still they go on asking: 'I am going to be married; will this marriage prove to be successful, peaceful?' They are asking, and while they are sitting there, your wife comes in and starts shouting at you and screaming at you--and those fools can't even see it? And what do you know about stars?

But the trick is, the astrology book of Hindus is the same. So if you inquire of one astrologer, he will give an answer. If you go to Benares and you inquire of another astrologer, he will give you the same answer, because they both depend on the same astrology book. If you go to Calcutta you will get the same answer. That makes you convinced that these astrologers must know, because three people in three cities cannot conspire against you. They don't know each other, and they don't have any idea that you are going to consult other people. You can consult all over India and you will find the same answer, because it is the same book. They consult the same book; nobody bothers about the stars, nobody knows about the stars, but only what the book says. *unconc25*

I was in Raipur teaching in the Sanskrit college there. A very beautiful young girl was asked by a gangster if she would be married to him. He was a dangerous man, a criminal. He had been to jail many times, he had committed many crimes, and he was almost the

same age as the girl's father. But he took a fancy to her, and seeing the success of Gandhi fasting to death and how he managed everything....

This man in Raipur went to the girl's house with a bed, and declared that if the girl was not married to him, he was going to fast to death. It became the talk of the whole city; photographers and journalists were there, and the whole day the crowd was there. The father became afraid, and pressure was put on him, "Why take the responsibility of his death?" But the father said, "This is absolutely ugly. This man is my age and he's a criminal. I cannot give my daughter to him."

I knew the father and the girl--the girl was my student in the college. The girl suggested to her father to consult me as to what could be done. I had not known him before. He came to me and he told the whole story. I said, "It is very simple. You just find some old, rotten prostitute."

He said, "What?"

I said, "Just listen to the whole point: find a very rotten, old bitch, and put another bed in front of the house. The bitch should declare, `I'm going to fast to death unless this man marries me.' Other than this nothing will work."

That gangster man escaped in the middle of the night. He was never seen again, he never asked again! This is the Gandhian methodology, a very religious thing. *bodhi19*

In Raipur where I was a professor for a few months, a house caught fire. Raipur is a hot area, a dry area, and it is an everyday thing, houses catching fire. It was very close to the bungalow where I was living, so I ran there. And what I found was that nobody was interested in the house that was burning, everybody was interested in something else.

I somehow made my way in the crowd to see what was the matter. The matter was that a woman who was paralyzed for three years had suddenly come running out. She forgot her paralysis! The moment people told her, "What are you doing? You are not supposed to run, you can't even walk. For three years you have been in bed"--when people said that, she fell immediately.

I went into the crowd and I told the woman, "Just try to understand a simple fact. It is good that the house is burned; it has made one thing clear--that you are not paralyzed. Somehow you have lost the will to live." I brought her to my bungalow.

Her husband had died and on that very day she became paralyzed. It was really a shock, because in India, losing a husband means losing your life; you cannot get married again. She was young, not more than thirty. For her whole life, fifty years perhaps, she has to live alone, with no child.

She had been working, somehow cleaning people's houses, washing their clothes, but there was no energy in it. While her husband remained alive, although he was sick for at

least three years, she continued to work. But the signs were clear that the husband was disappearing. The doctors were hiding it, but you cannot hide-she could see the person was disappearing.

She managed the work somehow to feed her husband and to feed herself. But the day he died she fell ill, and since then for three years she had not risen from the bed; she was paralyzed. Now people were just giving whatsoever they could manage, and she was living on that. She was a beggar. I brought her to my place and I tried to explain to her, "If it was paralysis, whether the house was on fire or not would make no difference. Paralysis cannot understand that the house is on fire, to leave you alone at least for a few minutes and then come back." I asked her, "What happened?"

She said, "I don't know what happened. The moment I saw the house was on fire, I simply forgot everything else: I had to run out." That brought her into the moment. The past, the husband--dead, alive--all the misery, all the suffering; the future, fifty years still to be carried on somehow.... This whole ugliness simply disappeared in a single flash! She ran out. She was herenow. The fire brought her whole being focused--in the moment.

I told her, "That's what is needed. Don't be bothered by idiots. If this place will not allow you to get married, I will arrange to send you somewhere else. I have friends all over the country; I can send you anywhere. You are beautiful, young--you can get married, you can live again."

First she was not willing because it was against the tradition and convention. But I am not a person to leave somebody. If I get it into my heart, then.... I dropped everything else. My professors and students said, "Why are you after that woman? Forget about it if she is not willing."

I said, "That is not the question. I know what she wants, but she is not courageous; I just have to persuade her. And it is a challenge to me I am *going* to persuade her. Till I see her married and settled there will be no peace for me."

And I managed it within eight days, not more than that. The servant who was working with me, seeing my trouble, one morning said, "Sir, if you are so worried, I cannot sleep either. If I can be of any help, I am ready."

I said, "Do you understand what you are saying?"

He said, "If you tell me to jump into the well I will jump, but please, I cannot see you so troubled. I am ready." So I got that woman married to my servant, and just to protect her I moved her to my house. Of course she was married to my servant so I just said, "Move in." And I was living alone in a big house which the government provides for the professors, so I said, "You live happily. I am alone--in fact the house is yours, I am confined to my room. The whole house you enjoy." And she blossomed. When after six months I left that place, she was a totally different woman. And with her, her husband also was so happy.

He said, "I married her out of compassion, and out of concern for you that you may become ill or something. But she turned out to be a jewel. Now I love her, and I will remain grateful to you for my whole life because I had never thought about marriage. I am such a poor man, somehow managing my own food. To get married, and then to have children, then where to get the house, all the problems.... You solved all the problems."

I said, "Don't leave this house, continue to live in it. I am trying to contact the other professor who is coming and I will explain the situation to him. He is also alone so there is not much trouble--and if needed I will stay. When he comes, I will first convince him to be here and let you live here, and then I will go."

But on the phone he agreed. He said, "If this is the situation--and I don't need a whole house because I am alone just like you."

I said, "That is perfectly good. And you will be here for at least five or six years. I cannot stay; otherwise I would have asked the government to let me live here. I have been posted wrongly. I have no work in this college because my qualifications are totally different. They don't need these qualifications; and the qualifications they need, I don't have."...

The man who had been selected for this college reached the place I was meant to go to. He asked me, "What should be done?"

I said, "You enjoy it there, I will enjoy it here. Till they find it out themselves you need not inform anybody. You just keep quiet, it has nothing to do with you. The government sends you--let the government find it out." It took them six months; just such a small thing...six months. But it was impossible for me then to prolong my postponement so I told the man to come. He was a nice fellow: after two years I visited once, and he had kept my servant and his wife more respectfully than I had. And they were so happy, there was no question.

I asked her, "Has paralysis happened any time?"

She said, "No, no, paralysis, not at all. For these two years I have not even had a common cold. No sickness has happened." *misery28*

Osho as Professor of Philosophy, at Jabalpur University*

*Note: Prior to 1957 the colleges in Jabalpur were affiliated to Universities in other towns. These colleges form the new University of Jabalpur, founded in 1957, where Osho obtains a post as professor of philosophy. Some of his colleagues are the professors he studied under as a student.

I had enjoyed my student life immensely; whether people were against me, for me, indifferent, loved me, all those experiences were beautiful. All that helped me immensely when I myself became a teacher, because I could see the students' viewpoint simultaneously when I was presenting mine.

And my classes became debating clubs. Everybody was allowed to doubt, to argue. Once in a while somebody started worrying about what would happen to the course, because on each single point there was so much argument.

I said, "Don't be worried. All that is needed is a sharpening of your intelligence. The course is a small thing--you can read for it in one night. If you have a sharp mind, even without reading for it you can answer. But if you don't have a sharp mind, even the book can be provided to you and you will not be able to find where the answer is. In a five hundred page book the answer must be somewhere in one paragraph."...

So my classes were totally different. Everything had to be discussed, everything had to be looked into, in the deepest possible way, from every corner, from every aspect--and accepted only if your intelligence felt satisfied. Otherwise, there was no need to accept it; we could continue the discussion the next day.

And I was amazed to know that when you discuss something and discover the logical pattern, the whole fabric, you need not remember it. It is your own discovery; it remains with you. You *cannot* forget it.

My students certainly loved me because nobody else would give them so much freedom, nobody else would give them so much respect, nobody else would give them so much love, nobody else would help them to sharpen their intelligence.

Every teacher was concerned about his salary. I myself never went to collect the salary. I would just give my authority to a student and say, "Whenever the first day of the month comes, you collect the salary, and you can bring it to me. And if you need any part of it you can keep it."

All the years I was in the university somebody or other was bringing me my salary. The man who was distributing the salaries once came to see me just to say, "You never appear. I have been hoping that sometime you would come and I would see you. But seeing that perhaps you will never come to the office, I have come to your house just to see what kind of man you are--because there are professors who start early in the morning, on the first of each month, lining up for their salary. You are always missing. Any student might appear with your signature and authority, and I don't know whether the salary reaches you or not."

I said, "You need not be worried, it has always been reaching me." When you trust someone, it is very difficult for them to deceive.

All the years I was a teacher, not a single student to whom I had given the authority had taken any part of it, although I had told them, "It is up to you. If you feel like having it all, you can have it. If you want to keep a part of it you can keep it. And it is not lent to you so that you have to return it, because I don't want to be bothered by remembering who owes how much money to me. It is simply yours; it doesn't matter." But not a single student ever took any part of the salary.

All the teachers were interested only in the salary, in the competition of getting higher posts. I have seen nobody who was really interested in the students and their future and particularly in their spiritual growth.

Seeing that, I opened a small school of meditation. One of my friends offered his beautiful bungalow and garden, and he made a marble temple for me, for meditations, so at least fifty people could sit and meditate in the temple. Many students, many professors--even the vice-chancellors came to understand what meditation is. *transm07*

When I became a teacher in the university, the first thing I did--because as I entered the class I saw the girls sitting in this corner, four, five rows just empty in front of me, and the boys sitting in the other corner--I said, "Who am I going to teach--these tables and chairs? And what kind of nonsense is this? Who told you to sit like this? Just get mixed and be in front of me."

They hesitated. They had never heard a teacher tell them to get mixed. I said, "You get mixed immediately; otherwise I am going to report to the vice chancellor that something absolutely unnatural, unpsychological, is happening."

Slowly, hesitantly.... I said, "Don't hesitate! Just move and get mixed. And every day in my class you cannot sit separately. And I don't mind if you try to touch the girl or the girl tries to pull your shirt; whatever is natural is accepted by me. So I don't want you to sit there frozen, shrunken. That is not going to happen in my class. Enjoy being together. I know you have been throwing slips, stones, letters. There is no need. Just sit by her side, give the letter to the girl, or whatever you want to do--because in fact you are all sexually mature; you should *do* something. And you are just studying philosophy! You are absolutely insane. Is this the time to study philosophy? This is the time to go out and make love. Philosophy is for the old age when you cannot do anything else--you can study philosophy then."

They all were so much afraid. Slowly, slowly they got relaxed, but other classes started feeling jealous of them. Other professors started reporting to the vice chancellor that, "This man is dangerous. He is allowing boys and girls to do things which we have all been prohibiting. Rather than stopping them getting into each other's contact, he is helping them. He says, 'If you don't know how to write a love letter, come to me. I will teach you. Philosophy is secondary--it is not much. We will finish the two years' course in six months. The remaining one year and six months, enjoy, dance, sing. Don't be worried.'"

The vice chancellor finally had to call me, and he said, "I have heard all these things. What do you say?"

I said, "You must have been a student in the university."

He said, "Yes. I have been. Otherwise, how I can be the vice chancellor?"

I said, "Then just go back a little and remember those days when girls were sitting far away and you were sitting far away. What was going on in your mind?"

He said, "You seem to be a strange fellow. I have asked you to come because I want to inquire about something."

I said, "That we'll take later on. First answer my question. And be sincere; otherwise I will give you an open challenge tomorrow before the whole university, all the professors, all the students. We can discuss the matter and let them vote."

He said, "Don't get excited. Perhaps you are right. I remember...I am now an old man--and I hope that you will not say this to anybody--I was thinking of the girls. I was not listening to the professor; nobody was listening to the professor. The girls were throwing chits, we were throwing chits, letters were being exchanged."

Then I said, "Can I go?"

He said, "Of course. You simply go and do whatsoever you want. I don't want a public encounter with you. I know you will win in it. You are right. But I am a poor fellow; I have to look after my post. If I start doing such a thing, the government will throw me out of this vice chancellorship."

I said, "I am not interested in your vice chancellorship. You remain vice chancellor, but remember: never call me again, because many complaints will come, but I make it clear to you right now that every time I will be right."

He said, "I have understood."

Then students--boys and girls who were not students of my subject--started asking me, "Can we also come?"

I said, "Philosophy has never been so juicy. Come! Anybody is welcome. I never take attendance. Every month, when the attendance register has to go back, I just fill it randomly--absent, present, absent, present. I just have to remember that everybody gets more than seventy-five percent present so they go to the examination. I don't bother. So you can come."

My classes were overpopulated. People were sitting in the windows. But they were really expected to be in some other class.

Then came complaints again, and the vice chancellor said, "Don't bring any complaint about that man. It is *your* problem if people are not coming to your class. What can I do? What can he do if they prefer him? And they are not students of philosophy, but they don't want to come to your history, your economics, your politics. What can I do? And that man has challenged me: "Never again call me in, otherwise you will have to face a public encounter."

But so many complaints came from every department that finally he had to come. He knew that it was better not to call me; he had to come to my class. He could not believe it.

In philosophy there are very few students, because philosophy is not a paying subject. But the class was overcrowded; there was not even space for him to enter. I saw him standing in the door behind the students. I told the students, "Let the vice chancellor come in. Let him also enjoy the whole scene that is happening here."

He came in. He could not believe his eyes, that girls and boys were all sitting together and so joyously listening to me. Not a single disturbance, because I have prevented all disturbances from the very root. Now the boy is sitting by his girlfriend; there is no need to throw a stone, throw a letter. There is no need.

He said, "I cannot believe that it is such a crowded class and there is pindrop silence."

I said, "There is bound to be because there is no repression. I have told the students that when they want to go they need not ask my permission, they should simply go; when they want to come in they should simply come. They need not ask my permission. It is none of my business whether they are here or not. I enjoy teaching. I will go on teaching. If you want to sit here, sit; otherwise get lost. But nobody goes away."

The vice chancellor said, "This should happen to every class. But I am not a strong man like you; I cannot say to the government that this is the way it should be." *last208*

When I became a professor myself, I had to make a new arrangement. The arrangement was that in each forty-minute period, twenty minutes I would teach the syllabus as it is written in the books, and twenty minutes I would criticize it. My students said, "We will go mad."

I said, "That is your problem--but I cannot leave these statements without criticism. You can choose; when your examination comes you can choose to write whichever you want. If you want to fail, choose my part. If you want to pass, choose the first part. I am making it clear; I am not deceiving anybody--but I cannot go on deceiving you by teaching you something which I think is absolutely wrong."

The vice-chancellor finally had to call me, and he said to me, "This is a strange type of teaching. I have been receiving every day reports that half the time you teach the syllabus and half the time you have your arguments, which destroy the whole thing that you have taught them. So they come as empty as they had gone in...in fact in more of a mess!"

I said, "I'm not worried about anybody. What have they done with me all these years when I was a student? I was expelled from one college and then another. And you can come one day and listen to whether I am doing any injustice to the prescribed course. When I teach the prescribed course, I do it as totally as possible, to make it clear."

He came one day and he listened, and after twenty minutes he said, "That is really great. I had been also a student of philosophy, but nobody has ever told me this way."

I said, "This is only half the talk. You just wait, because now I am going to destroy it completely, step by step."

And when I destroyed it completely he said, "My God! Now I can understand what the poor students are reporting to me. You are not supposed to be a professor in this structure of education. I can understand that what you are doing is absolutely honest, but this system does not create people of intelligence; this system only creates people of good memory--and that's what is needed. We need clerks, we need stationmasters, we need postmasters--and these people don't need intelligence, they need a good memory."

I said, "In other words you need computers, not men. If this is your educational system, then sooner or later you are going to replace men with computers"--and that's what they are doing. Everywhere they are replacing important positions with computers, because computers are more reliable; they are just memory, no intelligence.

Man, however repressed, has a certain intelligence. *socrat13*

When I joined the university I was puzzled because the whole years course was not enough for more than two months; in two months it could be finished. I used to finish it in two months. My professors, senior professors, the head of the department, the dean, they all told me, "This is not the way. You simply finish in two months a course which has to be finished in ten months...that makes us all feel guilty."

I said, "That is your business. If you don't want to feel guilty, finish your course also in two months, or change the syllabus--make the syllabus in such a way that the course is really for ten months. This is lousy, absolute laziness, and I cannot be part of it."

It is because of this that I used to travel so much. My students were not at a loss at all. I would finish their course quickly and then would say, "Now unnecessarily you will be bothering and I will be bothering...what is the point? Once in a while, whenever I am here, I will come. If you have any questions you can ask them, otherwise I will see you when the examinations come round."

And my professors, my department, my head, they were not courageous enough to report me because they knew that if they reported me, then I was going to expose the whole thing: that these people were lousy. And my students would have been my witnesses that I had finished my course--now for what did they want me here too?

I was moving around the country. Everybody knew because the newspapers were publishing that I was in Calcutta addressing the university, I was in Benares...and they knew that I was supposed to be there in Jabalpur. My principal once asked me for dinner, and at his home he said, "Do at least one thing: Go wherever you want, but don't let it be published in the newspapers because then it becomes a problem. People start asking us, 'If he is in Madras...but we don't have any application for leave. He never informs us when he goes or when comes back.'"

I said, "I cannot do anything about that. How can I prevent the journalists reporting? What can I do? I don't know who is reporting; I simply speak and move on, and whatsoever they want to do, they do. But if you have any problems, if anybody reports to you, you can call me. I can put that man right, there and then."

For nine years I managed this way. The whole university was just in a state of shock. They could not believe that nobody raised any question against me. I got the whole salary, and I was rarely seen. But the reason was that my department was afraid to report me, for the simple reason that I had said that I would expose the whole thing.

The country has become lazy. I told the vice-chancellor, "All your courses are not enough for the whole year. What you teach in six years can be taught very easily in two years; four years you are wasting. In those four years you could teach so much that the degrees of no other country could be compared to your degrees. Right now no country even accepts your degrees."

He said, "Perhaps you are right, but no professor will agree because they are happy with the way things are going; they have always done it this way. So I don't want to take the responsibility on myself." *ignor29*

The superior person never judges. He feels compassion. If he sees something wrong in somebody, he feels compassion. He tries in his own way, without offending the person, to help him. But there is no judgment.

I was a professor in the university but I refused to examine people's answers in their examinations.

The vice-chancellor called me and asked, "What is the matter? First you refused to make up some examination papers, question papers, and now you are refusing to examine the answer."

I said, "That's right! I will not ask questions for the simple reason that in my idea, your whole educational system is utterly wrong. Five questions, and you have judged the person's intelligence? It may be just accidental that he knows only those five answers and your judgment about his intelligence is wrong. It may also be possible that he does not know only those five questions and he knows everything else. Then too, your judgment is going to be wrong and inhuman. And I am not going to examine their answer copies, because whenever I see that somebody has not answered rightly, I feel great compassion

for him. And because of my compassion, I give him higher marks than to those who have given the right answer, because they don't deserve any compassion."

He said, "What are you saying? The right answer gets less points and the wrong answer gets more?"

I said, "Yes! That's why I am keeping out of it, because then you will call me and ask. It is better--include me out. Don't put me in this game. There are many who are mad, who want to compose question papers because that brings money, who want to examine answer copies because that brings money. I am simply refusing money--anybody else will be happy to have it. Make somebody happy."

He looked at me and he said, "I have always thought that in your eccentricities, there is always something of truth. Yes, I agree. It hurts to give a zero to somebody, if you are not just mechanically judging but seeing the person behind the answer. With great hope he has given this answer--it may be wrong but his hope...what about his hope? His parents may be poor, he may be working in the night and studying in the day. He may not have the chance, the time, to rest which others have, and you are giving him a zero."

I said, "I simply refuse. And if you insist, then don't ask any question about what I do. I can compose question papers but you cannot ask, 'What kind of questions are these?' because I will be trying to figure out questions which don't depend on memory. I will cancel all those people who are depending on memory, because memory is not intelligence. I will compose questions which need intelligence--but intelligence is not found in the textbooks of the universities. Intelligence is not being taught. People are not being trained. Only memory is being filled, with more and more information.

"I will compose questions that will not ask information, they will be immediate questions. Whether the person has been reading or not, coming to the classes or not, if he has intelligence, he will find the answer. If he has no intelligence, then all his memory cannot help. Then don't tell me that I am disturbing the whole structure of the university. I can examine their papers, but I cannot be their judge. Everybody will pass first class, because as far as I am concerned, every human being is a first-class human being. What does it matter that he has not answered one question rightly? And what do you mean by not rightly--you mean that it is not the exact copy of the textbook! The student has not proved himself a parrot."

He said, "You simply forget all about it. From now on, you are free about question papers, answer copies.... " *sermon25*

In India clothing is divided: Mohammedans have certain dresses, Hindus have certain dresses, Punjabis have certain dresses, Bengalis have certain dresses, South Indians have certain dresses--and it is very difficult.... For example, in South India you can have a wraparound lungi; just a dhoti that you wrap around. And not only that, they pull it up and tuck it over so it is just up to the knees. Even in the universities, professors go to teach in that dress.

I loved the lungi because it is very simple, the simplest: no need of a seamstress, no need of any tailoring, nothing; just any piece of cloth can be turned into a lungi very easily. But I was not in South India, I was in central India where the lungi is used only by vagabonds, loafers, unsocial elements. It is a symbol that the person is uncaring about the society, that he does not bother what you think about him.

When I started going to the university in a lungi, when I entered the university everything stopped for a moment; students came out of their classes, professors came out of their classes. As I passed along the corridor everybody was standing, and I waved to everybody--a good reception!

The vice-chancellor came out: "What is the matter? The whole university is out. The classes have stopped in the middle, professors are out. and there is a silence." He saw me and I waved to him, and he had not even the guts to reply to my wave.

I said, "At least you should wave to me. All these people have come to see my lungi." I think they loved it because every day professors came with beautiful clothes, the costliest clothes. The vice-chancellor was very particular about his clothes, and very famous....

If you had gone into his house you would have been surprised: there was nothing but clothes all around the whole house--he and his servant and the clothes.

I said, "Even when you come, nobody comes out. You just see...a poor lungi--the poorest wear it--has brought them out. And I am going to come every day in this lungi."

He said, "A joke is okay, one day is okay, but don't carry it too far."

I said, "When I do something I do it to the very end."

He said, "What do you mean? You mean you are going to come every day in the lungi?"

I said, "Right now that's what I intend to do. If I am interfered with I can come even without a lungi. You can take my word for it. If I am interfered with in any way, if you try to bring up that this is not proper for a professor and this and that, I don't bother.... If you can keep quiet I will remain in the lungi; if you start doing anything against me--my transfer or anything, *anything*, then the lungi goes. I will come...and then you will see the real scene."

And it was such a hilarious scene because all the students started clapping when they heard this, and he felt so embarrassed, he simply went back into his room. He never said a single word about the lungi. I inquired many times, "What about my lungi? Is any action being taken against it or not?"

He said, "You just leave me alone--do whatsoever you want to do. And I don't want to say anything because anything said to you is dangerous, one never knows how you will take it. I was not saying, 'Drop the lungi,' I was saying 'come back to your old clothes.'"

I said, "Those are gone, and what is gone is gone--I never look back. Now I am going to be in a lungi."

So first I was going in a lungi, with a long robe. Then one day I dropped the robe and just started using a shawl. Again there was a great drama, but he kept his cool. Everybody came out but he didn't come out perhaps because he was afraid that I had dropped the lungi. He didn't come out of his room. I knocked on his door. He said, "Have you done it?"

I said, "Not yet. You can come out."

He opened the door and just looked out to see whether I was clothed or whether I had dropped everything. He said, "So you have changed now--the robe also?"

I said, "I have changed that too. Have you something to say?"

He said, "I don't want to say a single word. About you I don't even talk to others. Journalists are phoning and asking, 'How is it being allowed in the university?--because that will become a precedent and students may start coming, and other professors may start coming.'

"I tell them, 'Whatsoever happens, even if everybody starts coming in lungis, it is okay with me. I am not going to disturb him, because he threatens me that if I disturb him in any way he can come nude. And he says that nudity is an acceptable spiritual way of life in India. Mahavira was nude, the twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jainas were nude, thousands of monks are still nude, and if a tirthankara can be nude then why not a professor? Nudity in India cannot be in any way disrespected.' "

So he said, "I am telling people, 'If he wants to really create chaos...and he has followers also in the university; there are many students ready to do anything he tells them to. So it is better to leave him alone.'"

I have found throughout my life that if you are just a little ready to sacrifice respectability, you can have your way very easily. The society has played a game with you. It has put respectability on too high a pedestal in your mind, and opposite it, all those things that it wants you not to do. So if you do them, you lose respectability. Once you are ready to say, "I don't care about respectability," then the society is absolutely impotent to do anything against your will. *misery26*

Dr. Radhakrishnan was one of the presidents of India. Before he became a president he was a vice-chancellor, and before he became a vice-chancellor he was a professor. Because a professor, a teacher, had become the president, his birthday was celebrated all over India, particularly in religious institutions--schools, colleges, universities--as a teachers' day.

In my university also, a great celebration was made. The vice-chancellor spoke in golden words about Dr. Radhakrishnan, that it is a glory to every teacher, a dignity to every teacher, that a teacher has become the president of the country, and many other prominent professors spoke. I could not tolerate it any longer. I was not supposed to speak, for the simple reason they knew that I am not reliable; what I will say may disturb the whole thing. But I stood up and I said, "Without me speaking this celebration will not be complete." So the poor vice-chancellor, although his face became pale, invited me to speak. I said, "This is such an absurdity that has been told to you by so many people, from the vice-chancellor, from all the deans, from all the senior professors. Cannot you see a simple thing, that a teacher has become a politician? It is a degradation; it is not respect. A teacher does not find himself dignified as a teacher--he wants to become the president of the country. This is not a teachers' day. I will call the day `teachers' day' when a president resigns and joins a school and starts teaching there. That will be the teachers' day.

The logic is so simple--that he respects teaching, and loves teaching, more than being a president.

The vice-chancellor and the professors who were sitting on the stage were so shocked, because all the students, the whole crowd, clapped. They were agreeing with me. Just these few idiots were not clapping. I said, "You should start clapping. Can't you see, everybody is clapping, and you look so stupid not clapping." And you will be surprised--they started. What else to do? And when they started, then the students started dancing and clapping.

I said, "Now the celebration is complete; otherwise, what celebration was it? And you have been praising a man who was serving the British government--he never fought for India's freedom. He was a professor in Calcutta University, and he stole a student's thesis, the whole thesis. He was one of the examiners, and he went on delaying, saying, `I am going through it.' Meanwhile, he managed to have it published in England, in his name. And when it was published, then he returned the thesis to the university.

"The student was a poor student, but still he went to the high court. But he was such a poor man.... The case was in the high court for a few months, and Radhakrishnan had not a single word to say, because page after page, chapter after chapter, were verbatim exactly the same as the thesis.

"His whole strategy was that the book had been published before; but the university knew that the thesis has been given to him *before* the publication of his book. It was certain that he was going to be punished for it. It was such an ugly act. He gave ten thousand rupees to the student--and he was such a poor man, that he thought that it was better to withdraw the case. The case was withdrawn, but that does not make any difference.

"This man has used bribes to become the vice-chancellor; and the whole of India knew about the case, the whole of India knew about his bribery. And still they were praising him as if he was a sage."

When I raised these questions, all their faces fell, and the vice-chancellor uttered to the man sitting by his side, "I was afraid of this from the very beginning. That's why I had not invited him to speak. But I never thought that he should have been prevented from coming into the conference."

I said, "If you have any answer, you can give the answer. This man has not been a teacher, but a thief. And if he becomes a politician, it is not a credit to the profession of the teachers, it is a discredit. If he has still any sense, he should resign and become a teacher again."

But this is how things are. The vice-chancellor has to praise him. After the meeting he told me, "It is not good for you. They will take revenge." I said, "I am ready for every revenge, but I am not ready to say things which are absolute lies." He said, "But I cannot say it. He has appointed me as vice-chancellor of this university." This way, things go on. He has appointed him as vice-chancellor, so he has to praise him. The whole society lives in a subtle kind of hypocrisy, in a conspiracy. One has to be courageous enough to stand alone. And he was right, that I would be taken into all kinds of revengeful situations; they have happened, they are still continuing to happen. My whole life they will continue to take revenge just because I am not ready to compromise with the hypocrisy that society has decided to live with.

But it gives me immense joy that I am not part of a crowd, and I don't want my people to be part of a crowd. Even if you have to sacrifice your whole life, it is more joyful than to be a slave. It is better to be on the cross than to be a slave of unconscious, fast-asleep people. *zara113*

I was called to a seminar; many universities' vice-chancellors and chancellors had gathered there. They were much worried about the indiscipline in the schools, colleges and universities, and they were much worried about the new generation's disrespectful attitude towards the teachers.

I listened to their views and I told them, "I see that somewhere the very basis is missing. A teacher is one who is respected naturally, so a teacher cannot demand respect. If the teacher demands respect, he simply shows that he is not a teacher; he has chosen the wrong profession, that is not his vocation. The very definition of a teacher is one who is naturally respected; not that you have to respect him. If you *have* to respect him, what type of respect is this going to be? Just look: 'have to respect'--the whole beauty is lost, the respect is not alive. If it has to be done, then it is not there. When it is there, nobody is conscious about it, nobody is self-conscious about it. It simply flows. Whenever a teacher is there it simply flows."

So I asked the seminar: "Rather than asking students to respect the teachers, you please decide again--you must be choosing wrong teachers, who are not teachers at all."

Teachers are as much born as poets, it is a great art. Everybody cannot be a teacher, but because of universal education millions of teachers are required. Just think of a society

that thinks that poetry is to be taught by poets and everybody is to be taught poetry. Then millions of poets will be required. Of course, then there will be poets' training colleges. Those poets will be bogus, and then they will ask: Applaud us!--because we are poets. Why are you not respecting us? This has happened with teachers.

In the past there were very few teachers. People used to travel thousands of miles to find a teacher, to be with him. There was tremendous respect, but the respect depended on the quality of the teacher. It was not an expectation from the disciple or from the student or the pupil. It simply happened. *search02*

I had to fight with the university continuously. They were not ready to include yoga or meditation in the university courses, but they go on bragging that this is the land of Gautam Buddha and Mahavira and Bodhidharma and Patanjali and Kabir and Nanak--they go on bragging, but they don't see what they are doing. Their journalism, their education, their politics, has no trace of Kabir, or Nanak, or Patanjali, or Buddha. They are under the impact of Western masters. *dawn19*

I was lecturing in different universities in India--and India has almost one hundred universities. The students were the ones who got the point most. I was teaching in religious conferences. The people who gathered to listen got the point, but the organizers, the religious leaders, became my enemies.

So any conference, any gathering of religious people I have visited only once, I was not invited there again. Just in one visit I had disturbed their people so much, stirred so many doubts and questions in their minds. Because this is one of my basic standpoints: the way to truth is not belief, but doubt; not faith, but inquiry.... *last113*

*Osho sums up his address to students at a meeting:**

You may have thought I would tell you some methods to pass examinations, to succeed, to get ahead of others, to reach higher positions. No, I will not do that. Enough has been told to you about these things. We are suffering tremendously because of that.

I pray you do not succeed, but that you be real human beings. Success is not a value. I pray you do not reach any positions of power, but that you reach your inner being, where there is something worthwhile. I pray you do not compete with anyone, but awaken the potential of loving your own individuality. I pray that you too can become a brick in the creation of a new culture--this is what I wish for you.

I am very grateful to you for having listened to me so silently, with such love. I offer my salutations to that new man that is residing within us all. Please accept my salutations to that god. *educa03*

*Note:Stories of Osho's early life are later recollections by him. Some of the first available transcripts of his lectures are those given at universities throughout India.

Osho addresses teachers at Podder College, Bombay:

But what education of love, what initiation in love have we given? What certificates of love have we conferred? And then if in three thousand years man has become completely loveless, murderous and violent, who is responsible for it? None other than our education can be held responsible for it.

But the teachers need not feel offended by this, because putting this responsibility on education means I am giving lots of honor to education; I am saying education is the center of life. Hence the teacher should be ready to bear the main responsibility; tomorrow the main honor too can be his. Tomorrow, if life is transformed, it is education which will receive the honor. And today if life has become polluted and poisoned, then the educationist should be prepared to accept the main charge and responsibility also. This is indicative of education being central. What I am saying is very respectful--that education is central. Neither the politicians nor the religious leaders are as responsible as the teacher is.

But the coming world will also only bestow honor on the teacher if he is able to lay down some basis for changing life. If you are not able to change it, tomorrow, children themselves will start changing it. *educa07*

Osho addresses a meeting at Birla Krida Kendra, Bombay:

Sa Vidya Ya Vimuktaye. Knowledge is that which liberates.

This morning I would like to say a few things to you on this subject. This is a marvellous saying. It is the most original definition of knowledge. This is the definition of knowledge as well as its criterion. But perhaps you may not know the other side of the situation. We are not liberated. Whatsoever we have learned cannot have been right knowledge, it must be false knowledge. Our life has not known what liberation is, so the schools in which we have studied must not have been schools but anti-schools, because the very test and definition of knowledge is that it helps us in our life to attain the bliss of liberation. *educa05*

Colleagues and academics

My colleagues--while I was a student or while I was a lecturer in the university--never felt that I belonged to their generation.

In the university common room...it was just by chance, the first day I entered the common room a corner chair was empty. So I went to that chair. Strangely enough, I always found it empty. I inquired of the peon, "What is the matter?"

He said, "Since you have sat on that chair, not only that chair is empty, but a few chairs on both sides are empty. Nobody wants to disturb you, nobody wants to discuss with you. There is a certain fear."

I said, "Strange, because I am absolutely harmless!"

The old peon said, "You are harmless, but there is no common ground between you and the other professors in the university. They are professors but they are talking only about girls in their classes, gossips.... They are always talking about how to pull somebody's leg. They are always interested in politics--university politics, inside politics. They cannot do that in front of you, they feel embarrassed."

Rarely did it happen that somebody would come and sit by my side, asking my permission, "Can I sit here?"

I would say, "This is a common room. The seat is empty and I don't own...."

"No," they would say, "somehow these three seats on this side and three seats on that side...you are occupying seven seats. People keep away. I also keep away," the person would say, "but today all the seats are full. I am sorry to disturb you, but can I sit here?"

I would say, "You can sit happily. And if you want to talk about all your gossips, all your love affairs, you can talk with me."

He would say, "No, I don't want to talk about anything with you. I want just to sit silently here."

I said, "That's great, because that is my teaching: Sit silently."

Just a single unconditioned person, and you create a center of the cyclone. Wherever he will be, he will have his uniqueness, and only a very few courageous people will be able to come close to him.

You will not find my photo in any of the photos of the university, for the simple reason that when for the first time the philosophical association was going to have its annual photograph, the head of the department asked me to come.

I said, "You are so old--and still interested in photographs!" Since then, nobody asked me. They understood it perfectly well, that it is a childish game. And the man was almost sixty years old--what are you doing with a photograph? *dless38*

I met Ranade*. He was retired, very old. I said to him, "Perhaps you will remember a man who deserved one hundred percent, but you gave him only ninety-nine percent."

He said, "Of course I remember, because this happened only once in my life. I had never gone beyond thirty-three percent. Are you the person?"

I said, "Of course I am the person. And I have come to say to you that you did not prove your greatness. You should have given me one hundred and one percent. What was your fear? Were you afraid that people would think you were favoring me? You didn't even know me."

He said, "Nobody talks to me this way. I am an old, retired, respected professor."

I said, "That does not matter. You showed your weakness in cutting me by one percent."

He said, "You are strange. Nobody fights with me, especially after ten years. Now what can I do?"

I said, "You can at least say `I'm sorry.'"

There were at least twenty professors who were sitting with him. He had become almost a holy place, where every kind of professor and intellectual gathered. They were all shocked.

I said, "Don't be worried about these idiots; it's because of them you cut my one percent."

He looked at me and he said, "I am sorry, and I say it publicly. You deserved one hundred and one percent."

I said to him, "Now I can forgive you."

I was speaking in Allahabad University. He had never come to listen to any lecturer visiting the university, but he was sitting just in front of me when I entered the hall. Everybody was surprised that Professor Ranade also had come to listen. I hit hard on the education system and on the professors who were supporting it.

He listened carefully, and as I came down from the podium he came to me and said, "Son"--he was almost ninety years old--"you are right. We did not have the courage to fight. We all know that our educational system is producing only clerks, secretaries, postmasters, stationmasters. Our whole education is based on the idea of creating servants. And what you want is to create masters. I absolutely agree with you." *miracl03*

*Note: Dr Ranade was Osho's examiner for his written MA degree, see Part IV

A great philosopher of India, a contemporary man, Dr. Ranade was the most respected and the most learned scholar, logician; he was a professor of philosophy at the University of Allahabad. In his days, the department of philosophy at the University of Allahabad had become the most prominent department of philosophy in India, and India has almost one thousand universities.

I had seen him just a few days before he died. He was very old, retired, but still people used to come from far and wide--not only from this country but from all over the world--to ask questions, to inquire.

I was sitting with him. He said to me: "What are your questions?"

I said, "I know not."

"Then why have you come to me?"

I said, "Just to see you and to see the people who are continually coming to you from morning till night."

I watched him for almost six hours, and all the people who came had come with abstract questions: "Does God exist? Is the soul a reality? Is there life beyond death?" And he was answering them.

After six hours, I said to him: "You are old, and I'm too young--it doesn't look right for me to say, but perhaps we may not see each other again; forgive me if it hurts you: You have wasted your whole life. In these six hours, I have seen in what way you have wasted it. I have not heard a single question or a single answer that *really* concerns life. And these people have come from faraway places and you have lived a long life but as far as I am concerned...don't feel that I'm not respectful to you, I am saying this because I *am* respectful. Whatever small time you have left, don't waste it. At least in the evening of your life, inquire into something which is authentic."

He was shocked, because nobody had ever told him this. But he was an honest man. He said, "I am old, and you *are* young but you are right."

The real question is not whether life exists after death. The real question is whether you are alive before death. *mess109*

Sir Saiyad* was very happy, and later on whenever I used to go to Aligarh, he forced me to stay with him. I said, "You don't understand: the trouble is I am being invited by the Jains, and if I stay in the Mohammedan's house that creates trouble."

He said, "You can face trouble perfectly well--that I know--but you have to be my guest." While he was alive, I was always his guest, and the people who were inviting me were very much concerned because they even started asking me, "Have you dropped vegetarianism too?--because staying with that Mohammedan, you must be eating with him."

I said, "Yes, I eat with him, but I eat *my* food. And you will not believe it--he calls in a brahmin cook to prepare food for me. And the food is far better than you will be able to manage because he takes every care that in a non-vegetarian house I should not feel in any way inconvenienced. He takes so much care that I start feeling a little uncomfortable-

-because of his care. I tell him, `You need not worry about me, I can manage things myself,' but he won't listen." *dark12*

*Note: Sir Saiyad was the examiner for Osho's MA oral exams, see p.

It is very difficult for a professor to relax back, to see things again as they are. He *knows* so much. He has accumulated so much knowledge, so many screens are there on his eyes. It is difficult to find more blind people than professors.

I have been a professor, that's why I say so--I know. I know from within. I have lived with professors for many years. They are the most unintelligent people in the world. Even a farmer in a village seems to be more intelligent, because he is more responsive to the reality. A professor never responds to reality. He is always reacting out of his knowledge.

So whatsoever I am saying, the professor will be interpreting it in his own ways. Right now, whatsoever I am saying, he will be interpreting and classifying and he will be saying yes or no. And he will be classifying me: to what school I belong, to what ideology, what I am talking about. He is not listening! It is very difficult for a professor to listen: he is so full of inner noise, inner chattering. The noise is so much that nothing ever enters in him. *thund10*

I came across a man in Varanasi. He was the only man in the whole world...and that was his only achievement, useless, but he was praised--perhaps I was the only man who condemned him in front of him...he had seventeen M.A. degrees in seventeen subjects.

All that he has been doing his life was moving from one subject to another, and attaining another M.A. to prove that he is, in the world, the only man who has seventeen M.A. degrees. And the people who had brought him to me had brought him with great praise. They told me, "He is a rare individual."

And I looked at him and I told him that, "You are absolutely idiot. What are you going to do with your seventeen degrees? You have wasted your whole life. Now collect all your papers and keep on your chest and move in your grave. Perhaps God may be very impressed seeing seventeen masters' degrees...."

First the man was shocked and then tears came to his eyes and he said, "Perhaps you are the first man who has told me the truth. I have wasted my life, I have never loved--I had no time, I never got married--I had no time, I was running from one department to another department, my whole idea was to have all masters' degrees that are available in the university of Varanasi. But your attitude shocks me, hurts me, but still I do understand--I have wasted my life." *last530*

But what about the unknowable? The scientist himself is unknowable. He knows everything, but he does not know who is the knower. In fact, he denies the knower--and that is so stupid....

I asked one of the Indian scientists, Khorana, who got a Nobel prize, that, "You are a Nobel prize-winning scientist. Have you ever bothered that you go on searching, discovering new areas, but who is the seeker? Who is the searcher? Have you ever thought about yourself?"

He said, "I don't have time for that."

I said, "But this is strange, because whatsoever you can find cannot be more valuable than you, the finder. Whatever you can know, howsoever valuable it is, cannot be more valuable than the knower. It remains an object of knowledge. And you say you don't have time for yourself? This is not a scientific answer. This is trying just to avoid the subject. You cannot avoid it. I at least will not allow you to avoid it. You have to say something definite. You have to say whether you exist or not. If you exist, then what are you--just matter? or something more?"

He said, "You are putting me into trouble, because if I say I am just matter, it simply does not feel right. How can matter discover matter? How can matter know the mysteries of matter? That matter has no consciousness, I can understand. So I have to accept that there is something more than matter. But please don't insist, because science is not willing to accept the knower. Science's whole approach is: unless something is experimented through scientific methods in a scientific lab, it cannot be accepted."

I said, "Naturally, then the scientist will remain unknowable forever."

And that is the arena, the area of religion.

And this unknowability of consciousness, this mysterious phenomenon in you--in everybody--is the most precious thing. *last209*

Once a psychologist and a professor of Jaipur University came to see me. He said, "I am a man of science and I have decided to prove through scientific methods and inquiry, the reality, the truth of reincarnation."

I told him, "Do you know what scientific inquiry means? Scientific inquiry means that you have not decided anything at all in the beginning. The inquiry is open. You say, 'I am a man of science.' You are not. And you say, 'I have decided to prove through scientific methods the existence, the reality, the truth of reincarnation.' If you have not already proved it, how can you accept it? And if you have proved it already, then what are you going to prove, then what is the point of your inquiry? Either you know the truth of reincarnation--then there is no need to inquire, or you don't know the truth of reincarnation--then how can you decide from the very beginning that you are going to prove it? This is a prejudiced inquiry; this is not inquiry."

Inquiry means you move without any conclusion. Maybe it is true, maybe it is not; maybe something else is true. You simply keep your doors open. Whatsoever the truth, you allow the truth to have its say.

I told the professor, "You are just a Hindu, already prejudiced, believing in reincarnation. Just as Christians don't believe in it, you believe in it. A Christian also starts a "scientific inquiry" to prove that there is *no* reincarnation. Will it be scientific? It will only be a *Christian* inquiry, an effort to use science to prove your prejudices. Your inquiry will be a Hindu inquiry, not a scientific inquiry."

The scientist cannot be a Hindu or a Christian or a Mohammedan; the scientist has simply to be a scientist. He can only inquire. Inquiry means you have not arrived at any conclusions, no a priori conclusion. That is the fundamental of all inquiry.

You cannot inquire and search for God. You can only inquire into the reality that is already available: these trees, these rocks, these rivers, these people--you. You have to go into it. No scripture is going to help you, because all scriptures will make you prejudiced and all scriptures will only be borrowed. You will become a donkey. *secret08*

I have come into contact with almost all kinds of religious scholars, and on one point they are the same, whether Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jew. That point is that they are perfectly at ease, feeling very good, in whatever they are doing--they are doing God's work, and they are spreading wisdom. They don't even know the *meaning* of wisdom. They have never tasted anything like that; they have heard about it, they have read about it, they have crammed hundreds of scriptures....

I am against all these scholars, not because their intentions are bad but because the outcome of their very good intentions is disastrous. They have destroyed millions of people on the earth; they never allowed them to grow, they gave them a false notion that they know already. This is pure poison.... *psycho03*

I gave the book *The Prophet* (by Khalil Gibran) to one of my colleagues in the department of philosophy of the university. He was teaching religion. He looked at the content and he said, "Why have you given this book to me? It is not about religion. Love, freedom, creativity, the relationship between parents and children--I don't see anything," he said to me, "about religion in it."

I said, "You don't know what religion is, and you have been teaching for almost twenty years! Not only are you in darkness, you have been spreading darkness amongst other people. These are the authentic religious questions. God is not; neither is hell nor heaven."

On his table I saw one book that he was reading--it was Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell.* That is "religion." Now what does this fellow Swedenborg know about heaven and hell? Fictions! So the first thing to remember is, religion is not a fiction. Don't get caught in fictitious ideas.

Religion is a reality, a day-to-day reality, a moment-to-moment reality that you are living. You can live your life religiously, you can live your life irreligiously; but again

remember--the definition should not come from the priests, the definition should come from the mystics. *mess216*

I was brought to Poona for the first time by a man who was a close contact of Mahatma Gandhi, Rishabhdas Ranka. Mahatma Gandhi's basic theme was that all religions are equal, although it was not his practice; it was only theoretical, verbiage. And Rishabhdas Ranka lived in his ashram, so he was very much influenced by the idea that all religions are equal.

He was by birth a Jaina, so obviously he thought to write a book of synthesis between Buddha and Mahavira. He showed me the manuscript. I simply looked at the title and I returned it back. He said, "You have not looked inside even one page?"

I said, "The title is enough." The title was *Bhagwan Mahavir and Mahatma Buddha.*

I said, "Either you call both the people Mahatma or you call both the people Bhagwan."

He said, "That is difficult. I cannot call Mahavira Mahatma because there are millions of mahatmas. And I cannot call Buddha Bhagwan, because I am a Jaina by birth. I believe only in the twenty-four tirthankaras as Bhagwan, nobody else."

You will not believe that the Jainas have thrown Krishna into the seventh hell, because he created the greatest war India has ever known. He is the ultimate criminal.

And the same is true about Hindus.... The Hindus have not even mentioned this great splendor, this great religious man, this great beauty of Mahavira. They have not even mentioned his name in their scriptures anywhere.

No contemporary source, except Buddha, even mentions the name of Mahavira. If he was so great, such a splendor, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, do you think the contemporary literature would have completely missed him? And Buddha has mentioned him only to criticize him. It is only in the words of Buddha that we have a certainty that a man called Mahavira ever lived.

But the same is done to Buddha by the Hindus. He was certainly a very influential man, a very rational and logical man. Hindus could not deny him, but they could not accept him either, because he was against the caste system, he was against the Vedas, against the whole tradition of the Hindus. He was born a Hindu. *poetry05*

One of my friends, a professor of Sanskrit, Doctor Rajbali Pandey, wanted to go to Tibet. He was doing certain research on a few Sanskrit scriptures which have disappeared from India, but their translations exist in Tibet. He wanted to translate them back into Sanskrit.

Those were very important scriptures, particularly concerned with Gautam Buddha. Perhaps Hindus have burned those scriptures in India, but because Tibet became Buddhist, before they were destroyed they were translated into Tibetan. They exist in

Chinese, they exist in Japanese; only in Indian languages they don't exist--and Buddha was born in this land, he was speaking the language of the people of this land.

So this man's research was really very significant in bringing Buddha back to his own land. But he was a high-caste brahmin, and he had learned Tibetan with great effort. Of course Sanskrit was his family language. He belonged to a very learned family; they used Sanskrit in their family instead of any other language of the people, so he was perfectly capable of translating from Tibetan into Sanskrit.

But I told him, "I expect to see you back within three days."

He said, "What are you saying? It will take at least three years."

I said, "Forget all about it. I know you--and I know something about Tibet."

He said, "I don't understand, you always make strange statements."

He went to Tibet. He was a high-caste brahmin with all the superstitions of the brahmins. The brahmin has to take a cold bath in the river before sunrise; then he has to do his religious worship--and only after that he can take his breakfast. As he reached Tibet, he remembered me. My statement was not wrong. He took only one bath and that was enough; he forgot all about translations.

By the third day I had to receive him at the airport. I said, "What do you think about my statement?"

He said, "I would have been killed in three years. Just one day was enough. Even now I am still shivering; the coldness has entered into my bones. Without taking a bath before sunrise I cannot even take my breakfast. So the choice was either to live without food or to have a cold bath before sunrise."

I said, "That's why I had said what I said. You are a fanatic brahmin; you will not drop your stupid idea. It is perfectly good in India...In fact the best time to take a bath is before the sun rises; only then it is cool. As the sun rises things become hotter. The moments before sunrise are the most beautiful in India. But that is not the case with Tibet." *satyam07*

Once I went to Varanasi and a great scholar of the Vedas invited me to his home. He was very happy to show me his parrot, because the parrot could recite many things from the Vedas, from the Gita, from the Upanishads. I laughed. The pundit* said, "What's the matter? Why are you laughing?"

I said, "I am laughing because I don't see any difference between this parrot and you. The parrot is a scholar and you are a parrot." He has been angry since then. *foll402*

*Note: a pundit is a religious scholar.

I had one colleague in the university who was very much curious about enlightenment. Even while I was teaching in the university I was moving around the country, finding people who can belong with me one day...but his interest in enlightenment was only that of a student. One day he came to me and I said, "This day is very special."

He asked, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Today, if you want to be enlightened, I can manage it."

He looked worried. He said, "But I have a wife and children..."

I said, "Enlightenment does not prohibit you from having a wife or children."

He said, "If this is a day of such a strange quality I should come on some other day."

But I asked, "What about enlightenment?"

He said, "Forgive me, I am only curious. I love you and I feel to be close to you, but enlightenment right now...? There are so many things to be done, and moreover do you think as a buddha I will look adequate?"

I said, "You don't be worried about it. Enlightenment has nothing to do with whether you look like a buddha or not. Certainly you will be a special buddha." He had very strange eyes--one looking this way, one looking that way. I said, "Don't be worried because I don't think that is a hindrance for enlightenment. It will be really very hilarious for people to see a buddha..." If he was talking to you he was looking another way. I said, "It will be a little strange when you are delivering sermons, but your eyes can be fixed. You don't be worried; that is my responsibility. First you become enlightened."

He said, "It is not only eyes. There are many things...I have false teeth. Do you think it will look right for a buddha to have false teeth? And if somebody comes to know...?"

I said, "You don't be worried about these trivia."

But he stood up. He said, "I am going home. First I have to ask my wife. I never do such strange things without asking her; she is a very pragmatic woman."

I said, "It is up to you, but it has never happened in the whole history that somebody who becomes enlightened first asks the permission of his wife. You become enlightened; then you simply go and declare your enlightenment."

He said, "At least give me some time to think."

Then I said, "But such a day may not come again so soon. Today everything is ready."

He said, "I can wait. It will do even if it comes two or three years later."

And from that day he started avoiding me. If I was sitting in the common room he would not enter. He made sure that I was not in the university; then he would move everywhere freely. He would make sure that I was not in the library; then he would go to the library.

One day I arrived at his home. I said, "The day has come again."

He said, "My God, I have been avoiding you all this time, and just within three months the day has come again? My wife is absolutely against it!"

And then his wife came out and she said, "You should not make him enlightened. He is already a trouble, a nuisance. If he becomes enlightened our whole family's life will be disturbed. Even in his ignorance he is not what a husband should be and if he becomes enlightened I can visualize troubles and more troubles. You just leave him alone! He has been avoiding you for three months because of my advice. Now this is too much that you have started coming to our house."

And you will not believe that the next day he went to the capital and got himself transferred from that university to another university. After two or three days--I had been looking for him--I went again to his home and the neighbor said, "They are gone!"

I asked, "What was the problem?"

He said, *"You* were the problem."

I said, "I was simply trying to make him enlightened."

Enlightenment is such a simple thing that nobody needs to be worried about it. But it has become such...Down the ages religions have been insisting that it is a very great phenomenon; it is not for ordinary mortals, it is only for those who have some special dispensation from God. Ordinary mortals should not try for it because that is trying for the impossible. It is good for a Gautam Buddha because he is an incarnation of God. It is good for Krishna because he is an incarnation of God, but ordinary people are not incarnations of God.

And I have been arguing my whole life with people that Gautam Buddha was not an incarnation of God before he became enlightened. Enlightenment came to him first; then you recognized him as an incarnation of God. *tahui15*

I kept on traveling throughout the country. As much as I traveled in those ten to fifteen years, no one would travel even in two or three lives. As much as I spoke during those ten to fifteen years would ordinarily require ten to fifteen lives. From morning until night I was on the move, traveling everywhere. *known06*

It was impossible to get even a single moment alone. I had to go back again and again to my place where I used to live in Jabalpur and I kept myself absolutely alone. Jabalpur was very unfortunate. I would go around the country and everywhere I would meet people--but not in Jabalpur. That was my mountain. And when I would come to Bombay, or to Delhi, or to Poona, people would ask me why I unnecessarily travelled so much back to Jabalpur again and again. Fifteen, twenty days...and I would have to go back to Jabalpur for three or four days, and then I would again start...It was unnecessary. I could have gone from Poona to Bombay, from Bombay to Delhi, from Delhi to Amritsar, from Amritsar to Srinigar. Why should I first go to Jabalpur and then again after a few days?

Jabalpur was my mountain. There I kept myself absolutely alone. When it became impossible to be alone even there and the multitude started coming there, then I had to leave that place. *isay101*

When I used to travel in India for many years continually I was almost always on the train, on the plane, in the car, just traveling, moving. The train was the only place for me to rest. Once I got out of the train there was no possibility of rest--five, six meetings per day, colleges, universities, conferences, friends, journalists, press conferences. It was impossible. The only place for me to rest was the railway train. After twenty years continually traveling I could not sleep because the whole noise of the train and its wheels and the people coming and going and railway stations and hawkers and people shouting and all that--was missing. You will be surprised to know that I had to record it on a tape recorder, so when I go to bed they will put on the tape recorder and just listening to it I will go into a perfect sleep. Then they will remove the tape recorder. Otherwise it was difficult, I will toss and turn. Twenty years is a long time, and it became such a habit. *transm43*

I sleep with three pillows: one on each side and one under my head. While I was traveling in India I had to carry all three pillows, and I use very big pillows, perhaps the biggest size, so one very big suitcase was just for the three pillows. Whenever I used to stay with somebody, and he would open my suitcases and in one suitcase--and it was a big suitcase, the biggest suitcase available--only three pillows! He would say, "What! This big suitcase and you are carrying just three pillows...7"

I would say, "I cannot sleep without those two. Those two are absolutely part of my sleep. If somebody takes one of my pillows, then it is difficult for me to sleep. I will miss him the whole night." *unconc27*

I have been traveling for many years around the country; I must have waited on every platform....

One day, for the first time in my life, I found the train coming exactly in time. That is absolutely a unique occasion in India. It simply does not happen. I was so much amazed and felt so grateful that I went to the driver to thank him and I told him, "This is my first experience that the train has come exactly in time. You must be the best driver in the country."

He said, "Don't make me feel ashamed."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "This is yesterday's train. It is exactly twenty-four hours late!"

Just at that time, when he told me that it is twenty-four hours late, I said, "My God." The stationmaster was standing by my side. I asked him, "If trains are going to be late--and I have been traveling for twenty years--then what is the point of publishing timetables?"

He said, "You are a strange man. Without timetables how will we know how much the train is late?"

I said, "That's right; I had not thought about it."

He said, "Everything would get mixed up. The timetable is published so that you can know how much the train is going to be late."

On another junction...the train was announced again and again, "one hour late...two hours late." I could not believe it when I heard that it is one hour late; then it became two hours late, then it became four hours late. I said, "My God, is it coming this side or is it going the other way? If it was one hour late, how it can be suddenly four hours late now?"

I went to the stationmaster and I asked, "In which direction is the train going?"

He said, "Don't be angry. It is just to protect our lives that we cannot declare that it is forty-eight hours late; people will kill us. So we declare in installments; it keeps people calm and quiet that "just one hour more...okay two hours more...and by these installments we manage forty-eight hours."

I said, "I can understand your great compassion; otherwise there would be many heart attacks, heart failures...if you start declaring it exactly right." I have seen trains coming sixty hours late and I have been sitting on the platform for sixty hours, but it was always "two hours more...two hours more." It can happen only in this country, which has learned to live patiently--nobody bothers. People accept it as if it is determined by fate; you cannot do anything about it. *golden40*

I have been traveling for twenty years around this country, continuously, on the train, on the plane, and I have seen people opening their suitcases, looking into them, closing the suitcase--as if there was something to see. They are just at a loss what to do. They will

open the window of the train, close the window, they will lie down, close their eyes, open their eyes.

I used to tell people in trains...In India, if you are going from Bombay to Calcutta it will take forty-eight hours. I would enter into my air-conditioned* coupe--mostly I was alone, but once in a while there was somebody else, because the coupé can have two persons--and I would immediately tell my name, my father's name, my grandfather's name, from where I come, without being asked. They would be shocked. I would say, "I am finishing my whole autobiography so that you need not ask anything."

And then I would sit and that man would look very strange.... He would say, "What kind of man...?"

I would tell him, "Now keep quiet, I have told the whole autobiography, there is nothing more!" And I would sit and look at him--forty-eight hours--and whenever he would start opening his mouth I would say...Then he would start doing things. He would read the same newspaper again from the very beginning, the name of the newspaper, to the very end, the publishers, the editors--and once in a while he would look at me.

It happened many times that he would call the conductor and say, "I want to change from this compartment."

The conductor would say, "Why? You have a very good companion. I know him because he is continuously traveling. He is a nice man. You be here."

He would say, "It is not a question of a nice or a good man. He is too nice--but please put me into some other compartment where there are people to talk to! This man is dangerous. He goes on staring at me without blinking, and I become afraid. I have taken three showers since the morning just for no reason at all. Just to avoid him I go into the bathroom; then I say, `It is better to take a shower. At least a few minutes will be passed.'"

But forty-eight hours...and he would start seeing his insanity, that he is unnecessarily opening the window, closing the window, unnecessarily lying down, turning this side, that side--and I am watching! Then he would sit down, then he would go on the upper berth. I would keep my hand up, so that he could see my hand, because I could not say it: "I am here! You go on doing all your insanities!"

These are the workaholics. *Note: at that time 'air-conditioned' meant 'with a fan' *christ05*

Once I was traveling in a train; a woman was traveling with me, and her husband or friend was in another compartment. At every station, wherever the train stopped, he would come again. Sometimes he would bring ice cream, sometimes sweets, sometimes this and that.

I asked the woman, "Who is this man?"

She said, "He is my husband."

I said, "Don't lie!"

She said, "How do you know?"

"Husbands are not known to do such things--at every stop! Once the husband has escaped from the wife, then only at the last stop does he turn up if at all. You are fortunate: at each stop he comes bringing this and that!"

She said, "You are right. He is not my husband, he is just my boyfriend."

I asked her, "How long have you been together?"

She said, "Nearabout seven years."

I said, "Wrong again!"

She said, "How do you know this?"

"Seven years is too long a time! Honeymoons are finished within fifteen days--and this whole thing seems to be like a honeymoon."

She said, "You surprise me--we really are going on a honeymoon! I have known him only for seven or eight days."

Everybody is bored with himself. That's why when Buddha says, "Sitting silently, I have arrived, and bliss has happened to me," we listen to him but we don't believe him. Or maybe he is just an exception--because when you sit silently, only boredom happens and nothing else. *unio203*

A strange event happened: one night I was in a train and in the compartment there were four sleeping berths. I could not believe it, that the three persons in the berths looked very alike. Later on, I came to know that they were triplets; and their snoring...I tried hard to remember that the whole world is *maya,* illusion. But their snoring was such that no philosophy was of any help. They snored in such harmony.... First one would snore, and two would remain silent. Then the second would give the answer, more loudly. Then the third would come in...and the round would go on. And I was caught in the middle.

In the middle of the night, when I became fed up with that music, I had to do something. I started snoring, fully awake. I woke up all the three fellows. They came down and looked at me, and because my eyes were open, they became afraid. They said, "What is the matter? You are awake and you are snoring so loudly."

I said, "If you don't stop your snoring, I am going to do this exercise the whole night."

They said, "At least, please close your eyes, because that makes our hearts tremble."

I said, "Then learn the lesson. I have been waiting for hours. Stop this symphony!"

They said, "What we can do? We are triplets, so whatever one does, the other does. All our habits are similar--snoring too! We are helpless."

I said, "Then, remember: I will snore with open eyes so loudly that you will not be able to sleep, nor will anybody in the neighboring compartment."

They said, "It is better we should wake up and read something. You do whatever you want, but please, don't do two things together: snoring and open eyes. Either close your eyes and snore--we are accustomed to it; or if you don't want to snore, you can open your eyes and do anything--whatever you want. We will try our best not to snore, but do you understand our helplessness? In sleep one tends to forget all about one's decisions."

I said, "I know, but I am tired. I have been traveling for twenty-four hours; you have just started. So sit down and read something."

I supplied them books, saying, "These are the books you can read, and let me sleep. And remember, if anybody snores, I am going to do even nastier things. This was just a sample."

Those poor fellows, the whole night, had to read books which they did not understand at all.

In the morning when I woke up, I said, "Now you can sleep. I am going to the bathroom. Snore as much as you can--the full quota. Condense! While I am taking my bath...I will take as long as possible. Rejoice in your snoring!"

But there was no condemnation in it. I enjoyed it immensely. It was tiring, but it was hilarious, too. *bolt09*

I used to go to take meditation camps in Udaipur. It was a long journey from the place I used to live, Jabalpur. Thirty-six hours, because there was no plane at that time. In Jabalpur there was an airport, but it was a military airport, and they were not allowed to open it for the public. Now it is opened.

So I had to go in a train and change at many junctions. First, I would have to change at Katni, then I would have to change at Bina, then I would have to change at Agra. Then I would have to change at Chittaurgarh, and finally I would reach Udaipur. It was evening time when the train reached Chittaurgarh. And Ajmer is very close to Chittaurgarh. Ajmer is one of the strongholds of the Mohammedans, so in the train there were many Mohammedans. And the train had to stay for one hour for some other train to come which was bringing passengers for this train also, to go on to Udaipur.

So for one hour I used to walk on the platform. All the Mohammedans lining the platform were sitting in prayer, and I was enjoying them. I would just go near somebody and say, "The train is leaving," and he would jump up. And then he would be angry at me, "You disturbed my prayer."

I said, "I did not disturb anybody's prayer. I am simply doing *my* prayer. This is my heartfelt desire that the train should leave! I was not talking to you. I don't even know your name!"

He would say, "This is strange...in the middle of my prayer?"

I said, "It was not prayer because I was watching, you have been looking again and again at the train." He said, "That is true."

And it was the same all over the platform. I would go to a few people further up and just whisper, "The train is leaving," and again another person would jump up and would be very angry: "What kind of person are you? You look religious, and you disturb people in their prayer?"

I said, "I am not disturbing anybody. I am just praying to God that the train should leave now."

What are your prayers? Begging this, begging that, your prayer reduces you into a beggar. Meditation transforms you into an emperor. There is nobody to hear your prayers, there is nobody to answer your prayers. All religions go on making you extrovert so that you don't turn inwards. Prayer is an extrovert thing: God is there, and you are shouting to that God. But it is taking you away from yourself.

Every prayer is irreligious. *gdead02*

It happened I was traveling from Bombay to Calcutta. It was a long journey, but I enjoyed trains rather than airplanes because that was the only time I could rest. From Bombay to Calcutta it takes forty-eight hours by train, the fastest train. So I was hoping to just relax and enjoy for forty-eight hours, because once I entered Calcutta there would be at least five meetings a day, and there was not going to be any rest.

As I entered my air-conditioned cabin, there was another man--it was a car for two persons. That man must have been watching through the window what was happening outside. Hundreds of people had come to give me a send-off--so many roses and garlands. He must have been looking through the window.

In the air-conditioned class in India--I don't know about America--you can see out from the glass, but you cannot see in; it is one-way. So I was not aware that somebody was watching. I was outside on the platform surrounded by the crowd. But so many people were touching my feet and putting garlands, that that man became certain that I was a great religious leader.

As I entered the cabin, he fell on the ground, touched my feet, kissed my feet. And he said, "I have always been searching for a great teacher. Perhaps you are the man."

He was a brahmin. I told him, "Yes, I am the man, but there is a difficulty. I am a Mohammedan."

He said, "My God! And I have kissed your feet!"

I told him, "You go to the bathroom and have a good gargle. And what can I do?--you never asked me, you simply fell on the ground and touched my feet and kissed my feet. I would have told you, but you never gave me any chance."

He rushed into the bathroom, took a shower, because a *brahmin...!* In India that is the highest Hindu caste, the caste of the priests. They don't consider anybody even to be touchable.

He came back. He was looking very miserable, even after the shower. And I said, "I was just joking! Can't you see me? Can't you understand? Have you forgotten all those Hindus outside?"--because in India you can recognize very well who is who. Mohammedans have different caps, different kind of clothes; Hindus have different caps, different kind of clothes. It is not difficult.

I said, "You are just unnecessarily bothering."

He fell again. He kissed my feet this time really hard. He said, "I was suspecting while I was taking the shower...this man does not look like a Mohammedan. And I am relieved of a great difficulty; otherwise I would have repented my whole life."

I said, "You *will* have to repent. Can't you see my beard?"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Exactly what you understand. I *am* a Mohammedan."

The man rushed back to the bathroom and then he told the conductor, "Please change my room--that man may disturb my whole night; he keeps changing his idea of who he is."

The conductor said, "But what do you have to do with him? Let him change his idea. You have your seat, you have your place reserved. There is no problem."

I came out. I said, "There is no problem, but this man thinks I am a Mohammedan."

The conductor said, "You think he is a Mohammedan? I know him!"

The man said, "Then there is no problem."

And I tortured him so much that finally he said, "Whoever you are, I am your disciple! I have dropped the idea of choosing between Hindu and Mohammedan. One thing is certain that you are *something!"*

Just meditate, be aware.

Choices will disappear.

And a new kind of responsibility will arise which will not be imposed by the outside, which will be your own fragrance. *dless27*

When I came to learn driving...the man who was teaching me driving was called Majid, he was a Mohammedan. He was one of the best drivers in the city, and he loved me very much. In fact, he chose my first car. So he told me, "I will teach you."

I said, "I don't like to be taught. You just drive slowly so I can see and watch."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I learn only by watching. I don't want any teacher ever!"

He said, "But it is dangerous! A bicycle was okay. At the most you could have hurt yourself or one other, and not much. But a car is a dangerous thing."

I said, "I am a dangerous man. You just drive it slowly and tell me everything about where is the pedal, where is the accelerator, where is the brake...you just tell me. And then you slowly move, and I will be walking by your side, just watching what you are doing."

He said, "If you want it this way, I can do it, but I am very much afraid. If you do the same thing with the car as you have done with the bicycle..."

I said, "That's why I am trying to watch more closely." And once I got the idea I told him to get out. And I did the same thing as I had done with the bicycle.

I went so fast. Majid, my teacher, was running behind me, shouting, "Not that fast!" And in that city there was no limit on speed, because in Indian streets you cannot go above fifty-five. There is no need to put a sign every where that the speed limit is fifty-five miles per hour, you cannot go above fifty-five anyway.

But that poor fellow was very much afraid. He came running after me. He was a very tall man, a champion runner, there was every possibility that he could have become champion of the whole of India, and he might perhaps someday have participated in the Olympics. He tried hard to follow me, but soon I disappeared from his vision.

When I came back, he was praying under a tree, praying to God for my safety. And when I stopped by his side, so close that he jumped, he forgot all the prayer.

I said, "Don't be worried. I have learned the whole thing. What were you doing here?"

He said, "I followed you, but soon you disappeared. Then I thought, the only thing is to pray to God to help him, because he knows nothing about driving. He is sitting in the driver's seat for the first time, and he has gone nobody knows where. How did you turn? Where did you turn back?"

I said, "I had no idea how to turn, because you were just moving straight and I was walking by your side. So I had to go around the city. I had no idea how to turn, what signals to give, because you had not given any signals. But I managed. I went round the whole city so fast, the traffic was simply giving way. And I came back."

And he said, *"Khuda hafiz."* It means, "God saved you."

I said, "Don't bring God in." *gdead01*

And sometimes in an accident, rare opportunities open.

Once I was travelling with a friend and there was an accident. Our car fell down from a bridge, twenty feet down, mm? upside-down. I had been talking to this man; for years I had been telling him about meditation and he was a very very learned scholar. But he would always say, 'Whatsoever you say, I cannot think that there is a possibility of a mind without thought. How can the mind be without thought?' And he would argue...And of course, there is a point: how can the mind be without thought? Content is needed; the mind can only be minding about something. It is very logical.

Consciousness can only be of something. If there is nothing then how can you be conscious? Of what? The very word consciousness means conscious about something. Content is needed so that you can be conscious of it; consciousness and content go together. That is very very psychological, logical...but it happens. And I would explain to him but he was too much in his mind. And that day it happened!

Just for a few seconds we became aware that the accident was going to happen, mm? We were coming down a hill and the driver lost control, something went wrong in the car, and for a few seconds we were aware that something was going to happen because the brake was not working, the steering was not working. The car was going on its own; now wherever it was going, nothing could be done. And it was really a steep hill! So for a few seconds his thoughts stopped, because in such a strange situation you cannot think; what to think about?

You cannot go on thinking your ordinary thoughts because they are too trivial in such a moment--when death is just there waiting for you down the hill. Within moments you will be gone! The very shock of it is enough to stop the process of thinking. When he fell

and when I pulled him out of the car, he was laughing. He said, 'But is this the way to prove it? Couldn't you have done better? It was too dangerous!'

Nobody was harmed. It was really dangerous--the whole car was destroyed--but he had a glimpse. Since then he has not argued about it; he knows it. That accident proved a great revolution in his life; a radical change happened....

He was not driving--he was just sitting with me. Somebody else was driving; we were just the passengers. But he came to see the point--that consciousness can be, and without content. So that accident was a blessing. And I thanked the driver and said what I had been trying to tell this man for years and was not able to, he had simply done!

If he had died in that moment he would have born on a very high plane. Nothing was wrong--even death would have been good--because in that moment of no-thought he would have died in a kind of satori. He was saved, but he changed. Since then he has never argued, he dropped argumentation. He became a totally new man.

So that accident was good. It will happen sometime again, deep in meditation one day. It will be almost like it but on a higher plane. Maybe it can be paradoxical too: on one plane you become unconscious; on another you remain conscious. Then it is far more beautiful, because then you go on seeing what is happening. The body becomes numb and goes off, the mind becomes numb and goes off, but you are still turned on. You are still there, hovering like a presence. No more identified with the body and the mind...almost a holy ghost!

This is possible--that's what I feel. *justdo14*

I have never forgotten...in Ahmedabad I used to stay at Jayantibhai's* house. We had to cross a bridge, and as the bridge came near he would start driving faster, because there was a big board by the side of the bridge advertising Gold Spot. It said, "Live a little hot, sip a Gold Spot."

I asked Jayantibhai, "What is the matter? Suddenly, on this bridge, you start going fast."

He said, "Looking at that board, `Live a little hot,' I start going fast!" *golden25*

*Note: Jayantibhai: a friend and long-time disciple of Osho

I used to come to Bombay, before I settled in Bombay, almost two or three times per month because the headquarters were in Bombay, the whole work was there. There I had the greatest following; and the most intelligent people in India of course are in Bombay. Slowly thousands of people started knowing me. One day one of my sannyasins--at that time I had not started sannyas but now he is a sannyasin.... He used to drive me about, and just jokingly--he did not mean it, but he was not fully aware of me--just before a bistro he stopped the car and said, "Osho, would you like to come in and have an ice cream?"

Ice cream I used to love. To tell you the truth I still love it, although there is no way to find it anywhere. I said, "That's a great idea!" Then he became afraid. He had been joking. He had said it thinking that a religious man would say no to going into a bistro, where an almost naked woman was doing a striptease dance. He said, "Are you sure?"

I said, "Absolutely! Just open the door--because this is my last life. After this life there is no bistro for me and no ice cream: I don't want to miss the last chance." He waited for a few seconds. I said, "For what are you waiting?"

He said, "But if somebody sees you there, and recognizes you there...."

I said, "That is my problem."

He said, "No, it is not your problem--they will kill me, they will say 'It is you who took him; otherwise how could he find that bistro? You were supposed to take him home from the meeting place, not to a bistro.'"

I said, "Don't be worried. I will protect you and say that I insisted, that seeing the signboard, 'Bistro,' I said, 'What is this?--l want to know.'"

He said, "Then it is okay. But, Osho, you are creating a very troubled state for me."

I said, "Don't be worried--just come on."

I had to enter first, then he followed me; he had to follow. It was an air-conditioned place, but he was perspiring.

I said, "Harshad"--Harshad was his name--"your name means rejoice. What a fool--rejoice!"

And what he was afraid of happened. The manager of the bistro had heard me: he came and fell at my feet. Harshad was just going into a nervous breakdown. Everything stopped; even the striptease dancer stopped--everything was frozen. When the manager fell at my feet, other customers who had no idea who I was started coming to touch my feet and the striptease girl came down from the stage. I said, "Harshad, it seems even in this life it is not going to be possible." I told the manager, "At least bring my ice cream."

He said, "Will you accept one?"

I said, "Accept? I am *ordering* one: I like tutti-frutti." I was eating my ice cream and the whole crowd was standing around me. I said, "What are you doing? Do your business!" And Harshad was hiding behind the crowd because if the manager saw him....

As I finished my ice cream he came and just grabbed me. He told me, "Osho, out! I will never drive you again if you do such a thing."

I said, "But what have I done? I have not created any problem for anyone. You had asked me, 'Would you like some ice cream?' so I ordered one. And in all this hullaballoo they have not asked for the bill. Go and pay it."

He said, "I am not going inside again. I cannot go alone; if you come ahead of me...."

I said, "Then don't bother, because nobody is thinking of the bill right now. We enjoyed them, they enjoyed us, and it is balanced. There is nothing much to be worried about. But where have you been hiding? I had to eat two long glasses full of ice cream because the manager had brought the best, the biggest glasses. Where were you? I had to eat two glasses, and two glasses that size are a little too much."

He continued to drive me, but whenever there was a bistro or anything, he would go so fast. I would say, "Harshad, a bistro!" and he would say, "Never again!"

People came to know somehow and he had a good beating from everybody. In Bombay, in those days there were many old people who were followers of mine, very respected people: somebody was an ex-mayor, somebody was ex-sheriff, somebody was a minister. I told everybody, "Nobody is to harass Harshad; he has been punished enough." He had perspired and begun trembling, but I simply enjoyed it; the whole scene was so fabulous. And for the striptease girl this was an absolutely new act. She may never have done it before and will never have to do it again.

In heaven there seems to be something worthwhile. But for centuries these people have been claiming knowledge about heaven and hell; and once you get trapped in their net of knowledge, you are finished. Then you are no more alive. Then their knowledge makes you feel ignorant, inferior, guilty, a sinner. Even eating ice cream you feel you are committing a sin. It is strange, because in no religious scripture is it written that ice cream is sin.

But the religions are against enjoying anything. *person28*

Have you ever ridden on a camel? Then you will know. I have suffered much, because in India in the desert of Rajasthan, the camel is the only way to go from one place to another. Sitting on a camel for a few hours, one starts believing that hell is real. *false15*

There is only one picture, which they go on publishing all over the world, in which I am riding on a Kashmiri horse. It is just a picture; I was not really riding. But because the photographer wanted me to be photographed on a horse, and I loved the man--the photographer, I mean--I could not say no to him. He had brought the horse and all his equipment, so I said okay. I just sat on the horse, and you can even see from the picture that my smile was not true. It is the smile when a photographer says, "Smile please!" *glimps10*

Once I went to the Himalayas with a few friends, and then I had to ask them to leave me because they had brought their transistor sets and their newspapers and magazines, and

the novels that they were reading. And they were constantly talking, talking about things that they had always been talking about. So I told them, "Why have you come to the Himalayas? You were saying these things at your home perfectly well, and again you are talking the same things, the same gossipping, the same rumors."

And whenever they would go with me to some beautiful spot they would take their cameras, they would take pictures. I told them, "You have come here to see. You have not brought your camera to see the Himalayas!"

But they said, "We shall make beautiful albums, and later on we will see what beautiful places we had visited." And right there they were not there, they were just clicking their cameras. This stupidity has to be left behind.

And it is good once in a while to go to the mountains. And I am not saying to start living there; that is not good, because then you become addicted to the mountains and you become afraid of coming back to the world. The holiday has to be just a holiday: then come back into the world and bring all the peace and the silence and the experience of the sacred with you. Bring it with you, make an effort so that it remains with you in the marketplace.

These suggestions are for the beginners. When a person has really become a meditator, he can meditate sitting before a picture house, he can meditate on the railway platform.

For fifteen years I was continuously travelling around the country, continuously travelling--day in, day out, day in, day out, year in, year out--always on the train, on the plane, in the car. That makes no difference. Once you have become really *rooted* in your being, nothing makes a difference. But this is not for the beginner.

When the tree has become rooted, let winds come and let rains come and let clouds thunder; it is all good. It gives integrity to the tree. But when the tree is small, tender, then even a small child is dangerous enough or just a cow passing by--such a holy animal--but that is enough to destroy it. *sos201*

I have seen the grave of Jesus in Pahalgam, Kashmir. He never died on the cross, it was a conspiracy.

The Crucifixion was on a Friday; starting on Saturday for three days Jews would stop all work for Passover. So Friday was chosen by Pontius Pilate, and he delayed the crucifixion as long as he possibly could. And you should remember a scientific fact: that the Jewish crucifixion takes at least forty-eight hours for a person to die because he is not hung by the neck, he is nailed to the cross by the hands and the feet, so drop by drop the blood goes out. It takes a healthy man forty-eight hours to die, and Jesus was only thirty-three--perfectly healthy. He could not have died in six hours, nobody has ever died that way in six hours. But because Friday's sun was setting, he had to be brought down and for three days all work had to stop. This was the conspiracy.

He was taken from the cave, he escaped, and he lived in India in Kashmir. What you see in Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru's nose, Indhira Gandhi's nose is not very strange--they are Jewish. Moses died in Kashmir, Jesus also died in Kashmir after living a long life of one hundred and twelve years. I have been to his grave and it is still being taken care of by a Jewish family. That is the only grave in Kashmir which does not face towards Mecca; all the other graves are Mohammedan. Mohammedan graves are made so that the head is directed towards Mecca.

And the inscription on the grave, in Hebrew, is clear. The name you have been accustomed to, Jesus, was not his name; that is his name in Greek. His name was Joshua and it is written still on the grave that "Joshua, a great teacher of religion, travelled from Judea, lived here, died at the age of one hundred and twelve years, and lies here".

But it is strange, I have talked all over the West, but not a single Western Christian is ready to come to see the grave, because that will spoil their whole theory of resurrection. I have asked them, "If he was resurrected, then when did he die? You have to prove that." If after the crucifixion he was resurrected, then he must either have died or he must still be around. They don't have any description of his death. *last605*

Magga Baba is buried in the same small village of Pahalgam. When I was in Pahalgam I discovered a strange relationship running from Moses to Jesus to Magga Baba and to me. *glimps15*

In India's golden days we created Khajuraho, Konark, Puri. It was rare daring. There is no comparison to it--not only in India but in the whole world. A temple of God that has sculptures of *maithun*, of sexual intercourse. There is no pornographic attitude toward the sexual intercourses. It is so meditative, so celestial. *quest05*

My grandmother was born in Khajuraho, the citadel, the ancientmost citadel of the Tantrikas. She always said to me, "When you are a little older, never forget to visit Khajuraho."...

During the last twenty years of her life I was traveling all over India. Each time I passed through the village she would say to me, "Listen: never enter a train that has already started, and do not get out of the train before it has stopped. Second, never argue with anyone in the compartment while you are traveling. Thirdly, remember always that I am alive and waiting for you to come home. Why are you wandering all over the country when I am waiting here to take care of you? You need care, and nobody can give you the same care as I can."

For twenty years continuously I had to listen to this advice....

The first time I went to Khajuraho I went just because my grandmother was nagging me to go, but since then I have been there hundreds of times. There is no other place in the world that I have been to so many times. The reason is simple: you cannot exhaust the experience. It is inexhaustible. The more you know, the more you want to know. Each

detail of the Khajuraho temples is a mystery. It must have taken hundreds of years and thousands of artists to create each temple. And I have never come across anything other than Khajuraho that can be said to be perfect, not even the Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal has its flaws, but Khajuraho has none. Moreover, Taj Mahal is just beautiful architecture; Khajuraho is the whole philosophy and psychology of the New Man. *glimps04*

Khajuraho was very close to my university, just a hundred miles, so whenever I had time I would drive there. The guide finally became a sannyasin! Because he was himself ashamed to show the temples to people, I told him, "You don't understand. You need not be ashamed. These pictures, these statues, this sculpture is not obscene. There is not a single hint of obscenity, although they are absolutely naked in loving embrace, making love. But there is not a single hint of obscenity unless your mind is full of obscenity."

One European prime minister was going to come to see Khajuraho, and one of my friends was the education minister of the state in which Khajuraho is. And the prime minister of India informed the education minister, "I am busy and I cannot come; otherwise I would have come with the guest to show him Khajuraho. So it is your responsibility, because you are the most educated minister in your state, to take him to Khajuraho."

He was my friend; he phoned me and he said, "I am very much ashamed that Khajuraho is such an embarrassing place. And when outsiders come who have seen only churches in the name of religion, they cannot believe that this is a temple, a holy place. And I myself feel guilty, so I cannot explain and I don't know what to explain."

I said, "I will come." I went there with the guest and the education minister--and he was just shrinking in himself, because you cannot conceive of any possible loving posture that is not carved in such beauty, such tremendous beauty that it is almost as if the stones have become alive. It seems the woman is just going to come out of the wall in which the statue is carved. So alive.

The education minister remained outside and I took the guest in. He was amazed with the beauty, that bodies can be made so beautifully in stone, can give such life to the stone, such warmth. He had never thought that such a thing exists anywhere in the world. And I explained to him, "These are on the outer side of the temple, and you should note one point that inside the temple there is no sculpture, no statues, just absolute silence."

He said, "This is a revelation! This is strange, statues should be inside the temple. Why are they outside and inside there is nothing, just silence?"

I said to him, "These temples were made by the greatest psychologists that have appeared on the earth, some three thousand years ago. They were called tantrikas; their whole approach was called tantra. The very word 'tantra' means expanding consciousness. They had made these beautiful temples all around the country.

"Mohammedans have destroyed them; it was just fortunate that these were in a thick forest, hidden. And only meditators used to go there; there was no village surrounding the temples. By fortunate coincidence they were saved."

I told him, "The secret is, tantra believes unless you have gone through all sexual experiences to the point when sex does not matter to you at all. That is transcendence of your energy. And that is the point when you are capable of entering into the inner sanctum of the temple. You are ready for the nothingness of Gautam Buddha; you are ready for pure silence."

So meditators used to meditate for months on those statues. And it is a great strategy, because looking at all those statues, a moment comes, something in your unconscious disappears. Not just looking; once it was months of training, sometimes years of training. But they were not allowed inside the temple until they became uninterested in these sexual scriptures. When their master saw that somebody had become completely uninterested--even sitting before the most beautiful woman he was sitting with closed eyes--then he was allowed to enter into the temple.

Now, those sexual thoughts are the major thoughts in your mind. Every three minutes the ordinary man thinks at least once of sex, and every five minutes every woman thinks at least one time about sex. These are the very subtle mistakes which God made when he created the world; that's why I say there is no God, to relieve him of all this responsibility. This is a disparity which is dangerous!

When we came out, the prime minister was very much impressed. But the education minister had waited outside. Although he had not gone in, he was still feeling embarrassed. And just to hide his embarrassment he told the guest, "Don't take much note of it. It was a small current of thinkers who created these temples, and we are ashamed they are so obscene."

The guest said, "Obscene? Then I will have to go again and see, because I did not find anything obscene." Those naked statues look so innocent, so childlike, and they are not there to provoke your sexuality.

Obscenity is a very subtle phenomenon, very difficult to make a distinction whether something is obscene or not. But this should be the criterion--I think this is the only criterion: obscenity is when it provokes sexuality in you. And if it does not provoke sexuality but just a sense of tremendous splendor and beauty, it is not obscene. But it will depend on individuals. The same statue may look to someone obscene, and to someone else a beautiful piece of art.

I told the education minister, "Your mind is full of obscenity. This guest from the outside is far more clear. He did not raise a single question about the obscenity of the temple." *chit01*

There is a hill station, Matheran, where there is a very beautiful scenic spot. I have seen many mountains and many places where mountains echo, but Matheran's echo point is very rare. You sing a song or you start barking like a dog, and the valley and the mountains repeat it seven times successively. Each time the echo becomes less loud, farther away, very faint, but you can count that it has been echoed seven times.

When I was there for the first time, leading a meditation camp, a few friends said, "We know that you don't bother to go here and there, but this echo point is worth taking the trouble to visit." And particularly in Matheran it is more troublesome, because you have to walk or you have to sit in a rickshaw which is pulled by a man--which is even more ugly, which hurts--sometimes an old man, perspiring...and on the mountain, the roads are not worthy to be called roads. It was impossible for me because of my own asthmatic condition, I cannot go for miles, reaching towards the highest peak. Both ways it was difficult. But they were so persistent that I agreed to go. It was arduous for my heart--I had an attack that night, and could not sleep the whole night--but it was worth it.

The man who was the most persistent had the capacity to make noises of many animals. He was a very good imitator--he could imitate many actors, many leaders--so first he started barking just like a dog, and the whole mountain was filled as if there were thousands of dogs barking and barking, although it was getting less and less loud...perhaps the dogs are moving farther away, but you can count at least seven times.

I told the man, "This is one of the stupidities of humanity. Why have you chosen to bark? You could have imitated the sound of a cuckoo--and you are a cuckoo; otherwise, why should you bother about learning animals and their sounds?" The Indian cuckoo is so sweet, particularly in the season when mangoes are becoming ripe. It seems almost the sweetness of the mangoes, which are known in this country as the king of all the fruits...they are. And from mango groves--cuckoos love mangoes--the call from one grove to another grove....

I said to him, "Why have you chosen a dog? All the hills must be laughing at you, that some madman has come who is barking like a dog."

He immediately started making the sound, the musical sound of the cuckoo, and the whole space for miles around was filled with echoes. But even that cannot be given to man. Of course, the music cannot be given, the musical ear cannot be given, the song cannot be given--even the echo of it cannot be given. *mess206*

There is a beautiful lake, Tadoba. It is a forest reserve, a very big forest surrounding the lake with only one government resthouse. I used to go there many times. Whenever I was passing by, I would stay in that resthouse for at least a day or two. It was so lonely, so utterly silent, and the forest is full of thousands of deer.

Every evening when the sun sets and darkness descends, thousands and thousands, line upon line, of deer will come to the lake. You just have to sit and watch. In the dark night their eyes look like burning candles, thousands of candles moving around the lake. The

whole night the scene continues. You get tired, because there are so many deer, they go on coming, go on coming. It is such a beautiful experience. But one thing I wondered about was that they are all alike--nobody is fat, nobody is thin, nobody seems to be sick, hospitalized. They are so full of life and energy. *gdead01*

The whole existence is mysterious. This beautiful rain...this music of the falling rain...the joy of the trees. Don't you think there is great mystery?

There was a hill station in the state where I was a professor for many years, and on that hill station was a resthouse far away deep in the hills, absolutely lonely. For miles there was nobody...even the servant who used to take care of the resthouse used to leave by the evening for his own home. I used to go to that resthouse whenever I could find time and sometimes it used to rain just like this...and I was alone in that resthouse and for miles there was nobody. Just the music of rain, just the dance of the trees...I have never forgotten the beauty of it. Whenever it rains I again remember it. It has left such a beautiful impact. *pilgr27*

In the Himalayas there is a place, a valley, which is called the Valley of the Gods, for the simple reason that it is impossible to go deep down into that valley--steep hills surround it. But in that valley where nobody goes--there is no way to go, no path, and it is so deep that you can only see it from the hilltop--in that valley there have been growing for millennia, beautiful flowers. I have seen it. I think there must be many flowers which are not even known to us, which are not even named by the scientists.

The valley is completely just flowers and flowers. For whom are they blossoming? For whom are they waiting? What is their hope? There is no hope, there is no desire. They are not waiting for somebody, they are simply enjoying themselves blossoming to their completion. They are enjoying the sun, they are enjoying the hills, they are enjoying the other flowers blossoming all around. They are enjoying the moon in the night, and the stars in the night. *false17*

I have traveled all over India, and in every place the people who received me with great love and respect used to come with garlands of flowers, roses, *mogra, chameli*--all beautiful and fragrant flowers. But strangely, only in Calcutta were they always coming with the most fragrant flower, *nargis*. It is not a beautiful flower, but it is so fragrant.

I have never smelt anything so strong--just one flower and the whole room would be vibrant with its fragrance. It is not beautiful, so poets have not paid much attention to it. It is a simple white flower, very homely--looking, nothing exotic, nothing--what do you call it?--fantastic. One of the great Urdu poets, Mirza Ghalib, has said about the nargis, with great compassion, that "The nargis cries and weeps for centuries for its ugliness. Only then, once in a while, somebody of intelligence comes and recognizes its beauty."

But certainly in Calcutta--I have been to Calcutta hundreds of times--they were always coming with nargis garlands. Just one garland is enough for the whole house, and they

would come with dozens of garlands and just go on putting them on--I would be covered up to my eyes. *person22*

Osho's Garden

One of the most fragrant flowers in India is the Night Queen. It is a very small flower, but it comes in thousands, simultaneously--the whole tree becomes just flowers. And it is so fragrant...in one place I had a tree in front of my bungalow. My neighbors started complaining against the tree, saying, "You have to cut it down, because we cannot sleep; the fragrance is too much." The whole neighborhood used to become full of fragrance.

I had asked many gardeners, "This is a flower which is called Night Queen; there must be a parallel plant which opens its flowers in the day. If there is such a flower as Night Queen, there must be a flower known as Day King." But no gardener could help me to find it.

I found it in Kashmir. I was certain that there must be a parallel flower because in existence there is always balance; this Night Queen is a woman, so there must be a man, a male flower. And I was surprised to see, the male was very poor. It was exactly the same kind of flower--a bigger size, male chauvinistic size. It blossomed in thousands in the day. But there was no fragrance. *dawn07*

I have, my whole life, loved trees. I have lived everywhere with trees growing wild around me. I am a lazy man, you know, so somebody had to look after my trees. And I had to be careful about those people who were looking after them, because they were all prophets, messiahs, messengers of God: they all tried to do something to the tree, they wouldn't allow the tree to be itself. They would prune it, they would cut it.

I had one gardener in Jabalpur--a beautiful old man--but I told him, "The moment I catch you cutting anything, you are fired. I love you, I respect you, but I love and respect my trees more, so be careful! Don't be caught."

He said, "What kind of garden is this? And I am a gardener--I HAVE to cut. I cannot allow trees to go wild, the whole garden will be destroyed. And if I don't cut"--he was just working on a rosebush. He said, "If I don't prune this rosebush then the flowers will be small. I have to go on cutting many buds, then there will be few flowers but really big. And I have been winning prizes my whole life for my flowers' bigness."

I said, "You will have to forget about your prizes now, I am not interested in your prizes. I don't care whether the flower is big or small. If the tree wants to blossom in a hundred flowers, who are you to manage just to create one flower? I understand, your logic is

simple: if all the buds are cut then the whole juice of the tree moves into one flower; it certainly becomes big."

He had been winning prizes. Each year there was a state-wide competition and he was always winning the prizes. In fact I got hold of him just because of that, because that year he had won the prizes, and I saw his flowers and I could not believe.... So I told him, "You just come and be my gardener."

He said, "What about my salary?"

"Salary" I said, "you decide; gardening I will decide." Poor man--he was getting only seventy rupees per month, wherever he was working. Now a poor man cannot even imagine much.

I told him, "You decide."

He must have stretched his whole imagination, and he came up with one hundred and forty--double. He could not believe that I was going to say yes.

He said, "If it is too much then...."

I said, "No, it is not too much. I was wondering how far you could stretch your imagination: only seventy rupees more? Seventy has become a fixed idea in your mind, and asking for one hundred and forty you are feeling guilty. That is decided--if you had asked *any* amount I was going to give it to you. But now I am sorry--you have asked one hundred and forty, you get one hundred and forty. But gardening you have to do according to me. No more big flowers, no more exhibitions, because the rosebushes are not interested in exhibition. And *they* don't get the prize, *you* get the prize."

Perhaps Jesus gets the prize because he has cut so many buds and made so many Catholics and so many Christians. Perhaps Krishna gets the prize. But what about these people you are cutting in the name of saving them?

I said, "This is your last year of prizes. Now--if my garden goes wild, let it go wild; that's what nature wants it to be."

But his whole life.... Whenever I was out--I would go to the university and he would start doing his thing. I had to come in the middle of the day when he was not expecting me. I had to leave my car far away so he could not see the car coming. And then I would come and I would catch the old man. He would say, "Excuse me--just an old habit! I cannot see this garden being destroyed. And I feel guilty that I am getting double the salary--for what? Just letting this garden get destroyed?"

I said, "It is *not* destroyed. You have to understand. This is the way it would have been if we were not here; if all men disappeared, it would be this way. Let it be the way it would

be if man had not interfered. You can support, you can help, you can be a friend, but don't be a savior." *dark30*

I had a gardener, an authentic gardener, who really loved flowers, who loved the plants. And I would see him sitting by the side of the roses and other flowers. Sometimes I heard him talking to the flowers. At first I thought he looked a little crazy, but every year he was winning the first prize in the city for growing the biggest flowers. He was with me for almost twelve years.

I asked him, "What is your secret?"

He said, "Nothing, I am just a little crazy. When there is nobody around, I talk to the flowers: `Don't let me down this time. The time for the exhibition is coming close--grow as big as you can.' And I have been winning for twenty years continuously. No flower has ever let me down."

Just the attention, just a loving attention to a flower, makes him immensely happy. There is someone who will be happy: the flower will do everything for him to make him happy. There is someone who is watching and waiting for his growth; he is not alone, he is not unneeded. *turnin04*

Osho writes many letters to friends

I have always loved. Addresses have changed, but I have been writing love letters my whole life. *last108*

All saints are averse to writing. They sing, they speak, they dance, they indicate, but they don't write. To write something is to make it very limited. A word is a limitation; only then can it be a word. If it is unlimited it will be the sky, containing all the stars. That's what a saint's experience is.

Even I myself have not written anything...just a few letters to those who were very intimate to me, thinking, or perhaps believing, that they will understand. I don't know whether they understood or not. So my book *A Cup of Tea* is the only book that can be said to have been written by me. It is a compilation of my letters. Otherwise I have not written anything. *books07*

I can talk only to persons. That's why I have never written a book. I cannot!--because for whom? Who will read it? Unless I know that man who will read it, and unless he creates a situation, I cannot write--for whom? I have written only letters, because then I know that I am writing to somebody. He may be somewhere in the United States, it makes no

difference--the moment I write a letter to him it is a personal phenomenon: he is there. While I am writing he helps me to write. Without him it is not possible; it is a dialogue. *suprem10*

Examples of letters Osho wrote

Last night when lamps and lamps were lit up all over town I thought: My Sohan* too, must have lit lamps and a few among them must surely be for me! And then I began to see the lamps you had lit, and also those your love has kept lit always. I shall stay here another day. I have talked of you to everybody and they are eager to meet you. *teacup01*

*Note:Osho wrote many letters to Sohan, and for rest of his life referred to her in discourses as one of his most devoted disciples

I received your letter. How lovingly you insist on my writing something, and here am I, drowned in a deep silence! I speak, I work, but I am steeped in emptiness within. There, there is no movement. Thus I seem to be living two lives at one time.

What a drama! But perhaps all of life is a drama and becoming aware of this opens the door to a unique freedom. That which is inaction in action, stillness in motion, eternity in change--that is truth and that *is existence.* Real life lies in this eternity--everything else is just the stream of dreams. In truth the world is just a dream and the question is not whether to leave these dreams or not, one just has to be aware of them. With this awareness, everything changes. The centre moves. A shift takes place from body to soul.

And what is *there?* It cannot be told. It has never been told and it never will be! There is no other way but to know it for oneself. Death is known only through dying and truth is known only through diving deep within oneself. May God drown you in this truth! *teacup01*

I have received your letter. You long for the peace I have within me. It is yours any time. It is the deepest possibility in everyone, it only has to be uncovered. As springs of water lie hidden under layers of earth so does bliss lie hidden within us. The possibility is there for everyone but only those who dig for it can redeem it. The excavation of these hidden treasures lies through religion. Digging with it one reaches the well of light within. I have shown you how to dig and what with, but the digging has to be done by you. I know your soil is absolutely ready, with very little effort the infinite streams can be reached. This state of mind is attained with the greatest good fortune so don't waste it or miss this opportunity. Fill yourself with determination and leave the rest to God. Truth runs alongside will.

Don't hesitate to write, I have lots of time for you. I am for those who need me--nothing in my life is for myself. *teacup01*

I want to make everyone aware of this thirst. I want to convert everyone's life into a waiting. The life that has turned into a waiting for God is the true life. All other ways of life are just a waste, a disaster. *teacup01*

I am pleased with your progress. Your letter was received long back but as I was busy there was delay in replying, but my memory of you is always there, along with all those eager for the light. My good wishes flow for ever towards them. We have to keep going. Many times one becomes disheartened on the path but ultimately the thirsty pilgrim reaches the spring. In fact the water is there before the thirst. My kind regards to all. *teacup01*

I have only just arrived here, the train was five hours late. You wanted me to write as soon as I got here so I am doing so. Throughout the journey I thought of you and of the tears falling from your eyes. Nothing in the world is more sacred than tears of love and joy. Such tears, so pure, are not of this world. Though part of the body, they express something which is not. Whatever can I give you in return. *teacup01*

I looked for your letter as soon as I got here yesterday. Though it was Sunday, I kept waiting for it. It came this evening--how much you write in so few words! When the heart is full it pours into the words and so few are needed. An ocean of love can be contained in just a jug! As for scriptures on love--it is enough to know the four letters of the word! Do you know how many times I read through your letters? *teacup01*

I arrived here yesterday and have been thinking of writing ever since but it didn't happen until now. Forgive the delay though even a single day's delay is no small delay!

What shall I say about the return journey? It was very blissful. I kept sleeping, and you were with me. It appeared I had left you behind but actually you were still with me. This is the being-together that is so real that it cannot be divided. Physical nearness is not nearness, there can be no union on that level, only an unbridgeable gulf, but there is another nearness which is not of the body, and its name is love. Once gained it is never lost.

Then no separation exists despite vast distances in the visible world. If you can arrive at this *distancelessness* with even one other it can be found with everybody. *One* is the door, *the all*, the goal. The beginning of love is through *one*, the end is *all*. The love that unites you with everything, with nothing excluded, I call religion, and the love that stops *anywhere* I call sin. *teacup01*

It was just this time of night, two days ago that I left you at Chittor. I can see now the love and bliss filling your eyes. The secret of all prayer and worship is hidden in the overflow of those tears. They are sacred. God fills the heart of those he blesses with tears of love, and what to say about the calamity of those whose hearts are filled instead with thorns of hate?

Tears flowing in love are offerings of flowers at the feet of God and the eyes from which they flow are blessed with divine vision. Only eyes filled with love can see God. Love is the only energy that transcends the inertia of nature and takes one to the shores of ultimate awareness. I think that by the time this letter reaches you you will already have left for Kashidham. I don't know how your journey was but I hope it passed in song and

laughter. Give my kind respects to everyone there. I am waiting, for your promised letters. *teacup01*

Love. Your letter has come. Love has not to be asked for--it is never obtained by asking; love comes through giving--it is our own echo.

You feel my love pouring on you because you have become a river of love flowing towards me, and when your love flows like this towards all you will find the whole world flowing in love towards you.

To respond with unconditional love towards all, towards that which is, is the God-experience. *teacup02*

Where to find truth?

Well, it has to be sought within one's own self,

within one's own self

within one's own self

within one's own self

It is definitely there.

One who seeks it elsewhere loses it. *teacup02*

Love, so much love. I received your letter when I got back. I could feel the ardour of your heart through your words.

I well know the fervour that stirs your soul and the thirst that turns into tears within you. I was once there too, I too have suffered it. I can well understand your heart because I have travelled those same paths you now have to take in the quest for God. I too have experienced the longing that one day turns into a raging fire in which one has to consume oneself. But this burning brings the birth of a new life. The drop can only become the ocean when it ceases to exist.

Continue your efforts in meditation; you have to go deeper and deeper into it-it is the only way. Through it and it alone can one reach life's truth.

Remember: lf you become absorbed in sadhana, fully committed and surrendered, you are bound to reach the truth. This is an eternal law. No step taken towards God is ever wasted. *teacup01*

Letters to Mrs Parekh

In 1960 Osho meets Mrs. Madan Kunwar Parekh (Ma Anandmayee), whom he recognizes as his mother in a past-life. Mrs Parekh is 40 years' old at the time, and recognizes that Osho is enlightened. Osho writes hundreds of letters to her, of which 120 are published under the title: *Seeds of Revolutionary Thought* (1966), and reprinted *as Seeds of Wisdom* (1996). These letters recount incidents in Osho's life as parables explaining his teachings.

I too am a farmer and I sowed some seeds. They sprouted and now flowers have come to them. My whole life is filled with the fragrance of these flowers and because of this fragrance now I am in a different world. This fragrance has given me a new birth, and now I am no longer that which is seen by ordinary eyes.

The unseen and the unknown have flung open their closed doors, and I am seeing a world which is not seen through the eyes, and I am hearing music which ears are not capable of hearing. Whatsoever I have found and known is eager to flow just as the mountain waterfalls and springs flow and rush towards the ocean.

Remember, when the clouds are full of water they have to shower. And when the flowers are filled with fragrance they have to give off their fragrance freely to the winds. And when a lamp is lit, the light is bound to radiate from it.

Something like this has happened and the winds are carrying away some seeds of revolution from me. I have no idea in what fields they will land and who will tend them. I only know that it is from seeds like these that I have attained the flowers of life, immortality, and the divine. And in whatever field they land, the very soil there will turn into the flowers of immortality.

In death is hidden the immortal and in death is life-just as flowers are inherent in the soil. But the potential of the soil can never become realized in the absence of seeds. The seeds make manifest that which was unmanifest and give expression to that which was latent.

Whatever I have, whatever I am, I want to give away as seeds of divine consciousness. What is attained in knowledge--knowing--love gives away in abundance. In knowing one knows God; in love one *becomes* God. Knowledge is the spiritual discipline, love is the fulfillment. *sdwisd00*

A year has passed. During the last rainy season I had sown the seeds of gultevari flowers. As the rainy season was over, flowers also disappeared. Then I removed the dried-up plants. This year I am seeing that with the coming of the rains so many gultevari plants are sprouting on their own. They have begun to appear from the ground in so many places. The seeds left in the ground from the previous season have waited for a year, and it is blissful coming to life now. In the darkness underground, in winter and summer, they have been waiting there. Now somehow they have the opportunity of seeing the light

again. With this comes the feeling of an auspicious and festive music emanating from those newly born plants, and I experience it.

Centuries ago, some nectar-sweet-throat sang: *Tamaso ma jyotirgamaya*--who does not have the desire to move from darkness to light!

Are not such seeds lying hidden in every man, in every living being, wanting to attain to light? Is there not also since many many lifetimes a waiting and praying for this opportunity?

These seeds are lying hidden within everyone and it is only from these seeds that the thirst arises for becoming complete. These flames are lying hidden in every one, and these flames want to reach out to the sun! No one becomes fulfilled without transforming these seeds into plants. There is no other way than to become whole. One has to become whole, because intrinsically every seed is whole. *sdwisd05*

Tick...tick...tick...the clock has started running again. In fact, it has been running all along, for me only had it stopped. Or, better to say, I myself had become closed to the space where this running exists.

I had moved into another realm of time. I was sitting with eyes closed, looking within, and went on looking--it was altogether a different realm of time. Then contact with this realm was broken.

How blissful it is to slip out of time! Pictures on the mind stop. Their existence is time. As they cease, time ceases and then only the pure present remains. The present is part of time only in language. In reality, it is outside the realm of time, beyond of it. To be in it is to be in the self. I have returned from that world now. How peaceful everything is! In the distance some bird is singing, a child is crying in the neighborhood and a cock is crowing.

How blissful it is to live! And now I know that death too is blissful, because life does not end with it. It is only a state of life--life is before it and after it also. *sdwisd04*

I was sitting with my eyes closed. Seeing always with the eyes open, man is forgetting the art of seeing with closed eyes. What is seen with open eyes is nothing compared to what is seen with the eyes closed. The tiny eyelid separates and joins two worlds.

I was sitting with eyes closed when a person came; he asked me what I was doing. When I said I was seeing something, he became almost perplexed. Perhaps he would have thought, "Can seeing with closed eyes be called seeing?"

When I open my eyes I arrive in the finite. When I close my eyes, the doors of the infinite open. On one side is seen the seen and on the other the seer. *sdwisd05*

I get up in the morning--I see the squirrels running about, I see the flowers opening up in the rays of the sun, I see nature overflowing with harmonious melody. I go to bed at night--I see the silence showering from the stars, I see the blissful sleep encompassing the entire creation. And then I begin to ask myself "What has happened to man?"

Everything is vibrating with bliss except man. Everything is resonating with music except man. Everything is settled in divine peace except man. *sdwisd04*

At dawn I watched the sparkling drops of dew gently and lovingly settling on the petals of the flowers. They made not a sound. When one's heart is ready God also descends like the tiny drops of dew. You have no inkling of his coming until he manifests himself before you. *long03*

Last night, away from the city, we were sitting in a mango grove. There were some clouds in the sky and the moon played hide-and-seek among them. In this play of light and shadow, some people were there silently with me for a long time.

How difficult it becomes to speak sometimes! When the atmosphere is thick with a melody, a music, one is afraid to speak lest it should be disrupted. So it happened last night. We returned back home very late. On the way, someone remarked, "This is the first time in my life that I have experienced silence. I had heard that silence is a wonderful bliss, but I realized it only today. Today it has happened effortlessly--but how will it happen again?"

I said, "What has happened effortlessly happens only effortlessly, it does not happen with effort." *sdwisd05*

Since evening, it has been stormy and rainy. Gusts of wind have lashed the trees. The electric supply has failed, and the city is plunged into darkness.

In the house, an earthenware lamp has been lit, its flame ascending. The lamp is of the earth, but its flame endlessly mounts to touch the unknown.

Man's consciousness is like this flame. His body is content with the earth but there is something else in him which constantly strives to rise above it. This consciousness, this dancing flame is the life of man. This ceaseless yearning to soar is his soul.

Man is man because he has this flame within him. Without it, he is only earth.

If this flame burns fiercely, a revolution comes into being. If this flame is manifest totally, the earth itself can be transcended.

Man is a lamp. There is earth in him, but there is light too. If he concerns himself only with the earth, his life is wasted: there must be attention to the light also.

Awareness of the light transforms everything and allows man to see God in the earth. *sdwisd02*

Rekhchand Parekh

Rekhchand Parekh is the husband of Mrs. Parekh, Osho's past life mother.

One of my friends, Rekhchand Parekh, a very rich man, who presented me with almost everything.... He made it a point that nobody could present anything before him, so everything that I needed or could have needed anytime he managed to present to me--things which I never used. I asked him also "What am I going to do with this?"

He said, "That is not the point. The point is, nobody is going to present you anything before me. Later on they can go on presenting you with things--and millions will be presenting you things out of love--but they will always be after me. Nobody else can be first."

And I was very reluctant, because if there was something I was not going to use, if it was no use to me, he was unnecessarily wasting money. And he was so particular and such a perfectionist that only the best satisfied him. If I would not take something then he would find ways somehow to smuggle the thing into my house. Once, when I was leaving--l used to stay with him at least three days every year, that was a commitment. So three days I used to stay with him every year, and when I was leaving he said to me--which he had never said before--"Just be a little careful about your suitcase."

I said, "I have come so many times, and so many times you have come to the train to say goodbye to me, but you have never said to me, 'Be careful about the suitcase.' What is the matter?"

He said, "Nothing is the matter," and he gave me the key.

I said, "Strange--why are you keeping the key? If it had been left with you, then I would have been in trouble"--and it was a thirty-six-hour journey from his place to Jabalpur.

He said, "No, I was not going to forget it."

As the train left, the first thing I did, I opened the suitcase: what was the matter? The suitcase was full of one-hundred rupee notes. I thought, "My God! What has he done?" And there was a slip in an envelope: "This is for a new Fiat car. Purchase it immediately. And you cannot say no to me because that will hurt me my whole life."

I said, "This is strange. I am continually traveling--in Jabalpur I remain only for five to seven days a month at the most, and that too, not at one stretch. But he will be certainly hurt." And as I reached home, immediately my phone was ringing. He said, "You have to do first things first. I have already arranged it. I have contacted the Fiat company in Jabalpur--and the car is ready there. Just take the suitcase and take delivery of the car."

I said, "You don't leave anything for me!" The car was already standing there ready and the man said, "We have been waiting for you."

I said, "What to do? The train was two hours late." And my friend must have been phoning according to the timetable. In India it is said that that's why the timetable is published--so you can find how late the train is; otherwise how will you find out by how much the train is late? The timetable is absolutely a necessity....

I said to the man at the garage, "What could I do?--the train was late, so two hours...."

He said, "Your friend was very particular about everything; a radio had to be in the car." And he had made sure of everything, insurance.... And he asked the garage owner to arrange a license for me because otherwise the car might just stay parked at my place. He gave me the first tape-recorder, the first camera--everything that he could find, he would immediately bring to me.

This man was rare in many ways. He was a miser--such a miser that beggars simply bypassed his house. If any beggar ever stood there, other beggars thought, "This seems to be a new man--standing before Rekhchand Parekh's house, begging!" He had never donated to any institution in his life, never given a single pai to any beggar.

His wife had taken me to introduce to her husband because she said, "He is so miserly, and he has so much money. And we have only three daughters, who are married and have rich houses, so there is no problem. And there is no son, there is nobody after us, but he goes on collecting--even I don't know how much he has."

They lived in a place, Chanda, in Maharashtra. She said, "He had purchased almost one-third of the houses of the city--it seems he is going to purchase the whole city. If there is any house for sale, he is not going to let anybody else purchase it. And his only joy seems to be just accumulating money. I have brought many Jaina monks"--because they were Jainas, and they were Gandhians--"and I have brought many great disciples of Gandhi, thinking perhaps somebody will change his mind. But he is very straight and does not give any chance for anybody to even touch him."

So I said, "Okay, I will come. I cannot guarantee anything; I don't know what type of man he is, but he appeals to me."

He had come to receive me at the station. While we were going to his house--he was driving--l told him, "One thing I should tell you is that your wife has brought me here to persuade you not to be miserly. She wants you to donate to institutions who are doing a

public service, to religious institutions, to schools, to hospitals. I am not interested in all of these things; I have just come to meet you because you attracted me. You are a rare man! Never in your life have you given to a beggar, never have you donated a single *pai?"*

He said, "Never, because I am waiting for the man who is worth to be given *everything."*

When we reached his house, his wife was surprised because never before had he taken to his sitting room any saints that she had brought. And he told the servants that I would be staying in his guest house, in his sitting room; that I would be there: "And tell my wife she need not worry about this man." His wife was at a loss: What had happened?

A sudden synchronicity, he told me--not the word "synchronicity," he had never heard that, but he told me, "It is strange, the moment I saw you, I felt, 'This is the man.'" And even after we had known each other for twenty years, there was not a single question from him--no question, no doubt, no argument--whatever I was saying was truth to him.

I asked his wife only one question. After being there for the first time for three days, I asked his wife, "Is your husband interested in sex or not?"

She said, "Not at all, and it is not that he represses, he is simply finished. And you can see now that he is a strange man. He has told me, 'If you are not finished you are free; you can have sex with whoever you want. I am finished with it.'"

The moment a man is finished with sex as an instinct that is forcing him to do something, he becomes in a certain way a master of himself and he starts having insights, visions which the unconscious, instinctive man cannot have.

Just looking at me--not a single word had been said--he said, "I have found the person." And then whenever I needed any amount of money, for myself or somebody else, I had just to inform him, "Give this much money to this man."

He never asked, "Who is this man and why is so much money needed for him?" He simply gave it. His wife was simply shocked. She could not believe that this miserly man...how suddenly he had completely become just the opposite.

I told her, "There is no problem. He is not miserly--it was your misunderstanding. He never wanted to give to those people who are not worthy of it. And coming from the station to the house he said to me, 'I have found you; now all that I have belongs to you. Whatsoever you want to do with it you can do.' He is not a miserly man, it was your misunderstanding. It is difficult to find such a man, so generous." But from where was his generosity coming? His generosity was coming from a certain mastery over himself.

The instinctive man clings to everything: to sex, to money, to power--to everything.

I asked him, "Why do you go on purchasing all the houses?"

He said, "Some day you may like to have a commune--then from where am I going to suddenly give you a commune?* By that time I will have purchased the whole city. I know that you will take a little time before you need a place--l am preparing it for you." Now, nobody would have thought that he was purchasing houses...that even before knowing me, he was purchasing them for somebody who was going to come into his life, who one day may need this whole city.

And many times it happened...he used to come with me once in a while for a tour. Anybody would think that he was a miser because he was such a rich, super-rich man, but he would always travel third class on the passenger trains. Never express trains, mail trains, no; never first class, air-conditioned--out of the question. But whenever he would travel with me, he would say, "You can travel in the air-conditioned class; I will travel in the third class."

Once I asked, "Why do you insist on traveling third class?"

He said, "I have my own ideas. People think I am a miser--l don't care a bit about money. What am I going to do with the money? Soon I will die and all this money will be lying here. But to travel in the third class is an experience: the crowd, the people, the gossips, and things that go on happening in the third class of an Indian railway train...." He had traveled all over India, and he had friends at every station; he would call the coolies by their names. And he knew every place where you could get the best milk, where you could get the best tea, where you could get the best sweets.

He said, "With an express train, a mail train, this is not possible, because they stop only at a few stations and I want to stop at every station, because at every station I have friends and I have things to do. The passenger train stays longer at every station. If other trains are passing, then the passenger train will be delayed; no other train will be delayed, so you always have hours on your hands. And all these stationmasters are my friends, the guards are my friends, the drivers are my friends--because I call all of them when I know that a particular sweet is made the best at that station. So they say to me, 'Parekh, enjoy yourself! Unless you enter the train, the train will not move.' "

And he said, "I like to be the master rather than the servant--not that they give the whistle and you run, no."

That was his reason: "I want to be the master. When I enter the train, then whistling and flagging and everything happens--but first they have to see that Parekh has entered."

He was an old man--I was only thirty-five, he was fifty at that time--but he would take me out of the station, and he would say, "Come outside. The mango trees are great here."

I would say, "The train is there--are we going to pick mangos? And then if we miss the train.... I have my appointment."

He would say, "Don't be worried. Until I enter the train, the train remains in the station. You can go up the tree, I am also coming; we will go up the tree and pick mangos."

One day it happened: we were picking mangos and Parekh said to me, "Just look upwards," and there was another man. He said, "He is the driver. He knows that I will come to pick mangos so the train has to stay. So why waste time?--collect a few mangos, and these mangos are really sweet! In fact, the guard will be in some other tree.... It is all under my control."

This man had no instinctive force. He was not in any way interested in any particular food; he liked all kinds of food, he liked all kinds of clothes. In fact he was so disinterested that anything would do--no special liking, disliking. But he was a man full of love.

Once in a city in Rajasthan, Biawar, he was with me, and I had a fever. The whole night he remained by my side. I told him, "Parekh, you go to sleep. Because of you I cannot go to sleep!"

He said, "That is up to you--that is your problem. I am not saying to you, 'Don't go to sleep'; I am trying to help you to go to sleep. As far as I am concerned I cannot sleep knowing that you have a fever. The fever may increase in the night and I may be asleep. That is not permissible."

And actually it happened: in the night the fever increased; at two o'clock it was one hundred and five. He said, "Do you see the point? You would not have awakened me."

I said, "That is true."

He called the doctor and he said to me, "This is not the time for you to leave the body. If you can make some arrangement, I am willing to leave the body and you remain in the body--because you have much to do, and I have nothing to do." This is love of a totally different kind--a caring, a friendliness.

The instinctive love can become any moment hate. The man who was ready to die for you can kill you. The woman who was so caring towards you, so loving towards you, can poison you; literally she can poison you. Love, if it is instinctive, is not in your hands; you are just a slave. The unconscious is very easily convertible into its opposite, and you cannot do anything about it.

But when love comes to the conscious level--that is, when it comes to the level of intellect, not instinct--then it has a different flavor. Then it has no biological purpose. *misery05*

*Note: Later in 1973 an experimental commune 'Kailash' is set up on their farmland in Chanda, see Part VI

Osho's experiences with Medicine and 'Miracles'

It was just a coincidence: I was staying in Patna in 1960 and I was suffering from a migraine. I had suffered from migraine since my enlightenment; I had never suffered before. And the migraine is in only half of the mind; it is the active part of the mind that has it. If the active mind loses contact with the inactive mind, then it goes on working but it has no time to rest.

Because I was staying in the house of a doctor...he was very concerned that this was a terrible migraine, and it was really very strong. I could not open my eyes, it was so painful.

The whole day I would simply lie down with a wet towel around my head. But it was not a help--just to pass the time.... And it remained with me for twenty-one days exactly when it came. And it came at least four times a year, so it was wasting too much time.

The doctor gave me some sleeping pills. He said, "At least in the night you will have a good sleep; otherwise this migraine continues twenty-four hours a day." Usually a migraine does not continue for twenty-four hours; ordinarily migraine starts at sunrise and disappears by sunset, because it is only in the active part. As you drop out of activity, and the world starts cooling down and you are preparing for sleep, the migraine disappears.

But that was not the case with me--it continued for twenty-four hours--so I said, "There is no harm in trying." And it really helped: I could sleep, after many years, for the first time. I don't actually know what the sleeping pills did chemically, but one thing I am certain about--which the chemist may not know: it made it possible again for the active mind to be connected with the inactive mind.

I remained a watcher, something in me remained awake, but only a small flame of awakening; otherwise everything went into sleep. My feeling was that the sleeping pill helped to make a contact with the non-active mind, which I had lost completely....

It was just this doctor who, feeling so much for me, said, "The whole day you are in trouble so much; at least for the night, take a good dose and go to sleep."

But the strange effect was that I went to sleep and the next morning there was no migraine. He was also surprised. This was strange; these were only sleeping pills, they were not meant for migraine. And for migraine I had taken all kinds of medicine--nothing helped. *light35*

I had one famous doctor in Jabalpur, Dr. Barat, a Bengali doctor, but the most famous physician in that part of the country. He was the president of the Rotary Club; that's how I came to know him--because he requested me to address the Rotary Club.

So he had come to my house and taken me in his car, and had listened to me for the first time in the Rotary Club, and became very deeply interested in me. He used to come to see me once in a while. He was reading books I had suggested to him because he wanted to read something about Zen, something about Tibetan mysticism, something about Sufism, something about Hassidism--the things that I had been talking about to him.

So he came to the point of knowing about Bardo. He said, "What is Bardo?"

I said, "I will come to your clinic and give you a try."

He said, "What do you mean, you will give *me* a try?"

I said, "In fact, it is just the opposite. But let me come to your clinic."

So I went to his clinic and I told him, "Give me the chloroform."

He said, "What?"

I said, "You just give me the chloroform, and I will go on repeating: one, two, three, four, five...and you just listen at what number I stop. And when I come back, when you remove the chloroform mask, just listen to me. I will start counting at the same number where I had stopped, in reverse order."

He was a little worried. First he said, "Now we have stopped using chloroform."

I said, "You will have to do it if you want to understand Bardo."

He said, "But it is dangerous."

I said, "Don't be worried, it is not dangerous."

So I persuaded him. He put me under the mask and I started repeating the numbers: one, two, three... And I was watching inside that my voice was becoming slower and slower and slower, and that he was putting his ear close to my mouth to hear the last--it was nine. After that I could not speak, the body was completely paralyzed, my lips wouldn't move.

After ten minutes he removed the mask and he waited. As I became capable of moving my lips, he heard: "Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one." And as I was coming in the reverse order, my voice was becoming clearer and clearer. By the time I reached one, I was back.

I said, "This is Bardo. When you are dying, if you can manage by yourself, good; otherwise call me. Then I will give you the idea where to go, what kind of womb to find, what kind of parents will give you freedom, what kind of atmosphere to look for where soon you will become intelligent and will not remain retarded--the idea of becoming a Gautam Buddha, the idea of becoming enlightened."

But he was still alive when I left Jabalpur in 1970, so I don't know what happened to the fellow. He was old, most probably he is dead and is born somewhere. And I don't think he was capable of creating the whole program for the new journey. Bardo is programming your whole journey. *zenman02*

I have been in hundreds of homes, and many miracles I have performed--but none of them was a miracle. I was just joking, and when I found there was a possibility, I never missed it.

So remember it, that I have never performed a miracle, because miracles as such are impossible. Nobody has performed them.

But the gullible mind...a man came to me almost in the middle of the night; it was twelve, I had been asleep for three hours. He knocked on the door, and made so much noise that I had to wake up and open the door, and I asked, "What is the matter? What do you want at this time of the night?"

He said, "I have a terrible pain in my stomach, and this pain has been coming on and going away, coming on and going away, for at least three months. I go to a certain doctor, he gives me medicine, but no permanent cure has happened. And just nearabout ten, this pain came; it was so terrible that I went to the doctor and he said that this pain was something spiritual--he suggested your name."

I asked him, "Who is this doctor? Is his name Doctor Barat?"

He said, "Yes."

Barat was my friend. He was an old man, but he loved me very much. So I said, "If Barat has sent you then I will have to do something. But you have to give me a promise that you will never say anything about this to anybody, because I don't want to be disturbed every night, and I don't want patients to be here the whole day. I have other things to do."

He said, "I promise, but just help me. Barat has told me that if you give me just a glass of water, with your hand, I will be cured."

I said, "First give me the promise." And he hesitated, because if he has found such a source of miracles, to give such a promise....

He said, "You don't see my pain; you are talking about your promise. Just give me a glass of water--l am not asking much."

I said, "First you give me a promise. Take an oath in the name of God"--and I could see that he was a brahmin and he had.... Brahmins of different faith believing in one god or another god have different marks on their forehead; those are trademarks, so you can judge, and know who the man is worshipping. So I knew that he was a devotee of Shiva, and I said, "You will have to take the oath in the name of Shiva."

He said, "This is very difficult; I am a loud mouth, I cannot keep anything to myself such a great thing...and you are asking me to make a promise. I may not be able to keep it because if I keep it then it will be more painful than my pain. I won't sleep, I won't go anywhere, I won't talk to anybody because it will be just there waiting to come out."

I said, "You decide. I have to go to sleep, so be quick."

He said, "You have created a dilemma for me. Whatsoever I do I will be in trouble. This pain is not going to go away because to keep your promise...and you don't know me--l love gossiping. I am a liar; I go on lying--and this is the truth."

But I said, "Then you decide. You keep your pain."

Finally he said, "Okay, in the name of Shiva I give you the promise. But you are too hard, too cruel."

I gave him one glass of water. He drank the water and he said, "My God! The pain is gone!"

Now, there was no miracle, but because I haggled so much about the promise he became more and more certain that the miracle was going to happen...otherwise this man would not insist so much. The more I delayed, the more I insisted, the more he became certain that there was something in it. That certainty worked.

It was simple hypnosis, he got autohypnotized; he became ready. If I had given him the water directly, the pain would not have disappeared. This much gap of haggling was needed. And I reminded him when he was leaving, "Remember, if you break the oath, the pain will be back."

He said, "You have destroyed me. I was thinking that when Shiva meets me I will be able to fall at his feet and ask his forgiveness; and I have heard that he is very forgiving. Now you have destroyed that too--and the pain will come back."

I said, "Certainly the pain will come back, once you utter a word."

And the next day he was there. He said, "I could not manage it. At least I had to go to Doctor Barat and tell him, 'All your medicine and medical knowledge is nonsense. Just a glass of water did what you could not do in three months. And you have been taking fees each time I was coming--give my fee back. If you knew it beforehand then for three months you have been cheating me.' But the pain came back."

He came running to me, "I am a fool, but what to do? I just could not resist putting this Doctor Barat right in his place. For three months I have been suffering and he knew the cure, and he went on giving me this tablet and that, and then he started the injections. Finally he started saying, 'You may need surgery--and just a glass of water! And he did not suggest that at all."

I said, "I cannot help you. Now the water won't work; you have broken the promise--the miracle will not happen again. Now you go to Doctor Barat and take his medicine, or do whatsoever you want."

But he went around, even though still in pain, saying, "I have seen a miracle."

These people are there--sometimes very educated people, but deep down they are as gullible as any uneducated person. Once I am not there, you have to remember it, that all my miracles were simply jokes and nothing else; that I have been enjoying every opportunity. If there was an opportunity to manage a miracle, I have not missed it. But there was no miracle at all. If you know just a little bit of human psychology you can do great things which are not prescribed in the psychology literature and textbooks--because they are not concerned with that.

But if you know a little bit of human psychology, just a little bit--not much is needed.... And man is ready, he wants the miracle to happen. He wants to see the miracle happen; he is ready for the messiah. He is hankering, desiring deep down to find someone who is higher than him, more powerful than him; then he can follow him.

But I have been cutting all the roots.... *ignor19*

I used to know a man whose wife came to me, saying, "You have to come to my house, because my husband will not listen to anybody except you. We have tried our best. He has been sick for almost two weeks and we think something is seriously wrong. He's becoming weaker and weaker, but he is not ready to go to a doctor. And he is not ready even to say why he's not willing to go the doctor."

I went. I told everybody to go out of the room and I closed the door. I asked the man, "What is the matter? Why are you avoiding the doctor? If there is any problem, just tell me."

He said, "I can tell you. The problem is not with the doctor, the problem is with me--I am worried that perhaps I have cancer. My father died of cancer, my grandfather died. My wife, my first wife died of cancer, and I have seen so many cancer deaths in the house that it has become impossible to forget it. So I feel I have cancer."

I said, "Do you think not being examined is going to help you in any way?"

He said, "No."

I said, "But there is a possibility--if the doctor says you don't have any cancer, you will be immediately cured. Secondly, if he finds there is something else, then medicines can take care of it. But fifty percent, the chances are that you may not have the cancer. You are missing a fifty percent chance. It is up to you, it is your life. I will not disturb you. Should I go or wait for your answer?"

He said, "Wait."

After a moment he said, "It seems right. There is a fifty percent chance. It is only guesswork."

The doctor was brought, and he had the cancer. He told me, "Look!"

I said, "No harm. To know the enemy is always better than not to know, because knowing the enemy you can fight it better. Now we know it is cancer, we can fight it. There is no problem, you are not going to die." *sermon23*

Anything that has to do with human beings can never be totally objective; it will have to allow a certain space for subjectivity.

It is not only true that the same medicine from different doctors has different effects; it is also true that the same medicine has different effects on different patients from the same doctor.

Man is not an object....

For example, it has been noted that three persons can be suffering the same disease, but the same medicine will not work. On one person it is working; on another it is just fifty-fifty, working and not working; but on the third it is not working at all. The disease is the same, but the interiorities are different. And if you take the interiority into consideration, then perhaps the doctor will make a different impact on different people for different reasons.

One of my friends was a great surgeon in Nagpur--a great surgeon but not a good man. He never failed in his surgery, and he charged five times more than any other surgeon would charge.

I was staying with him and I told him, "This is too much. When other surgeons are charging a certain amount for the same disease, you charge five times as much."

He said to me, "My success in many other things also has this basis: when a person gives me five times more, he is determined to survive. It is not only because of money that I am greedy. If he is willing to give me five times more--when he could get the operation at cheaper rates--he is determined to survive whatsoever the cost. And his determination is almost fifty percent of my success."

There are people who don't want to survive; they are not willing to cooperate with the doctor. They are taking the medicine, but there is no will to survive; on the contrary, they are hoping that the medicine does not work so they will not be blamed for suicide, yet they can get rid of life. Now, from the inside that person has withdrawn already. Medicine cannot help his interiority, and without his interior support, the doctor is almost helpless--the medicine is not enough.

I came to know from this surgeon.... He said, "You don't know. Sometimes I do things which are absolutely immoral, but to help the patient I have to do them."

I said, "What do you mean?"

He said, "I am condemned by my profession...."

And all the doctors of Nagpur condemned him--"We have never seen such a cheat."

He would put the patient on the table in the operating theater--doctors are ready, nurses are ready, students are watching from the gallery above. And he would whisper in the patient's ear, "We had agreed on a fee of ten thousand--that will not do. Your problem is more serious. If you are ready to give me twenty thousand, I am going to take the instruments in my hands; otherwise, you get up and get out. You can find cheaper people."

Now, in such a situation.... And the person has money; otherwise, how can he say yes? And he accepts it: "I will give twenty thousand, but save me."

And he told me, "Any surgeon could have saved him, but not with such certainty. Now that he is paying twenty thousand, he is absolutely with me; his whole interior being is supportive. People condemn me because they don't understand me. Certainly it is immoral to agree on ten thousand and then put the person in the operating theater and whisper in his ear, `Twenty thousand, thirty thousand...Otherwise get up and get out--because I had not realized that the disease had gone so deep. I am taking a risk, and I am putting my whole reputation on the line. For ten thousand I will not do that. And I have never failed in my life; success is my rule. I operate only when I am absolutely certain to succeed. So you decide. And I don't have much time, because there are other patients waiting. You just decide within two minutes: either agree, or get up and get lost.'

"Naturally the person will say, `I will give you anything you want, but please do the operation.' It is illegal, it is immoral, but I cannot say that it is unpsychological."

Anything to do with man cannot be purely objective.

I used to have another friend, a doctor who is now in jail because he was not qualified at all. He had never been to any medical college; all the degrees that he had written on his sign were bogus.

But still I am of the opinion that an injustice has been done to the man--because it does not matter whether he had degrees or not. He helped thousands of people, and particularly those who were becoming hopeless, going from one doctor to another--who all had degrees--and getting tired. And this man was able to save them.

He had a certain charisma--no degree. And he made his hospital almost a magic land. The moment a patient would enter his office, immediately he would be surprised. He had been everywhere...because people used to go to him only as a last resort. Everybody knew that the man was bogus, it was not something hidden. It was an open secret.

But if you are going to die, what is the harm in trying?

And as you entered his garden--he had a beautiful garden--and then his office...He had beautiful women as his receptionists, and it was all part of his medical treatment--because even if a person is dying, looking at a beautiful woman his will to live takes a jump; he wants to live.

After the reception, the person would pass through his lab. It was absolutely unnecessary to take him through the lab, but he wanted the person to see that he was not an ordinary doctor. And the lab was a miracle--absolutely useless, there was nothing significant, but so many tubes, flasks, colored water moving from one tube into another tube, as if great experiments were going on.

Then you would reach the doctor. And he never used the ordinary methods of checking your pulse, no. You would have to lie down on an electric bed with a remote control. The bed would move far up into the air, and you are lying there looking up and hanging over you there are big tubes. And wires would be attached to your pulse and the pulse would make the water in the tubes jump.

The heart would be checked in the same way--not by ordinary stethoscope. He had made all his arrangements visual for the patient--so that he could see he had come to some genius, an expert.

And the man had no degrees, nothing at all. His pharmacist had all the degrees, and he used to prescribe the medicines because the man had no idea about medicine.

In fact, he never did any criminal thing. He never prescribed medicines, he never signed for them. This was done by a man who had degrees, who was absolutely qualified to do it. But because he arranged all this, and because he had written strange degrees on his sign...and since those degrees don't exist I don't think they can be illegal. He was not claiming any legal degrees, he was not claiming that they were from any university that exists. It was *all* fiction--but the fiction was helpful.

I have seen patients half cured just in the examination. Coming out, they said, "We feel almost cured, and we have not taken the medicine yet. The prescription is here--now we will go and purchase the medicine."

But because he had done all this.... This is when I saw that the law is blind. He had not done anything illegal, he had not harmed anybody--but he is in jail because he was "cheating people." He has not cheated anybody.

To help somebody to live longer, if that is cheating, then what is medical help?

Because of human beings, medicine can never become an absolutely solid, hundred-percent objective science. That's why there are so many medical schools--ayurveda, homeopathy, naturopathy, acupuncture, and many more--and they *all* help.

Now homeopathy is simply sugar pills, but it helps.

The question is whether the person believes.

There are people who are fanatic naturopaths--nothing else can help them, only naturopathy can help them. And it has no connection with the disease.

One of my professors was madly into naturopathy. Any problem...and a mud pack on your stomach. I used to go to him to enjoy, because it was very relaxing, and he had a very good arrangement--a beautiful bath and showers.... And without any difficulty I used to go and say, "I have a very bad migraine."

He said, "Don't be worried. Just a mud pack on your stomach."

Now a mud pack on the stomach is not going to help a migraine. But it used to help me, because I had no migraine! A mud bath, the full bathtub, and you are drowned in the mud, just your head is out--it is very comfortable and very cool.

Soon he realized that, "You come again and again with new diseases."

I said, "That's true. Because I have got a book on naturopathy--from the book I get the disease, and then I come to you. First I read it, to see what you will do. If I want it to be done to me, I bring that disease; otherwise, unnecessarily lying down in the mud for half an hour...."

He said, "So you have been cheating me?"

I said, "I am not cheating you. I am your most prominent patient. In the university everybody else laughs at you, I am the only one who supports you. And the others who come here, come here because of me--because I say that my migraine disappeared."

He said, "My God, now I am suffering from migraine. Go!"

People used to become angry with me. They would tell me, "My migraine, instead of going, has become more intense--because a cold stomach does not help migraine!"

I would say, "Then your system must work differently. With my system, it helps me!"

There are homeopaths, fanatics who believe that homeopathy is the only right medicine and all other medicines are dangerous--particularly allopathy is poison. If you go to a homeopath, the first thing he will do is inquire about your whole history from your birth up to now. And you are suffering from a headache.

One of the homeopathic doctors used to live near me. Whenever my father came to see me, I would take him to the homeopath. The homeopath told me, "I pray you don't bring your father because he starts back three generations, that his grandfather had a disease...."

I said, "He is also a homeopath. He goes deeper into the roots."

He said, "But he wastes so much time, and I have to listen--and he just has a headache! About his grandfather and all his diseases, then his father and all his diseases...then himself. By the time *he* comes, almost the whole day is finished. My other patients are gone, and I am listening to him telling what kind of diseases he has suffered from his childhood, and finally it comes out that he has a headache.

"I say, `My God, why didn't you tell me before?' and he says, `Just as you are a homeopath, I am also a homeopath. And I want to give you a complete picture.'"

The first thing they will ask is about all your diseases because they believe that all diseases are connected, your whole life is one single whole. It does not matter whether you had something in your leg or your head--they are part of one body, and for the doctor to understand, he has to know everything.

The homeopath will ask you what kind of allopathic medicines you have been taking--because that is the root cause of all your diseases; all allopathic medicines are poison.

That is the attitude of naturopathy too, that allopathy is poison. So first you have to do fasting, enemas...just to clean you of all allopathy. Once you are clean of allopathy....

Man is a subjective being. If the patient loves the doctor, then water can function as medicine. And if the patient hates the doctor, then no medicine can help. If the patient feels the doctor is indifferent--which is ordinarily the case with doctors, because they are also human beings, the whole day long seeing patients, the whole day long somebody is dying...they slowly slowly become hard, they create a barrier to their emotions, sentiments, humanity. But this prevents their medicine from being effective. It is given almost in a robot-like way, as if a machine is giving you medicine.

With love, the patient is not only getting medicine; around the medicine something invisible is also coming to him.

Medicine will have to understand man's subjectivity, his love, and will have to create some kind of synthesis in which love and medicine together are used to help people.

But one thing is absolutely certain: that medicine can never become entirely objective. That has been the effort of medical science up to now, to make it absolutely objective. *sermon02*

In one of the medical colleges in Bhopal, one of my friends was a doctor, and I used to stay with him. He was very much afraid of ghosts.

I said, "Being a doctor, and that too in a medical college where there are so many dead bodies collected for dissecting, and you are afraid of ghosts!"

He said, "Well, what to do, I am afraid. From my very childhood, I have been afraid."

So I said, "One thing has to be done. Tonight you get the key of that great hall where you are keeping many dead bodies and we will go there and see--there must be ghosts. So many dead bodies, their ghosts must be around them."

He said, "I don't want to go there. I don't go there even in the day. In the night, never!"

I said, "But I am going; give me the key."

He said, "But why are you getting into unnecessary trouble?"

I said, "For your sake, because if I am going you will have to come with me; you are my host."

Very reluctantly, unwillingly, he went with me.

I had made an arrangement. I had told another doctor who was also friendly with me, "You lie down amongst the corpses and when I enter the door...you have not to do anything, you just sit up. Cover yourself with a white cloth so nobody will know--that will be enough."

I took my friend there, opened the door, and pulled him inside the room by the hand. I said, "Come in, there is nothing to be worried about, these are dead bodies, skeletons. You also have a skeleton within your skin. So there is no need to worry; you belong to the same category. Soon you will be dead and you will be in this hall. It is better to be acquainted with these people right now."

As we entered, the doctor not only got up, but he screamed. He screamed because he was not aware that I had put another man in there also. So while he was lying down there, the other man was getting up, going down, getting up, going down. The doctor was almost on the verge of death, because he was not aware that there was another man also; and the door was locked so he could not escape: it is better to remain silent--if this ghost becomes aware of him, he's going to torture him.

As we reached the hall he threw off his white cloth, jumped out and said, "My God! You have put me in such trouble. I was thinking it is a joke; it is not a joke! There is another ghost, a real ghost! And he's doing exercises. He gets up, lies down, gets up, lies down.... You don't know in what hell I've been for these few hours."

And my friend who had come with me, his face became completely white.

He said, "This is a doctor?"

I said, "Yes, he is your colleague."

He said, "What is he doing here?"

I said, "Well, I don't know, just ask him."

But he was not in a situation to say anything. He was stuttering because he was shooing the other ghost away.

I said, "Let us go to him." Nobody was ready to go to him. I went and pulled up his cloth.

They both looked at him and they said, "Another colleague? My God, should we look at the other corpses also? Do doctors come to sleep here in the night?"

I said, "It is better you become acquainted--once in a while come and sleep here, and see what the ghosts do in the night. Sometimes they dance, they sing, they play ping-pong. And one day you are going to be here, so it is better to be acquainted beforehand; otherwise you will be in much trouble."

All three left me there and escaped. I had not told the first doctor about the second, neither had I told the second about the first. When the first jumped up, the second was so shocked that he started trying to feel his heart, whether he is still alive or he is finished. And my host could not sleep the whole night, again and again he would come into my room.

I said, "What is the matter?"

He said, "I feel afraid."

I said, "There is no question of being afraid."

He said, "How did it happen, the two colleagues? Are they dead? Are they real? And what were they doing there?"

I said, "How am I to know? I am not part of your medical college. You should know better...."

But both those doctors stopped meeting me--even if I would pass them, they would close their doors. They all used to live in small cottages around the medical college, and I used to go for a walk in the morning. And I would knock on their doors, and they would look from the window and close the window, too. *razor04*

Osho's experiences with Hypnosis

Hypnosis can be dangerous. In wrong hands anything can be dangerous; otherwise hypnosis is a simple form of relaxation. But it can be dangerous, because the man, if he is bent upon cheating you, in those states when you are under hypnosis can suggest to you things that you don't want to do. But you will have to do them when you wake up.

I used to work with one of my students. I lived in his house for six months. His brother was my friend, and I was alone and there was no point in getting a house--and who was going to take care of it? So he said, "You'd better stay with me." And I discovered really a beautiful medium in his younger brother.

I started hypnotizing him. Just to give an example to you: one day I told him, "Tomorrow, exactly at twelve o'clock, you will kiss your pillow madly." The second day, nearabout quarter to twelve, he started looking a little strange, afraid, watching everybody, everywhere, and just in front of him I took his pillow and locked it in my suitcase. I could see tears coming into his eyes. I said, "What is the matter? Why are you crying?"

He said, "I don't know, but something like this has never happened to me. It is so strange...I cannot describe." And exactly at twelve he came to me and he said, "Please return my pillow."

I said, "What will you do at twelve? In the evening I will return it."

He said, "You have to return it to me right now."

I gave him the pillow and before six other people he started kissing the pillow madly, and looking at people thinking that he must look mad...and he himself thinking that he *is* mad--what is he doing?

I said, "Don't be worried, that's what everybody is doing. When a man is kissing a woman, a woman is kissing a man, that is a natural hypnosis, a biological hypnosis; the biology has hypnotized your chromosomes. It is not that you are doing it...and feeling so awkward, you don't want to do it before others, you want some lonely place of your own.

Don't be worried! It makes no difference whether it is a pillow or a woman. What you are doing, *you* are not doing--it is your unconscious which is forcing you to do it."

He said, "That is the trouble. That's what I feel. Something in me says, `Kiss,' and I know that this is stupid. This is only a pillow. Why should I kiss it?"

You can, under hypnosis, manage anything if you are a person who is just trying to cheat people. You can even tell the person to murder someone and he will murder--and he will be punished. He may be sentenced to death, and he will not have any explanation to give. And nobody can touch you who hypnotized him, because nobody will ever know what you did in hypnosis, while he was asleep.

Hypnosis can be misused. Everything great can be misused. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why most of the countries and cultures have tried to avoid any entanglement with hypnosis. And the word `hypnotism' has become a condemnatory word. But that is not right; it can do immense good too. Somebody who has some difficulty in any subject can be simply hypnotized and told, "You don't have that difficulty. That subject is simple, and you have enough intelligence to understand it." And the man will start behaving differently from the next day--his unconscious got it. There is no need to fear.

People can be helped with diseases, because almost seventy percent of diseases are mental. They may be expressed through the body, but their origin is in the mind. And if you can put in the mind the idea that the disease has disappeared, that you need not worry about it, it does not exist any more, the disease will disappear.

I have tried very strange experiments with it. My work was concerned with something else. For example in Ceylon, Buddhist monks every year on the birthday of Gautam Buddha, dance on red-hot burning coal--and they don't burn. One professor from Cambridge University, a professor of psychology, had gone especially to see it, because he could not believe that it is possible. But when he saw twenty monks just dancing in the flames, and that they were not burned, he thought, "If these people can do it, why cannot I do it?" So he tried...just coming a little closer it was so hot that he ran away. He would have died if he had jumped into the pit where the fire was burning and the monks were dancing. Now, it needs a tremendous effort of hypnosis.

I tried it on the same boy, because he was a good medium. Thirty-three percent of the whole population are good mediums, and you should remember this thirty-three percent. Thirty-three percent of the people are the most intelligent too, and this thirty-three percent is the more creative, most innovative people too. These are the same people who can go into deep hypnosis; it needs immense intelligence. People with greater intelligence--if they are ready to go into it--can go to very deep layers. And the deeper the layers are, then things can be done which look almost miraculous.

With this boy--his name was Manoj--I tried putting a hot burning piece of coal on his hand and telling him that it is a beautiful roseflower. He saw it and he said, "So beautiful, and so fragrant," and it did not burn. I tried otherwise also: putting a roseflower on his

hand and telling him it is a burning hot piece of coal. He threw it immediately, but it burned his whole hand.

Mind has tremendous power over your body. The mind directs everything in your body. Seventy percent of your diseases can be changed by changing the mind, because they start from there; only thirty percent of diseases start from the body. You fall down, and you have a fracture--now, that fracture cannot be helped by hypnosis saying that you don't have any fracture. You will still have the fracture. The fracture has started from the body and the body cannot be hypnotized. The body has its own way of functioning. But if the process starts from the mind and extends to some point in the body, then it can be easily changed. *psycho40*

The conditioning of the conscious mind has gone so deep that even in sleep it won't allow a few things. Even in deep hypnosis it won't allow a few things.

For example, people have been worried that a hypnotist hypnotizing a woman can rape her under hypnosis. But unless the woman herself is willing it is not possible, she will wake up.

I was working with one of my cousin-brothers. He was a very talented boy; he is now a professor in a university. But he is very cowardly. So whatever he clings to, it is very difficult to persuade him to drop it if something better is available--because what he is clinging to is safe, he knows it.

He was from a very poor family. His mother died and his father married again, and the woman started torturing the boy. So I told the boy to come and live with me so he lived with me. He was studying and he was also working part-time in an office.

The principal of his college was a friend of mine. I told him, "He has great talents and it is stupid that he should be working in an ordinary office as a typist. You can employ him also in the college part-time as a librarian, or something you can find." And he was willing.

The boy was getting only seventy rupees per month from the office, and the principal was ready to give two hundred rupees for the same time--and almost no job, just being a librarian.

And I said to him, "It will be good, you can read while there is nobody disturbing you, and you can become acquainted with the great literature; it will all be available to you. And you will remain in the college. You can study, you can work there.

"Show your talents, so finally I can manage to tell the principal when you pass your M.A. that it will be good to make you a lecturer in the college." But he would not leave the part-time typist work in the office. It was very difficult for him to move from anything that he has become accustomed to and was secure in.

Finally I tried hypnotizing him--and he was a good medium, he did everything that I told him to do. When I became perfectly satisfied that he goes really deep and forgets everything, I said to him one day, "Now is the time. Tomorrow you resign from your post."

He immediately opened his eyes and woke up. He said "I was afraid continuously for all these days. I can do everything else, but not this resignation. I knew that you would one day tell me to resign from that post."

"But," I said, "how did you manage it, because you were so deep in hypnosis?"

He said, "I was deep in hypnosis, but it was with my willing cooperation. On this point I was not willing."

So even in dreams the long training of your mind will interfere to change the dream, to make it as if you are chasing the best friend of your sister. But your unconscious desire is for your sister, the best friend is only a substitute. But the conditioned conscious has deep roots which have gone even into the unconscious.

So if a woman is willing the hypnotist can rape her; but she if is not willing, the moment he suggests anything against her will, she will wake up--however deep the hypnosis may be.

It was really a revelation to me, because he was doing everything else. I would tell him, "You just get up. It is morning and you have to milk the cow." And he would sit in the posture, as in India they do for milking the cow--and there is no cow. He will start milking the cow. And he will not remember anything about what happened. But to resign from the post...he was keeping his conscious censor alert about it.

You cannot tell somebody to go and murder, unless that person really wants to murder. Anything that the hypnotized medium does is his willing cooperation--not that he is conscious, but even in unconsciousness the conscious mind is alert so that nothing goes against the conditioning. *transm20*

Every day a part of your mind must become blank so that it can receive new impressions, otherwise how can it work? As the future arrives, the past disappears every day. And as soon as this future becomes the past, it disappears too so that we are free to receive what lies ahead. This is how the mind functions.

We cannot carry the full memory of even one life. You won't be able to recall anything if I ask you what you did on January 1, 1960. You did exist on January 1, 1960, and you must have done something from dawn till dusk, yet you will be unable to remember anything. A small technique of hypnosis can revive the memory of that day. If you are hypnotized, and a part of your consciousness is put to sleep, and then if you are asked to describe what you did on January 1, 1960, you will recount everything.

For a long time I experimented on a young man. But my problem was how to be sure of the details he gave of January 1, 1960. He was able to narrate that day only under hypnosis: in the waking state he would forget everything. So it was difficult for me to determine whether or not he really took a bath at nine o'clock on the morning of January 1, 1960. There was only one way to do it. I wrote down everything he did on a certain day. After a few months when I asked him to describe his activities of the same day, he couldn't recall anything.

When I put him under a deep state of hypnosis and asked him to narrate the particular day, he not only recounted all that I had noted down, but described many other things which had not been written. He did not miss anything from what I had written down; rather he added many more things. Obviously I could not have noted everything. I had written only what I saw or what had occurred to me.

In hypnosis you can be taken as deeply inside your self as one would like to go. But it will be done by someone else; you will be unconscious. You won't know a thing. Under hypnosis you can be taken even into your past lives, but it would essentially be in a state of unconsciousness. *now14*

Osho's experiences with people remembering Past Lives

Nature has a beautiful arrangement: with each death, a thick layer of forgetfulness comes over your memories. You are carrying all the memories of all your lives. But a small human being finds it so difficult to live with a small conscious mind of one life--if so many lives burst upon him, he is bound to be insane. It is a natural protection.

It happened....

I was in Jabalpur and a girl was brought to me. She must have been, at that time, nine years of age. She remembered her past life completely--so realistically that it was not a memory for her, it was a continuity. It was just some accidental error in nature that there was no barrier between the past life and this life.

There is a place just eighty miles away from Jabalpur, Katni. She was born in Katni and she remembered that she had her family in Jabulpur. She remembered the names, she remembered her husband, she remembered her sons, the house--she remembered everything. One of my friends brought them to me.

I said, "This is strange, because the people she is remembering are living just three or four blocks away from my house." They had a petrol pump, so I used to go for petrol at their petrol pump every day. But I said, "You wait. You wait in my house and I will call

them--the Pathak brothers--I will call them and we will see whether this girl remembers them or not."

So they came with their servants and a few other neighbors. There were twelve, thirteen people in the crowd, so that they could see whether she could find out.... She immediately jumped, and said, "Brother, have you recognized me or not?" She caught hold of both brothers, among thirteen people, and she inquired about the mother and the children...and father had died, and she was crying. It was not a memory, it was a continuity. They took her to their home and then it was a problem: the girl was torn apart about whether to go to this family's house in Jabalpur and live there, or to go back to Katni to the new family where she had been born.

Of course, in this family she had lived for seventy years, so the pull was more towards the past-life family. And in the new family she had been born only nine years before; there was no pull--but that was her family, her real family. This other family was only a memory, but to her, it was such a heart-rending problem.

And both the families were disturbed about what to do: if she remained in Jabalpur, she would remember the other family continuously, worry about what was happening to them and feel, "I want to go there." If she was there, she would be thinking that she wanted to be in Jabalpur.

Finally I suggested that the only way--it was a freak case, there was nothing spiritual in it--was that she needed a deep hypnosis for a few days, so the barrier could be created. She had to be hypnotized to forget the old and the past. Unless she could forget the past, her whole life was going to be a misery.

Both families were ready to accept that something had to be done. She was hypnotized continually for at least ten days, to forget. It took ten sessions to create a small barrier so that the old life's memories didn't float into the new life.

I have been inquiring about her. She is now perfectly okay--married, has children, has forgotten completely. Even when those people come to see her, she does not recognize them. But her barrier is very thin and artificial. Any accident, and the barrier could be broken, or any hypnotist could break it very easily within ten sessions; or some great shock, and the barrier could be broken.

There is no need for you to remember. It is perfectly good.

We have to get free from the mind.

The East has known all the layers of the mind, but the East has emphasized a totally different aspect than the West: ignore it--you are the pure consciousness behind all these layers.

Western psychology is just childish, just born at the end of the last century. It is not even a hundred years old. They have taken up the desire to enter into dreams and to find out, to dig deeper into what is there in the mind.

There is nothing. You will find more and more memories, more and more dreams, and you will destroy the person because you will make him vulnerable to an unnecessary burden which has to be erased.

One has to go beyond mind, not within the mind.

And you don't have any memory as far as the state of beyond mind is concerned.

Just drop the idea of the mind. Don't meddle with it; it is getting into an unnecessary trouble and nightmare. You have to surpass the mind, you have to transcend the mind.

Your whole effort should be one-pointed, and that is how to be a no-mind: no dreams, no memories, no experiences.

Then you are at the very center of your being.

Only then do you taste something of immortality. Only then, for the first time, do you know what intelligence is. *enligh08*

Let me tell you of an incident so that what I am saying becomes clear to you. For about two or three years, in respect to meditation, a lady professor stayed in touch with me. She was very insistent on experimenting with *jati-smaran*, on learning about her past life. I helped her with the experiment; however, I also advised her that it would be better if she didn't do the experiment until her meditation was fully developed, otherwise it could be dangerous.

As it is, a single life's memories are difficult to bear--should the memories of the past three or four lives break the barrier and flood in, a person can go mad. That's why nature has planned it so we go on forgetting the past. Nature has given us a greater ability to forget more than you can remember, so that your mind does not have a greater burden than it can carry. A heavy burden can be borne only after the capacity of your mind has increased, and trouble begins when the weight of these memories falls on you before this capacity has been raised. But she remained persistent. She paid no heed to my advice and went into the experiment.

When the flood of her past life's memory finally burst upon her, she came running to me around two o'clock in the morning. She was a real mess; she was in great distress. She said, "Somehow this has got to stop. I don't ever want to look at that side of things." But it is not so easy to stop the tide of memory once it has broken loose. It is very difficult to shut the door once it crashes down--the door does not simply open, it breaks open. It took about fifteen days--only then did the wave of memories stop. What was the problem?

This lady used to claim that she was very pious, a woman of impeccable character. When she encountered the memory of her past life, when she was a prostitute, and the scenes of her prostitution began to emerge, her whole being was shaken. Her whole morality of this life was disturbed.

In this sort of revelation, it is not as if the visions belong to someone else--the same woman who claimed to be chaste now saw herself as a prostitute. It often happens that someone who was a prostitute in a past life becomes deeply virtuous in the next; it is a reaction to the suffering of the past life. It is the memory of the pain and the hurt of the previous life that turns her into a chaste woman....

Their interests and attitudes, so totally opposite each other's, so totally different from each other's, had completely changed. This often happens--and there are laws at work behind these happenings.

So when the memory of her past life came back to this lady professor, she was very hurt. She felt hurt because her ego was shattered. What she learned about her past life shook her, and now she wanted to forget it. I had warned her in the first place not to recall her past life without sufficient preparation. *now02*

Nowadays...no one has the desire to probe into the secret memories of past lives. If any of my friends wish to carry on experiments of this nature I am willing to guide them. I give my word that at a signal from any of them I am ready for such experimentation. If anyone comes forward it will make me very happy.

Only yesterday I received a few letters from friends saying they were ready, that they were waiting to be called. Now that the call has come I trust they are prepared to come forward. I am ready to guide them on the path of exploration into the past. I will accompany them as far as they want to go. At this stage of the world's progress and development, we badly need people who possess this ability. If only a few men can attain to this knowledge I am certain we can remove the darkness that is so quickly enveloping the whole world. *long05*

Osho's experiences with Suicide

Once I was sitting by the side of the Ganges in Allahabad alone, in a very lonely spot, and I saw a man jump into the river. I thought he must be taking a bath, but then he started shouting, "Help! Save me!"--he was drowning.

I don't believe in saving anybody, but I thought that this is a totally different case. So I jumped in after him and I pulled him out. It was hard, he was a very big and fat fellow,

but somehow I brought him out. And he started being very angry with me. He said, "Why did you save me?"

I said, "This is something! You were shouting, `Save me, help me!' I am not a person to save anybody, but there was nobody else here, and I thought that this is a totally different context. But why are you getting angry?"

He said, "I was really going to commit suicide."

"Then," I said, "why did you start shouting, `Save me, help me'? You should have committed suicide--I would not have disturbed you. I was simply sitting silently, I was not interfering with you."

He said, "What to do? I wanted to commit suicide, and with a total decisiveness I had jumped in. But when the cold water touched me, I forgot all that, and when I started drowning and came up, I don't know how, but I started shouting, `Help me, save me!'"

I said, "Don't be worried. Come here."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "You just come close to me." He came. I pushed him back into the water. He went under once and started shouting again, "Save me, help me! What are you doing?"

I said, "Now I am not going to be worried. I did wrong the first time--please forgive me for that time. Now I will simply sit here and see you commit suicide."

He said, "This is not"--and it was difficult to say anything because he was going down and up--"This is not a joke! Just save me. I don't want to commit suicide!"

Somebody else jumped in and saved him. I said, "You are doing something wrong because that fellow wants to commit suicide."

And that fellow said, "No, I have dropped the idea. It is too difficult, I will find some easier way. This going under water and coming up--it is too much for me." *transm32*

Once it happened a friend of mine was bent upon committing suicide, so everybody was advising him but he wouldn't listen.

His father came running to me and he said, "Now it seems it is beyond us". The father had always been against me but now he thought, "Maybe this is the last resort". So I said, "I am coming."

I went and I listened to the man, and I said, "Perfectly good! I don't feel it is right, but if still you decide to commit suicide I will help you because I'm your friend! If you want to commit suicide, good! I don't feel it is right because if I were in your place I wouldn't

commit suicide because it looks foolish! Because a girl has refused you, you want to commit suicide. There are millions of girls and this is not the only woman. Within a month you will forget; you will fall in love again! But if you still think to, it is perfectly good! It is your life!"

The father became very much disturbed. He said, "We have brought you to help him not to do it!"

I said, "Who are you to help him?--because when you gave birth to him you never asked him if he wanted to be born or not. Now why should you ask? If he wants to commit suicide he should be given all freedom."

I took the man to my house. I said, "Come with me. If you are going to commit suicide, let us enjoy. One night be with me because maybe we will meet somewhere, maybe we will never meet again."

So he came with me, and by and by he started thinking, because I was not trying to convince him. I said, "We will put the alarm on and at four o'clock I will drive you to a beautiful place where you can jump into the river...and I can say good-bye too!"

At four o'clock when the alarm went and I started pulling him out of his bed, he said, "Are you my enemy or what? I don't want to commit suicide!"

I said, "This is not right. If you have decided it is perfectly good!"

He said, "But I don't *want* to commit suicide. Why are you forcing me?"

I said, "I'm not forcing!"

And he has not committed suicide! Now he has a wife and children and he avoids me because whenever he comes to see me I say, "What has happened now? You were thinking that you would never fall in love again; you fell in love again!"

And he says, "In fact I am happy that that woman refused; she was not for me! I would have always been in trouble, her husband is in trouble. And I have found a better woman." *zero19*

Osho's experiences with Mad people

I used to go to madhouses....

One of my friends was the governor of one of the states, so he allowed me--I could visit any madhouse in the state, or any jail, wherever I wanted to go. Otherwise, it is very difficult to see mad people. *empti06*

It sometimes happens that a person is brought to me and they say he is mad. He meditates and he is perfectly okay; nothing is wrong. Then he goes back home and the family again expects the madness from him. Then he starts falling into the old trap again. He has to play the role.

This is one of the most significant things to understand: almost ninety percent of the people who are in madhouses are not mad. They are just playing a role because people have forced that role on them, and they accepted it. They find it comfortable and convenient, and once they accepted it, it doesn't look good to destroy people's expectations. This is my understanding: if you say to a hundred mad people that they are not mad, ninety can come out immediately--if they are allowed to come out, and if they are made to understand that they are just playing a game. And it is a foolish game, because they are the losers. *hammer02*

In my town one of my friends' uncles was mad. They were rich people. I used to go in their house often, but even I became aware only after years that one of his uncles was kept in an underground basement, chained.

I said, "Why?"

They said, "He is mad. There were only two ways: either we keep him in our own house, chained.... And of course we cannot keep him chained in the house; otherwise people will be coming and everybody will feel worried and concerned. And his children, his wife, watching their father, their husband.... And it is against our family's reputation to send him to prison, so we found this way: we have imprisoned him underground. His food is being taken to him by a servant; otherwise nobody goes to see him, nobody goes to meet him."

I persuaded my friend, "I would like to meet your uncle."

He said, "But I cannot come with you--he is a dangerous man, he is mad! Although he is chained he can do anything."

I said, "He can at the most kill me. You just remain behind me so if I am killed you escape, but I would like to go."

Because I insisted, he managed to get the key from the servant who used to take the food. In thirty years I was the first person from the outside world, other than the servant, who had met him; and that man may have been mad--I cannot say--but now he was not mad. But nobody was ready to listen to him because all mad people say, "We are not mad."

So when he said this to the servant, "Tell my family that I am not mad," the servant simply laughed. He even told the family but nobody took any note of it.

When I saw the man, I sat with him, I talked with him. He was as sane as anybody else in the world--perhaps a little more, because he said one thing to me: "Being here for thirty years has been a tremendous experience. In fact I feel fortunate that I am out of your mad world. They think I am mad--let them think that, there is no harm--but in fact I am fortunate that I am out of your mad world. What do you think?" he said to me.

I said, "You are absolutely right. The world outside is far madder than when you left it thirty years before. In thirty years there has been great evolution in everything--in madness too. You stop saying to people that you are not mad; otherwise they will take you out. You are living a perfectly beautiful life. You have enough space to walk...."

He said, "That's the only exercise I can do here--walking."

And I started to teach him *vipassana*. I said, "You are in such perfect conditions to become a buddha: no worries, no botherations, no disturbances. You are really blessed."

And he started practicing vipassana. I told him, "You can practice it sitting, you can practice it walking"--and he was my first disciple as far as vipassana is concerned. And you will be surprised that he died a sannyasin--died in the basement.

But the last time I had gone to my village, I went to see him. He said, "I'm ready; now you initiate me. My days are numbered, and I would like to die as your sannyasin. I'm your disciple; for twenty years you have been my master and whatever you had promised is fulfilled."

And you could see from his face, from his eyes, that he was not the same person--a total transformation, a mutation....

Mad people need methods of meditation so that they can come out of their madness.

The criminals need psychological help, spiritual support.

They are really deep-down sick, and you are punishing sick people. It is not their fault. If somebody murders, that means he has carried a tendency to murder in him for a long time. It is not that somewhere, out of nowhere, suddenly you murder somebody. *dark04*

Once a young boy was brought to me. His parents were very much disturbed; they had taken him to psychoanalysts, to other doctors, but nothing had worked. And his problem was not very great, but it was disturbing his whole life and his whole future. He had got this idea that while he was sleeping--he used to sleep with his mouth open--two flies had entered his mouth, and they were going around inside his body. Now they are here, now they are there, now they have moved towards the head. The whole day the boy could not do anything else, there was no way to get rid of those two flies.

He was examined, there were no flies. And even if you swallowed two flies, they could not go on moving this way. There are no superhighways like this, that the flies are going to the head, and to the feet, and to the heart, and to the stomach, and they are continuously going around and buzzing...he could hear their buzz. And how could he remain at ease? Even in the night he could not sleep well.

When the parents brought him to me they must have taken him to many people already. Somebody suggested that perhaps I might be of some help. I listened to the story and I said to the parents, "You are absolutely wrong, and the boy is absolutely right."

The boy looked at me. I was the first man to whom his parents had taken him who had given him self-respect, dignity. Others were all telling him, "You are crazy. There are no flies."

I said, "You are all crazy. I can see his flies."

The father and the mother both became disturbed...where had they come? Now I was going to strengthen the idea of the boy even more. But it was too late. I said, "You sit down. You have been torturing him unnecessarily. First, he's being tortured by these two flies, and you are taking him all around. You have been humiliating him."

First, I talked to the boy's parents, and convinced the boy that I was absolutely with him. He said, "You are the first man who knows something about these deeper problems."

I said, "I absolutely agree with you. You have been tortured by these two flies, so we will take them out."

He said, "It will be very difficult because they go on changing their place."

I said, "You don't be worried."

I took him inside the room, left the parents outside and told him to lie down. Because I was absolutely favorable to him, he listened to me. He lay down, and I told him to close his eyes and watch those flies--where they were going--so that he would have an exact idea where they were. "When they are very close to your mouth, I will pull them out."

He said, "That seems to be logical. They have entered from the mouth."

So I put him on the bed with his eyes closed, and I rushed all over the house to find two flies. It was a difficult job and it was just by chance...Hindu women use coconut oil for their hair--which is a dirty habit. You can smell from far away that a Hindu woman is coming close. And I had seen dead flies many times in their bottles of coconut oil, so I rushed around looking for a coconut oil bottle. And by chance, I found not only two, but three flies.

Strangely, it seems almost every coconut oil bottle catches these flies--they go in and they get caught, they cannot fly. When they are in the bottle, taking a holy dip in the coconut oil, then they cannot fly--their wings get sticky. And particularly if it is winter time, then the coconut oil becomes solid. It was winter time, so it was very easy for me to take those three flies.

I cleaned them, washed them, brought them in, and I told the boy, "Keep your eyes on the flies--where are they?"

And he said, "They are very close. They are just near my throat."

I said, "This is the moment. Open your mouth." And as he opened his mouth, I took the flies out of his mouth which I already had in my hands. I told him, "You were wrong, there were not two, there were three."

He said, "My God! You are the right person." I showed him three flies. He said, "It feels so peaceful inside--no buzzing, no flies."

He rushed out with the flies to show his parents, and the parents were shocked. They said, "We have been to the doctors, you have been x-rayed. We have been to the psychoanalyst, you have been psychoanalyzed, and nobody has detected any flies. But now we cannot say anything. This man has even caught them."

The boy said, "Can I take these flies with me to show to all those doctors? They are idiots because they were condemning me that I'm crazy. Now I want to show all of them that they are crazy. My only fault was that I was counting two, and there were three."

I said, "You can take these without fear, and if at any time any fly enters again, I'm available. You can come to me. You need not go anywhere else."

He said, "Now it won't happen because now I sleep with a bandage on my mouth. I have suffered enough--it has been almost two years I have been suffering."

And he went to the doctors, he went to the psychoanalyst; and one of the doctors was very friendly with me. He was a Rotarian, and I had gone the next day to speak in the Rotary Club. We met there...he said, "You are something. Where did you get those three flies from? Now that boy is making a fool of us. And he was saying, `All your X-rays, and all your education is just nonsense. You don't know anything about flies when they enter into somebody's body. And these are the flies, as a proof.'

"I inquired of him, `Who has caught them?'

"He mentioned your name, very respectfully, and he said, `He is the only man in the whole city who treated me as a human being, not as a madman--who realized my difficulty. And once he accepted my difficulty, it was not much trouble because they were roaming all over my body. He simply said, `When they come close to your mouth,

just tell me. Keep your eyes closed, so I can catch hold.' And I was thinking there were only two...there were three!'"

Imagination can create a kind of insanity if it starts believing in its own daydreams--it can create hallucinations. As far as I'm concerned, your so-called saints, great religious leaders who have seen God, who have met God, who have talked with God, are in the same category with this crazy boy who had two flies moving inside him. Their God is just their imagination. *rebel35*

In Poona, some twenty years ago, a young man who was a professor in the university came to see me. He wanted a private interview; he did not want to say anything about his problem before others. And later on, naturally I understood that it must have been embarrassing for him to say it before others. He had from his very childhood learned the habit--which is very strange, because a man's physiology does not allow it--of walking like a woman.

A man cannot walk like a woman for the simple reason that he does not have a womb. It is the womb in the woman's body that makes her walk differently; without the womb, nobody can manage it. But something must have happened in his childhood of which he was not aware. Perhaps he was born in a house where there were only girls--his sisters--and he was the only boy. And naturally, children learn from imitation: if he was surrounded only by girls, he may have started moving the way they were moving and become almost fixated on it.

Everybody was laughing at him, and particularly that he is a professor in the university, and walking like a woman, and all the students laughing.... He had been to doctors, but they said, "What can we do?--there is no disease, no medicine can help. There is nothing wrong in your body. No operation can help."

He had been to psychoanalysts in Bombay and New Delhi and they were also unbelieving, because such a case had never come to them. So none of the advice they could give was the advice of psychoanalysis--because psychoanalysis has no precedent for such a case. In all the discoveries of psychoanalysis, I have never come across a single case like this that has been treated by psychoanalysts.

So naturally...the man was a psychoanalyst, but the advice he was giving was just commonplace advice. He said, "You have to try hard to walk like a man. Be alert." This is commonsense advice. "What can be done? You have to change your habit and create a new habit. So particularly when you go for a morning walk, or an evening walk, try hard to walk like a man."

And that created the trouble: the more he tried to walk like a man, the more his mind was getting hypnotized to walk like a woman. That was why he was trying...otherwise nobody tries. Have you ever tried *not* to walk like a woman?

But if you are so consciously trying hard to walk like a man, you don't understand the mechanism of hypnosis: you are hypnotizing yourself more to walk like a woman. You are trying hard and you are failing, and every failure is making your autohypnotic situation deeper. So all the advice of great psychoanalysts turned him into even more of a mess. He started walking more like a woman than he had before.

When he came to see me, a few friends were there and he said, "I cannot tell you my problem. I want absolute privacy."

So I said, "Okay, you can come into my room." I took him into my room, and he locked the door. I said, "What kind of problem do you have that you are so much afraid?"

He said "It is so embarrassing...I walk like a woman."

I said, "You should not be embarrassed about it. In fact, you have done a miracle. Physiologists cannot believe that it is possible: walking like a woman needs a womb, otherwise you cannot. And you don't have a womb..."

He said, "Whatever may be the case..."

I said, "You are somebody to be appreciated. Who says that this is embarrassing? You would win a competition, you would come first in the whole world--a man walking like a woman...no man can compete with you!"

He said, "What are you saying? You are trying to console me."

I said, "No. I am simply trying to make it clear to you...you have listened to psychoanalysts and other advisers who have told you to make hard and conscious efforts to walk like a man--and what has been the result?"

He said, "The result has been this, that I am walking more like a woman than before."

I said, "Now, listen to my advice. You try hard to walk like a woman..."

He said, "You will make me look absolutely stupid."

I said, "You try it just here in this room, before me. Make a conscious effort to walk like a woman. I want to see how you can walk...because it is physiologically impossible. It is just a psychological conditioning, and it can be broken--but not by the opposite extreme." He was afraid, but I said, "You try, just around the room--but be conscious and make it as woman-like as possible."

And he failed, he could not manage it. He said "My God, this is strange!"

I said, "Now go out, go to the university, and walk consciously as a woman. Watch women, how they are walking...find the best woman and just walk like her."

And after seven days, when I was leaving, he came back and he said, "You have done a miracle. The harder I tried to walk like a woman...I could not do it. People have even started looking at me strangely, because they expect me to walk like a woman and I am walking like a man. I am trying my hardest, my best, to walk like a woman, and nothing succeeds!"

I said to him, "This is the way to break through your autohypnosis. Autohypnosis is unconscious. If you consciously do the same thing, then the autohypnosis will be broken. It cannot stand the light of consciousness." *tahui17*

Traveling all over the country, while I was preparing for my people, I was studying all kinds of people--neurotic, psychotic, all kinds of people spiritual, material. *secret10*

I have been telling my people for almost thirty years, on and off, that psychoanalysis is dead, as dead as Sigmund Freud. But no psychoanalyst ever answered. The reality is that psychoanalysis has never been alive, but it was a great method of exploitation of the sick people....

From my university days I have been fighting, first, with my professors of psychology and psychoanalysis. Then, when I became a teacher in the university, I was fighting with my colleagues who were in the same department. But man's blindness, deafness, dumbness, seems to be infinite....

The materialist believes only in the body. The psychoanalyst believes in the mind as a by-product of the body: when the body dies the mind disappears also. So what are you doing?--torturing people unnecessarily. Neither the mind is going to be your eternal friend, nor the body. Just use them, but don't forget there is a witness within you.

Hence, I have been fighting for meditation. I have been telling people that unless psychoanalysis is based in meditation, unless it helps people to discover the no-mind, the beyond, it is an absolutely futile exercise of exploiting people. But no psychoanalyst agreed with me. *poetry01*

Osho explains Meditation

At this time, Osho often leads a period of meditation, silent sitting, at the end of his discourse.

My whole life I have been talking about meditation. *isay206*

There are one hundred and twelve methods of meditation; I have gone through all those methods--and not intellectually. It took me years to go through each method and to find

out its very essence, and after going through one hundred and twelve methods I was amazed that the essence is witnessing. The methods' non-essentials are different, but the center of each method is witnessing.

Hence I can say to you, there is only one meditation in the whole world and that is the art of witnessing. It will do everything--the whole transformation of your being. *satyam22*

Whatever I am doing, my meditation continues. It is not something that I have to do it separately; it is just an art of witnessing. Speaking to you, I'm also witnessing myself speaking to you. So here are three persons: you are listening, one person is speaking, and there is one behind who is watching and that is my real me. And to keep constant contact with it is meditation.

So whatever you do does not matter, you just keep contact with your witness. I have reduced religion to its very fundamental essence. Now everything else is just ritual. This much is enough. And this does not need you to become a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan or anybody, and this can be done by an atheist, by a communist, by anybody, because it needs no kind of theology, no kind of belief system. It is simply a scientific method of slowly moving inwards. A point comes when you reach to your innermost core, the very center of the cyclone. *last302*

The basic element running through all the methods of meditation is witnessing.

You ask me: *What is witnessing?*

Whatever you are doing. For example, right now you are writing. You can write in two ways. The ordinary way that you always write. You can try another method: you can write it and you can also inside witness that you are writing it.

And you ask: *Does that mean some kind of detachment?*

A detachment. You are a little distant, away, watching yourself writing. So any act, just moving my hand, I can watch. Walking on the road, I can watch myself walking. Eating, I can watch. So whatever you are doing, just remain a witness.

If you have any ego, it will destroy it, because this watching is very much poisonous to the ego. It is not ego that watches. The ego is absolutely blind. It cannot watch anything. You can watch your ego. For example, somebody insults you and you feel hurt, and your ego feels hurt. You can watch it. You can watch that you are feeling hurt, your ego is feeling hurt, that you are angry. And you can still remain aloof, detached, just a watcher on the hills. Whatever goes on in the valley you can see.

So all the methods are basically different ways of witnessing. I have condensed them in a very simple way:

First, watch your actions of the body.

Second, watch your actions of the mind: thoughts, imaginations.

Third, watch your actions of the heart: feelings, love, hate, moods, sadness, happiness.

And if you can succeed in watching all these three, and as your witnessing grows deeper and deeper, a moment comes that there is only witnessing but nothing to witness. The mind is empty, the heart is empty, the body is relaxed.

In that moment happens something like a quantum leap. Your whole witnessing jumps upon itself. It witnesses itself, because there is nothing else to witness. And this is the revolution which I call enlightenment, self-realization. Or you can give it any name, but this is the ultimate experience of bliss. You cannot go beyond it.

This is the simplest. And because it can be done without in any way interfering with your everyday life, because it is something that you can go on doing the whole day. Any other method you have to take some time apart for it. And any method that needs one hour or half an hour to sit and do it is not going to help much, because twenty-three hours you will be doing just the opposite. And whatever you have gained in one hour will be washed away in twenty-three hours.

This is the only method that you can continue around the clock. While falling asleep you can go on witnessing, witnessing, that the sleep is coming, coming, coming, that it is getting darker and the body is relaxing. And a moment comes when you can watch that you are asleep. And still there is a corner, a space in you which is awake.

When you can watch yourself twenty-four hours, you have arrived. Now there is nothing to be done. Then witnessing has become natural to you. You don't have to do it. It will be simply like breathing, happening to you.

This is my basic method. But there are other methods. If people feel that this is difficult for them, they can try other methods. All are available. *last318*

I have returned from a movie show. It is surprising to see how much the light and shade photos projected on the screen captivate people. Where there is really nothing, everything happens! I watched the audience there and it felt as if they had forgotten themselves, as if they were not there, but the flow of electrically projected pictures was everything.

A blank screen is in front and from the back the pictures are being projected. Those who are watching it have their eyes fixed in front, and no one is aware of what is happening behind their backs.

This is how *leela*, the play, is born.

This is what happens within and without.

There is a projector at the back of the human mind. Psychology calls this back side the unconscious. The longings, the passions, the conditionings accumulated in this unconscious are being continuously projected onto the mind's screen. This flow of mental projections goes on every moment, non-stop.

The consciousness is a seer, a witness, and it forgets itself in this flow of the pictures of desires. This forgetfulness is ignorance. This ignorance is the root cause of maya, illusions, and the endless cycle of birth and death. Waking up from this ignorance happens in the cessation of the mind. When the mind is devoid of thoughts, when the flow of pictures on the screen stops, only then the onlooker remembers himself and returns to his home.

Patanjali calls this cessation of the activities of the mind Yoga. If this is achieved, all is achieved. *sdwisd04*

To understand the mind, there are the three points: The first thing is tremendous fearlessness in encountering the mind; the second thing is no restrictions, no conditions on the mind; the third point is no judgments about whatever thoughts and longings arise in the mind, no feelings of good or bad. Your attitude should simply be indifferent. These three points are necessary to understand the perversions of the mind. Then we will talk about what can be done to get rid of these perversions, and go further. But these three basic points have to be kept in mind. *journy04*

This is my observation of thousands of people: I see them carrying such great psychological luggage, and for no reason at all. They go on gathering anything they come across. They read the newspaper and they will gather some crap from it. They will talk to people and they will gather some crap. And they go on gathering. And if they start stinking, no wonder!

I used to live with a man for a few years. His house was so full of unnecessary luggage that I had to tell him "Now, where are you going to live?" And he would go on collecting any kind of thing. Somebody would be selling his old furniture, and he would purchase it, and he already had enough. He had no time to use that furniture, and he had no friends to call. His whole house was full of furniture: old radio sets, and all kinds of things. And I said "But, I don't see the point why you collect all this." He said "Who knows, any time it may be useful."

One day we went for a walk and on the road. By the side of the road, somebody had thrown a cycle handle. He picked it up. I said "What are you doing?"

He said "But, it must be worth twenty rupees at least, and I have picked up a few other things also--sooner or later I am going to make a bicycle!" And he showed me. He had one wheel, one pedal, that he had picked up from the roads. And he said "What are you saying? Soon you will see!"

This man died. The cycle remained incomplete. And when he died, everybody who came to look was puzzled by what he was doing in this house--there was no space even to move.

But this is the situation of your head. I see cycle-handles, and pedals, and strange things that you have gathered from everywhere. Such a small head, and no space to live in! And that rubbish goes on moving in your head; your head goes on spinning and weaving--it keeps you occupied. Just think what kind of thoughts go on inside your mind. *sunris09*

Sometimes, sitting under the stars, you feel a bliss arising within your heart. It seems not of this world. You are surprised. You cannot believe it.

I have come across simple people who have known many moments in their life which are Buddha-like, which belong to Christ consciousness, but they have never talked about them to anybody because they themselves don't believe that they were possible. They have in fact suppressed them. They have been thinking that they must have imagined them: How can it happen without any effort of my own? How is it possible that suddenly one becomes blissful?

You can remember them in your own life--and in such moments when you were never expecting them--just going to the office, in the daily routine, the sun is high and you are perspiring, and suddenly something strikes home, and for a moment you are not the old you. Paradise is regained.

And then it is lost again. You forget about it because it is not part of your style of life. You don't even talk about it, you think 'I must have imagined it. How are these things possible? And I have not done anything so how can it happen? It must have been hallucinatory, an illusion or a dream.' You don't talk about it.

As I have observed thousands of people deeply I have not come across many people who have not found such certain moments in their life. But they have never talked of them to anybody. Even if they tried to, people laughed and they thought: You are foolish, stupid. They don't believe, they repress.

Not only has humanity repressed sex, has humanity repressed death, humanity has repressed all that is beautiful in life.

Man has been forced to become like an automaton, a robot. All clues, all doors, have been closed towards the unknown. *treas303*

It is my continual experience of thousands of people that when they come for the first time to meditate, meditation happens so easily because they don't have any idea what it is. Once it has happened, then the real problem arises--then they want it, they know what it is, they desire it. They are greedy for it; it is happening to others and it is not happening to them. Then jealousy, envy, all kinds of wrong things surround them. *golden03*

The inner world is a new world where you have not even looked, where you have never taken a single step. So I have to teach you how, slowly, you can step inwards.

Even when I say to people to go inwards, immediately they ask questions which show how focused on the outside things they are.

I say to them, "Sit silently."

And they will ask me, "Can I do *gayatri mantra?"*

Whether you do gayatri mantra or you read the newspaper does not matter, both are outside. I am telling you, "Sit silently."

They say, "That is right, but at least I can repeat *omkar..."* It is pitiable. I feel sad for them, that I am telling them to be silent but they are asking me to fill their silence with something. They don't *want* to be silent. If nothing else, then omkar will do--*anything* will do. *upan02*

In India people go on doing all kinds of things. They concentrate, they chant mantras, they fast, they torture their bodies, and they hope that through all these masochistic practices they will realize God. As if God is a sadist! As if God loves you to torture yourself! As if he demands that the more you torture yourself, the more worthy you become. God is not a sadist; you need not be a masochist.

I have come across people who think that without long fasting there is no possibility of meditation. Now, fasting has nothing to do with meditation. Fasting will only make you obsessed with food. And there are people who think celibacy will help them into meditation. Meditation brings a kind of celibacy, but not vice versa. A celibacy without meditation is nothing but sexual repression. And your mind will become more and more sexual, so whenever you sit to meditate your mind will become full of fantasies, sexual fantasies.

These two things have been the greatest problems for the so-called meditators: fasting and celibacy. They think these two things are going to help--they are the greatest disturbances!

Eat in right proportions. Buddha calls it "the middle way": neither too much nor too little. He is against fasting, and he knows it through hard experience. For six years he fasted and could not attain to anything. So when he says, "Be in the middle," he means it. About celibacy also: don't enforce it upon yourself. It is a by-product of meditation, hence it cannot be enforced before meditation. Be in the middle there too, neither too much indulgence nor too much renunciation. Just keep a balance. A balanced person will be more healthy, at ease, at home. And when you are at home, meditation is easier.

What then is meditation? Just sitting silently doing nothing, witnessing whatsoever is happening all around; just watching it with no prejudice, no conclusion, no idea what is wrong and what is right. *dh0802*

Osho teaches friends meditation

Once it happened that one of my friends, a very old man of seventy-eight, fell from the staircase and broke many of his bones. The doctors told him to remain on the bed for six months, because he was very old and the body would take a long time to regain its strength.

He was an active man, very very active. When I went to see him he started crying--and he is not a man who ordinarily cries; I had never seen him cry before. He said, 'It would have been better if I had died. Death is not so bad, but six months just lying on the bed is impossible. I will commit suicide. Six months seems almost endless and the pain is too much, I will not be able to survive it.' I told him to do one thing: to close his eyes and move to where the pain was, to pinpoint it.

For half an hour he looked inside. His whole face relaxed, and after half an hour when he came back he was a totally different man. He said, 'I could watch, I could see, and just seeing and looking at it, suddenly there was the realisation that I am separate from the pain.'

Those six months became a blessing. He had to remain on the bed, but he continued watching. For the first time in his life he became a meditator. Now he says that that was the greatest thing that has happened in his life. Now it has become an everyday process. For at least two or three hours he lies down on the bed, on his back--and now there is no need--just to watch.

One should always be looking for methods of how to change a calamity into a blessing. There is always a way; one has just to look for it. This is the basic art of life--how to change misery into celebration, how to change a curse into a blessing, how to use suffering to grow, how to use pain to be reborn. *wobble10*

Once it happened: I was staying in a rest-house. And a political leader was also staying there--a very small rest-house in a very small village. The political leader came to me in the middle of the night, and said, "It is impossible to sleep. How are you sleeping?" He shook me, and said, "How are you sleeping, there is so much distraction?"

Somehow or other at least two dozen dogs...they must have made the rest-house their abode--the whole village's dogs. Maybe they were having a political gathering also--and they were so many; there was such a loud barking and fighting.

He said, "But how are you sleeping? These dogs won't allow me to sleep, and I am tired."

So I said to the political leader, "But they are not aware of you. They don't read newspapers, they don't listen to the radio, they don't look at television; they are not aware of you. I was also here before you. That is their usual way: they are not doing it specially for you. You are fighting, resisting. The notion that they are disturbing you is disturbing you; not they. Accept them!" I told him to do one small meditation. "Lie down on the bed. Enjoy their barking. Let it be a music. Enjoy it. Listen to it, as attentively as possible."

He said, "How is it going to help me? I want to avoid, I want to forget that they are there, and you are telling me to listen to them. That will disturb me even more."

I told him, "You just try. You have been trying your way, and it has failed. Now try my way; and you can see that it has been successful with me."

He was not ready for it, and he didn't believe it; but there was no other way, so he tried. And within five minutes he was fast asleep, and snoring. So I went and shook him up, and I said, "How are you sleeping? How is it possible?"

lf you accept, nothing can distract you. lt is the very rejection in you that creates the distraction. So, if you want to meditate without distraction, don't reject anything. The traffic noise has to be accepted--it is part of this world, and perfectly okay; the child crying and weeping is part of this world, and perfectly okay. Once you say that everything is okay, just watch the feeling that everything is okay and accept it. Something within you melts. Then nothing distracts. And unless this happens, you can go anywhere you like and you will be distracted by one thing or another. *foll308*

Once a young man came to me. He was a good runner, a champion runner, and he asked me how to meditate, and he was so bubbling with energy. He was a great runner, and he said, 'When I sit, and you tell me to sit silently, I cannot sit; the energy is so much. Is there any possibility for me to ever become meditative?'

I said, 'You forget about meditation. You run, and you drop yourself in running. One day meditation will happen.'

He said, 'What are you saying? Just by running? Has anybody ever become a Buddha just running?'

I said, 'Yes, there is a possibility. Because a person can become a Buddha in any activity.'

He said, 'I will try.'

After a week he came and he said, 'It is unbelievable. I cannot even believe that it has happened. Something tremendously beautiful happened. I was running, I was going as fast as I could. And as you had said, I forgot myself completely. I was not performing, it was not a competition. I was simply in it...the sun falling on my being, showering me, the morning breeze, the birds singing, and the empty bank of the river. And I was running and running.

'And by and by I started falling into a rhythm with the river, with the breeze, with the trees. And suddenly, yes, it was there. I was so full of joy. I have never been so joyful. Tell me, Osho, has it really happened? Because I cannot believe that just by running...and I have been running for many years and it has never happened.' He was not losing himself; running was a performance....

I am saying to you that even a thing like running, if it is no more a performance, will give you the same orgasm that love can give, and the same ecstasy that meditation can give. *trans204*

I had a friend who had a problem with anger. He said, "I am very much disturbed by it and how much it is beyond my control. Show me a method to control it without me doing something myself--because I have almost given up, I don't think I can do anything about it. I don't think that I can get out of this anger by my own efforts."

I gave him a paper on which were written the words: 'Now I am getting angry'. I told him, "Keep this paper in your pocket and whenever you feel angry, take it out, read it and put it back again." And I said, "You can do at least this much; this is the minimum. I can't tell you to do anything less! Read this paper and then put it back in your pocket." He said he would try.

After two or three months, when I met him again, I asked, "What happened?"

He said, "I am surprised. This paper has worked as a mantra. Whenever I feel angry I take it out. The moment I take it out, my hands and feet become numb. As I put my hand in my pocket I realize that I am feeling angry and then something in me loosens up; the grip that the anger used to have on me inside suddenly disappears. As my hand goes into the pocket, it relaxes, and there is no longer any need even to read it. When I feel the anger I start seeing the paper in my pocket."

He asked me, "How did this paper have this effect? What is the secret?"

I said, "There is no secret to it. It is simple. Whenever you are unconscious, the perversions, the imbalances, the chaos of the mind take hold of you. But when you become aware everything disappears."

So watching will have two results. Firstly your knowledge of your own energies will develop and knowing them makes you a master. And secondly, the strength of the grip these energies have on you will decrease. Slowly, slowly you will find that first anger

comes and then you watch. Then after a while, gradually, you will find that anger comes and the watchfulness comes at the same time. And finally you will find that the anger is about to arise but the watchfulness is already there. From the day the watchfulness comes before the anger, there is no longer any possibility of anger arising.

Awareness of things before they happen has a value. Being sorry has no value because it happens later on. *journy07*

One of my friends, he was a colleague in the same university where I was a teacher, said to me "I have been trying to drop my smoking, for almost twenty years."

I said, "That is too long a time to drop a cigarette; just give me a cigarette and I can drop it right now."

He said, "Don't make a laughing stock of me. I have worked hard to drop it, and sometimes for a few hours, or sometimes even for few days, I manage not to smoke. But finally I have to give way. And now I have even dropped fighting; it is meaningless--twenty years fighting."

I said, "You don't understand simple laws of life. You are a man fast asleep, and in sleep you cannot make any decisions, any commitments. My suggestion is that you do one thing: you smoke more consciously."

He said, "What--smoke? I want to drop it."

I said, "Just listen to what I am saying, you smoke *more* consciously. Take the packet from your pocket very slowly and consciously. Pull the cigarette out very slowly--there is no hurry. Look at the cigarette from all sides, put it in your mouth, wait. There is no hurry. Go very slow-motion, just as if a film is going in slow motion.

He said, "What is that going to do?"

I said, "That we will see later on...then take your lighter, look at it."

He said, "You are making me a fool--what is that going to do?"

I said, "You just.... Twenty years you have done it your way; twenty days you do it my way. Look at the lighter, then light the cigarette, then smoke as slowly as possible. And be watchful that the smoke is going in, then the smoke is going out. That is the oldest meditation, *vipassana.* Gautam Buddha may never have thought that it will be used with a cigarette and a cigarette lighter--but I have to manage for him."

He would not do Vipassana, but this.... He said, "Okay, I will try it, twenty days it is not much."

But the second day he came to me and said, "This is strange. Doing things so slowly makes me so alert; smoking, and watching the smoke going in and the smoke going out makes me so silent that already, in two days, I am smoking almost fifty percent less.

I said, "Just wait twenty days."

He said, "I don't think it will last twenty days; at the most five days and it will be finished."

I said, "Don't be in a hurry to finish it, because if anything remains clinging it will enforce you again. So go very slowly; there is no hurry, and there is no harm. It does not matter--at the most you may die two years earlier. But anyway, what were you going to do in those two years--just smoke...more! So there is no harm anyway; the world is too populated, and if people go on disappearing a little earlier, making space for other people, it is very compassionate of them."

He said, "You are a strange fellow." And after the fourth day he told me, "Now, as my hand moves towards the pocket, suddenly a stop comes--from where, I don't know. I have not been smoking for one whole day because each time I try to take a cigarette, I cannot take the packet out. What is the secret of it?"

I said, "There is no secret; you have just learned to smoke consciously, with awareness. And nobody can smoke with awareness, because smoking is not a sin--smoking is simply a stupidity. If you are alert and awake, you cannot be so stupid. There is fresh air available; you can go and have good breathing, deep breaths, fresh air, perfumed with flowers. You must be an idiot if you have to pay money to make your breathing dirty, dirty with nicotine, harming your lungs, harming your life; and there is no point in it." *golden02*

A friend came to me. He said, "I don't think I shall be able to meditate. I am a drunkard and the habit has got hold of me so much that it is impossible for me to leave drinking in this birth. Now I shall have to await for next birth to tread this path." He had tried many ways and means to kick off the habit but all had proved futile. And now he had even given up trying because slowly slowly he had no will-power left. And he had faced so much disappointment that he was not hopeful of carrying out any further promise. So he requested me not to ask him to give up drinking. He wanted to find out if there was a way in which he could drink and meditate at the same time. "If so please tell me," he asked.

I told him, "Your drinking is also for the sake of meditation."

He was startled to hear this. He said, "People rightly say that you are a dangerous man and I shouldn't have come to you. And I was thinking that you will definitely tell me some way to get rid of my drinking and give me assurance. And you say that drinking too is meditation."

So I told him, "Try to understand. And if you can understand that drinking too is meditation then drinking can be dropped. After all why do you drink? Forget about the wine part of it, but tell me why do you drink?"

He said, "I drink to forget myself."

I told him, "The desire to forget yourself is also the desire of meditation. To lose yourself, to drown, is also the desire of meditation. Mistakenly you have taken up drinking. You want to drink meditation and instead you are drinking wine. So then I will not ask you to give up drinking. Instead I will ask you to learn from wine the art of loosing yourself and drowning yourself. And once you have learned the art of drowning, of forgetting, then you will not have much trouble in giving up the support of wine. If you can drown and forget yourself without the help of wine then the habit of drinking will go away. Because I say unto you that you are not a drunkard but you want to meditate, only you have adopted the wrong type of meditation."

So then he asked me, "Can I come for meditation? But I will continue to drink."

I said to him, "Don't mention to me at all about wine. I am going to give you a new type of wine. You drink that. And if this new taste suits you then the old will become tasteless. And till you have begun to like the new wine it is also foolish to drop the old wine, and there is no sense to it also. First get a good experience of the new wine. If the new one has some kick.... And if meditation does not even possess this much strength to make you give up drinking, then don't be under any illusion that it will be able to make you have a union with God. After all if you can't leave a small thing like drinking, then it means that meditation is weaker than wine. And always you should choose strong friends, and what is the use of choosing weak friends?'

So he came along. He was skeptical, but he became so immersed in meditation--so immersed, which is not possible for those who have never tasted drink because those people do not know how to drown themselves. Those who have never drunk wine, they don't know how to lose themselves.

Now by this I don't mean that you should start drinking. It is not necessary, you can go into meditation even without having drunk wine. But if you have tasted wine then it is proper to utilize it. It is not proper to waste any experience in life, it is necessary to distill it's essence.

He immersed himself deeply in meditation, and the wine got lost. Now he comes to me and says, "You have cheated me. If you had warned me before that it would be like this I would have never come. You never talked about leaving wine. I came under this illusion that this man is okay because he never asks you to drop drinking but makes you meditate also, So I have nothing to lose. But now I am so engrossed in meditation that...." *sadhan03*

Osho opens his first Meditation Centres

1962 Osho opens his first Meditations Centres known as Jivan Jagruti Kendras (Life Awakening Centres), and names his movement Jivan Jagruti Andolan (Life Awakening Movement).

With the help of meditation temples or centers, I would like to, in a scientific way, introduce the modern man to meditation not only in an intellectual way but get him there in an experimental way. And it is more difficult to enter meditation through intellectualism than through experimentation. There are certain things that we can know of only by doing them. They cannot be understood just by knowing them. Actually we cannot know them till we do them. The meditation centers are scientific places where a modern man can understand meditation through modern language and symbols. Not only that they can actually do it and get introduced to it....

There are hundred and twelve such methods in the world. I would like to give a detailed scientific basis for these methods in the meditation centers. So that not only can you understand but also do them. If not one method then through some other method. But we would not let you come out disappointed from that center. Because these are the ultimate one hundred and twelve methods, there cannot be more than this. If one of them does not work then some other will work. If not then the next one. And you can very easily find out which method is going to work for you. The technique to find out a particular method for a person, is also a science.

If we can build such meditation centers in the major cities of our country and also outside the country, then we will be able to give some ray of hope to mankind which at present is undergoing a lot of pain and sorrow and is unable to see any path out of it. *hasiba02*

Osho writes to a friend:

A meditation centre has started here where some friends are experimenting. When I have some definite results there is every possibility of my writing something. About my experiments on myself, I am sure and certain, but I want to test their usefulness to others. I do not want to write anything in the manner of philosophy, my outlook is scientific.

I want to say something about yoga based on certain psychological and para-psychological experiments. There are many illusory notions held about it and these have to be refuted. Therefore I am experimenting here also. It is clear to me that this work is not for promoting any group or cause. *teacup01*

In February 1964 Osho writes:

I am going to speak on Samadhi Yoga in Delhi and I have also to inaugurate a meditation centre there. Such centres I have already begun at Bombay, Calcutta, Jaipur, Kanpur, Udaipur, Chanda and other places. Thousands of people have come into contact and one gathers hope that meditation can be brought to each and every home. Meditation is the

central essence of religion. It is only through re-establishing it that religion can be revived. *letter04*

One of the professors who was my colleague wanted to learn meditation. I had a small school of meditators there. He participated, and the first day he experienced silence he simply jumped out of the small temple where we used to sit and ran away! I could not understand what had happened. I had to follow him. He would look back at me, and as he looked at me following him, he ran faster. I thought, "This is something. What happened to this man?"

I yelled, "You wait, Nityananda!"--his name was Nityananda Chatterji--"just wait for a moment!" He just waved his hand, meaning "finished" and said, "I don't want to meditate. You are a dangerous man!"

Finally I got hold of him just before he entered his house. He could not run anywhere else now. I said, "You better tell me what happened."

He said, "What you did I don't know, but I became so silent--and you know me, I am a chatterbox"--Chatterji was his name, too. He was a Bengali. "In the morning I start talking, and I talk till I fall asleep...almost in the middle of a sentence--I continuously talk. It keeps me engaged, unworried, with no problems. I know there are problems, but talking to anybody...if nobody is there I talk alone.

"And there, sitting with you, suddenly talking stopped. I was blank. And I said, `My God, I am going mad! If this happens to me twenty-four hours--finished. Nityananda Chatterji,' I said, `your life is finished. If the mind does not come back again...before this silence goes further, escape from here. And why are these thirty, forty people sitting here with closed eyes?--but that is their problem. Everybody has to take care of himself.' So I escaped."

I said, "Don't be worried. Silence is not something that destroys your mind, it simply helps the mind to rest. And to you it happened so easily because you are a chatterbox; the mind is tired. It does not usually happen so easily. Those other people are sitting. It is not so easy that when for the first time you sit to meditate, your mind becomes silent.

"You have bothered the mind so much your whole life, people are afraid of you. Your wife is afraid, your children are afraid. In the university the professors are afraid. If you are sitting in the common room, the whole common room becomes empty; everybody escapes from there. It is because of too much use of the mind. It is a mechanism, it needs a little rest.

"Scientists say that even metal gets tired; it also needs rest. The mind is a very sophisticated phenomenon, the most sophisticated thing in the whole universe, and you have used it so much that finding a chance to become silent it immediately became silent. You should be happy."

He said, "But will it start again or not?"

I said, "It will, whenever you want."

He said, "I became afraid that if it does not start again...then Nityananda Chatterji, your life is finished. You will be in a madhouse. Why, in the first place, did you ask this man about meditation?"

And I said, "I was also asking myself why you want to meditate."

He said, "I was simply talking about it, just the way I talk about everything--and you grabbed me. You said, `That's perfectly okay. You come with me in the car.' I had never meant...I talk about everything--whether I know about it or not, it does not matter. I can talk for hours. Just because you were sitting in the common hall and there was nobody else, I thought, `What subject will be right?' Seeing you I thought, `Meditation is the only subject you may be interested to talk about,' so I talked. And you grabbed me; you brought me in the car.

"And I thought, `What harm can it be? My house is just a few minutes away from your house so it is good to go in the car. And all the way I will talk.' And all the way I talked about meditation. And that's how I got into your trap, because then I could not turn back. You pushed me into that temple where forty people were sitting, so I had to sit. I wanted to escape from the very beginning. I never wanted to meditate, because I don't want to get into anything if I don't know where it will lead.

"And just as I was sitting there, everything became silent. I opened my eyes, I looked around, and everybody was with closed eyes, silent. I thought, `This is the time that I should escape.' And you are such a man that you won't let me even run away. The whole street saw that I am escaping and you are following. And I was saying, `I am not going to stop.' Just I became very much afraid. I am afraid of silence. Talking is perfectly okay."

I said, "You are fortunate because you have talked so much that your mind is ready to relax. Don't miss this opportunity. And don't be afraid. Can't you see me?--I can talk. You will be able to talk whenever you want. Right now talking is not within your power; it simply goes on by itself. You are simply a gramophone record, and silence will make you a master."

He said, "Well, if you promise, I trust you and I will come every day. But remember, I don't want to lose my mind. I have children, I have a wife, I have old parents."

I said, "Don't be worried. You will not lose your mind."

And you will be surprised that that man progressed in meditation better than anyone else. That gave me the idea of a special meditation, and I started a new technique, gibberish. It was not absolutely new, but nobody had used it as a device for many people to meditate....

So I told Nityananda Chatterji, "You don't be worried. You have been doing gibberish so much that you are going to certainly attain a deep silence."

And he became very silent. The whole university was shocked. They could not believe what I have done to him. Now people would approach him, want him to talk, and he would say, "No, enough. When I used to talk, you all used to escape. I am finished. Just leave me alone."

He was promoted but he refused and went on pension, so his wife and children could live and he could continue his silence. I saw him after ten years. He had become a totally new man, so fresh and so young, as if a bud is just opening and becoming a rose--with that freshness. And he didn't talk; for hours he would come and sit, and there would be no talk.

So whatever is happening, allow it to happen. The mind is accustomed to a certain quantity of inner talk....

Mind is only a mechanism--it can talk, it can be silent. The only problem is, it should not be the master, it should be the servant. As a servant it is great; as a master it is dangerous. You should be the master of it. *mystic15*

Osho holds Meditation Camps

1962-1974 Osho holds many Meditation Camps of 3-10 days, during which he gives several daily discourses and leads meditations.

I used to talk to crowds of fifty thousand people or one hundred thousand people, and I knew that everything was going beyond their heads; they were just sitting there....

These people loved me, not because they understood what I was saying, but just because of the way I was saying it. They loved my presence but they were not seekers. They had just taken an opportunity.

Soon I became tired. It was utterly useless because they were listening with one ear, and from the other ear it was going out--that was the men! Women listen with both the ears, and everything goes out from their mouth. Just a little difference! Have you ever seen two women sitting silently together?

The world is so full of gossiping, and you are talking about meditation. It is so juicy to gossip about what is happening in the neighborhood. As far as meditation goes, there is enough time in old age, or even after death. Silently lying down in your grave you can

meditate as much as you want. But right now there is so much happening all around--somebody's wife has escaped, somebody's husband is cheating his wife....

Seeing the situation, that it is almost futile to talk to the crowd, I started gathering a few people. The only way was to drop speaking to the crowds. I would go to a mountain and I would inform people that whoever wanted to come to the mountain for ten days, or seven days, could come and be with me. Naturally, if somebody takes ten days out of his work, he has some interest, it cannot just be curiosity. If he leaves his wife and children and job for ten days, at least he shows a sign that he is not only curious but he really wants to know. That's how the meditation camps began. *hyaku08*

I used to go often to Udaipur, in Rajasthan. In Udaipur I had my first meditation camp; and I had a very beautiful gathering of people. *mess212*

To a friend Osho writes:

I have just got back from a camp at Ranakpur.

It was just for friends from Rajasthan, that's why you weren't informed.

It lasted five days and about sixty people participated.

It was a wonderful success and it was obvious that much happened.

Encouraged by the results the organizers are planning a Camp on an all-India basis.

You must come to that. *teacup01*

Ranakpur Meditation Camp, June 1964

Ranakpur Meditation Camp becomes a landmark in Osho's work because, for the first time, his discourses and meditations are recorded and published in a book, *Path to Self-Realization,* which is widely acclaimed in India. Osho later said that this book contains his whole teaching which have never altered. (It is reprinted as *The Perfect Way).*

Here Osho introduces his camp:

I see man engulfed in deep darkness. He has become like a house whose lamp has been snuffed out on a dark night. Something in him has been extinguished. But a lamp that has been extinguished can be relit.

I see as well that man has lost all direction. He has become like a boat that has lost its way on the high seas. He has forgotten where he wants to go and what he wants to be. But the memory of what has been forgotten can be re-awakened in him.

Although there is darkness there is no cause for despair. The deeper the darkness, the closer the dawn. In the offing I see a spiritual regeneration for the whole world. A new man is about to be born and we are in the throes of his birth. But this regeneration needs the cooperation of each of us. It is to happen through us and through us alone. We cannot afford to be mere spectators. We must all prepare for this rebirth within ourselves.

The approach of that new day, of that dawning, will only happen if we fill ourselves with light. It is up to us to turn that possibility into a reality. We are all bricks of the edifice of tomorrow and we are the rays of light out of which the future sun will be born. We are creators not just spectators. The need, however, is not only for the creation of the future, it is for the creation of the present itself, it is for the creation of ourselves. It is by creating himself that man creates humanity. The individual is the component of society and both evolution and revolution can take place through him. You are that component.

This is why I want to call you. I want to awaken you from your slumber. Don't you see that your lives have become quite meaningless and useless, totally boring? Life has lost all meaning, all purpose. But this is natural. Without light in man's heart there cannot be any meaning in his life. There cannot be any joy in his life when there is no light in his inner being.

The fact that we find ourselves superfluous and overburdened today is not because life in itself is useless. Life is one endless fulfillment. But we have forgotten the path that leads to that destination, to that fulfillment. We simply exist and have nothing to do with life. This is not living, it is just waiting for death. And how can waiting for death be anything but boring? How can it be a joy?

I have come here to tell you this: there is a way to awaken from this bad dream you have mistaken for life. The path has always been there. The path that leads from darkness into light is eternal. It is there for certain, but we have turned our faces from it. I want you to turn your faces towards it. This path is *dharma*, religion. It is the means of rekindling the light in man; it is giving direction to man's drifting boat. Mahavira has said for those being swept away by the rapid current of the world, with its old age and its death, that religion is the only island of safety, the anchor, the destination and the refuge.

Are you thirsty for the light that fills life with joy? Do you want to attain the truth that gives man immortality? If so, I invite you. Accept my invitation--for joy, for light, for deathlessness. It is simply a matter of opening your eyes. And then you will inhabit a new world of light. You don't have to do anything else, you just have to open your eyes. You just have to wake up and look.

Nothing in man has really been extinguished nor has he really lost direction, but if his eyes are closed the darkness spreads everywhere and all sense of direction is lost. By shutting his eyes a man loses everything; by opening them he becomes a king.

I am calling to awaken you from your dream of downfall to the majesty of an emperor. I wish to transform your defeat into victory, your darkness into light, your death into immortality. Are you ready to embark upon this voyage with me.?

Before we begin our work please accept my love. It is the only thing with which I can welcome you to the loneliness and seclusion of these hills. I have nothing else to give you. I want to share with you the infinite love the presence of God has created in me. I wish to distribute it. And the wonder of it is that the more I share it, the more it grows! Real wealth increases with distribution but the wealth that decreases by sharing is not real wealth at all. Will you then accept my love? I see acceptance in your eyes and that they are overflowing with love in response.

Love begets love and hate begets hate. Whatever we give, it is returned in kind. This is an eternal law. So whatever you desire is what you should give unto the world. You cannot receive flowers in exchange for thorns.

I see flowers of love and peace blooming in your eyes, and I am deeply gratified. Now there are not so many different people here. Love unites and transforms the many into one. Physical bodies are separate and will continue to be so, but there is something behind these bodies that brings people together and unites them in love. It is only when this unity is attained that anything can be said and that anything can be understood. Communication is only possible in love and in love alone.

We have gathered in this lonely place so that I can tell you something and so that you can listen to me. This telling and this listening are only possible on the level of love. The doors of the heart open only to love. And remember it is only when you hear with the heart and not with the head that you can really hear anything. You may ask, "Does the heart hear as well?" but I say that whenever there is hearing it is the heart alone that hears. So far the head has never heard anything. The head is stone deaf. And this is also true of speaking. Only when words come from the heart are they meaningful. Only words that come from the heart have the fragrance of fresh flowers; otherwise they are not only stale and faded but are like artificial flowers, made of paper.

I shall pour out my heart to you and if your hearts allow me to enter there will be meeting and communication. It is at this moment of communion that the thing words are powerless to express is communicated. Many unsaid things can also be heard like this, and that which cannot be put into words, that which is between the lines can also be communicated. Words are very impotent symbols but if listened to in total peace of mind and in silence they become powerful. This is what I call hearing with the heart.

But even when we are listening to someone we are full of thoughts about ourselves. And that is false listening. Then you are not true listeners. You are under the illusion you are

hearing but as a matter of fact you are not. For right-hearing it is necessary for the mind to be in a state of perfect, silent watchfulness. You should simply listen and not do anything else. Only then can you hear and understand. And that understanding becomes a light and brings about a transformation in you....

I expect this kind of hearing from you during the period of this *Sadhana* Camp. Once you have mastered the art it becomes your lifelong companion. It alone can rid you of trivial preoccupation. It can awaken you to the great, mysterious world outside and you will begin to experience the eternal light of consciousness. That is what is behind the tumult of the mind.

Right-seeing and right-hearing are not only a necessity for this *Sadhana* Camp but are the foundation of all right-living. Just as everything is clearly reflected in a lake that is totally calm, without ripples, that which is the truth, that which is God will be reflected in you when you become calm and still like the lake.

I see such silence and calm coming to you and I see your eyes inviting me to say what it is I wish to say. They are urging me to share the truths I have seen that have moved my soul. Your hearts are eager and impatient to hear about them. Seeing that you are so willing and ready to hear me, my heart is impelled to pour itself out to you. In these peaceful surroundings, when your minds are perfectly calm as well, I shall certainly be able to say what it is I wish to say to all of you. It often happens that I must refrain from speaking when I see deaf hearts before me. Doesn't light remain outside when it find the doors of your house closed? In the same way I often stand outside many a house. But it is a good sign that your doors are open. It is a good beginning. *pway01*

We shall start the five-day program of this *Sadhana* Camp tomorrow morning and by way of introduction I would now like to say a few things.

For one's *sadhana*, for the realization of truth, the mind has to be prepared in the way one prepares the soil for the cultivation of flowers. And so, I would like you to bear a few maxims in mind.

The first maxim is: live in the present. During the Camp do not be carried away by your habit of thinking about the past and the future. If you allow yourself to be carried away, the living moment, the really important thing will be wasted and will pass away uselessly. Neither the past nor the future exists. The past in only memory; the future, imagination. Only the present is real and alive. And if the truth is to be known it can only be known through the present.

During the Camp, please keep yourselves aloof from the past as well as from the future. Accept that they do not exist. Only the moment you are in exists. Only the moment in which you are exists and nothing else. You have to live in it and to live it completely. Sleep as soundly tonight as if your whole past has been cut adrift. Die to the past. And in the morning get up as a new man, because it is a new morning. Let him who went to bed not awaken. Let him go to sleep for good. Let him who is ever-new and ever-fresh arise.

To live in the present, keep remembering--and stay on guard twenty-four hours every day to see that mechanical thinking about the past and future does not start up again. Watching is enough. If you watch, it won't start up again. Watching and awareness break the habit.

The second maxim is: live naturally. Man's entire behavior is artificial and the result of conditioning. We always wrap ourselves in a phony mantle and because of this covering we gradually forget our real being. Shed this false skin and throw it away. We have not gathered here to stage a drama but to know and to see ourselves as we really are. Just as actors in a play remove their costumes and make up and put them aside after the performance, in these five days, you must remove your false masks and set them aside. Let that which is fundamental and natural in you come out--and live in it. One's *sadhana*, one's path, develops only through simple and natural living. During the days of this Sadhana Camp be aware that you hold no position, have no profession, have no status. Divest yourself of all these masks. You are simply you, quite an ordinary human being with no name, no status, no class, no family, no caste--a nameless person, a very ordinary individual. You have to learn to live like this because in reality this is what you are.

The third maxim is: live alone. One's sadhana is born in complete aloneness, when one is all alone. But generally man is never alone. He is always surrounded by others. And if there is no crowd around him on the outside, he is in the midst of a crowd inside. This crowd has to be dispersed.

Inside, do not allow things to crowd in on you. And the same is true for the outside--live by yourself as if you are all alone at this Camp. You don't have to maintain relations with anyone else. In the midst of these countless relationships you have forgotten yourselves. All these relationships--enemy or friend, father or son, wife or husband--have so engulfed you that within yourself you can neither find nor know your own being.

Have you ever tried to imagine what you are, away from these relationships of yours? Have you ever discarded the garb of these relationships and seen yourself quite separate from them? Remove yourself from all these relationships and know that you are not the son of your father and mother, not the husband of your wife, not the father of your children, not the friend of your friends, not the enemy of your enemies--and what remains is your real being. What remains in you is your self. During these days you have to live alone in that being.

By following these maxims you will be able to reach the state of mind that is an absolute necessity for carrying on your sadhana and for attaining peace and the realization of truth. *pway01*

As well as these three maxims, I wish to explain to you the two kinds of meditation we will begin tomorrow.

The first meditation is for the morning. During this meditation you must hold your spine erect, close your eyes and keep your neck straight. Your lips should be closed and your

tongue should touch the upper palate. Breathe slowly but deeply. Concentrate your attention on the navel. Be aware of the tremor felt at the navel because of the breathing. This is all you have to do. This calms the mind and stills thoughts. From this emptiness you ultimately go inside. *pway01*

The second meditation is for the night. Spread your body on the floor and let the limbs relax completely. Close your eyes and for about two minutes suggest to yourself that the body is relaxing. Gradually the body will become relaxed. Then for two minutes suggest that your breathing is becoming tranquil. The breathing will become quiet. Finally, for another two minutes suggest that thoughts are coming to a halt. This willed auto-suggestion leads to complete relaxation and emptiness. When the mind has become perfectly calm, be totally awake in your inner being and be a witness to the tranquility. This witnessing will lead you to your self. *pway01*

You must practice these two meditations. But as a matter of fact they are really artificial devices and you are not to stick to them. With their help the mind's restlessness dissolves. And just as we no longer need a ladder after climbing, one day we have to give up these devices as well. Meditation attains perfection the moment it becomes unnecessary. This very stage is *samadhi*. *pway01*

Now the night is well advanced and the sky is filled with stars. The trees and the valleys have gone to sleep. Let us also go to sleep now. How quiet and silent it all is! Let us also merge into this peacefulness. In deep sleep, in dreamless sleep we go to the very place where God dwells. This is the spontaneous, non-conscious samadhi that nature has bestowed upon us. With the help of this Sadhana Camp we can also reach the same destination. But then we will be conscious and aware. This is the difference and it is a great difference indeed. In the former we are asleep; in the latter we are wide awake.

Let us now retire into sleep with the hope that we will attain samadhi. When our hopes are accompanied by determination and right-endeavor they are bound to be fulfilled.

May God guide us along the path. This is my only prayer. *pway01*

In this Sadhana Camp we must make this one experiment--and that is not to allow our vision to be smothered by words. I call this the experiment of right-mindfulness. You must remember, you must stay aware so that words are not formulated. It is possible to stop words evolving because they are just a habit of ours after all. A newborn child views the world without the intermediary of words. This is pure, direct vision. Later he gradually forms the habit of using words because words are helpful and useful in his external life and in the world outside. But what is useful in the outer life becomes an impediment in knowing the inner life. It is because of this that even the old must reawaken in themselves a child's capacity of pure vision in order that they may know their selves. They knew the world with the help of words and now they must come to know their selves with the help of the void, of emptiness.

What are we to do in this experiment? We will sit quietly, keeping the body relaxed and the spine erect. We will stop all movement of the body. We will breathe slowly and deeply and without any excitement. We will silently observe our own breathing and we will listen to any sounds falling on our ears from outside. We will not react in any way; we will not give them a second's thought. We will let go into a state of mind where, without the interference of words, we will simply be a witness. We will stand at a distance and watch whatever is taking place. Don't try to concentrate at all. Simply be quiet and watch whatever is happening. Listen. Just close your eyes and listen. Listen quietly in silence. Listen to the chirping of the sparrows, to the swaying of the trees in the wind, to the cry of a child, to the sound of the water wheel at the well. Simply listen. And do nothing else.

First, within yourself, you will experience a throbbing of the breath and a beating of the heart--and then a new kind of quiet and peace will descend upon you. You will find that although there is noise outside there is silence inside. You will find you have entered a new dimension of peace. Then you will find that there are no thoughts, that only pure consciousness remains. And in this medium of emptiness your attention turns towards the place that is your real abode. From the outside you turn towards your home.

Your vision has led you inwards. Simply keep watching. Watch your thoughts, your breath and the movement at the navel. No reaction. The result will be something that is not a creation of the mind, that is not of your creation at all. This is in fact your being, your existence. This is the cohesion that sustains us all. It reveals itself unto us and then one's own self, the biggest surprise of all, appears....

We have to exist this simply. We have to do nothing. We have to give up everything and just be. Then something that cannot be put into words will happen. The experience that will come to pass cannot be expressed in words. It is the epitome of experiences. It is the realization of the truth, of one's self, of God. *pway02*

While I come and go, no one should touch my feet. I am not a holy man, saint or a mahatma either. According to me, to try to be a holy man, saint or mahatma is childish. There is no need to offer me any respect. That much respect is enough for me that you listen to what I am saying. There is no need to even believe in it. Think about it, experiment, if it is right, it will remain with you and if it is wrong, it will drop. *amrav01*

Development of Osho's Teaching

I was known all over the country as the *acharya.* The acharya means a master, a teacher, and I was a teacher, and I was teaching and travelling. That was just the introductory part of my work; that was to invite people. *trans204*

In his last moments Vivekananda* said he had been calling for one hundred people to come forward to work with him, but that they had not come and that he was dying a very unhappy and disappointed man. Vivekananda was convinced that he could have changed the world if those hundred men had come forward. But they never came. And Vivekananda died.

I have decided not to call but to go to the villages and search out those hundred men. I will look deep into their eyes to fathom the depths of their souls. And if they do not heed my call I will bring them forward by force, by compulsion. If I am able to bring together one hundred such men I assure you that the souls of those hundred men will stand out like Mount Everest, casting their brilliance on an erring mankind and leading it to the right path.

Those who accept my challenge and have the strength and courage to walk that difficult path with me must remember that the path is not only difficult, it is also unknown. It is like a tremendously vast sea, and we have no map, no chart of its depths. But the man who has the courage to enter the deep water should realize that he only has that strength and power because God himself has called on him. Otherwise he would never be so brave. In Egypt it was believed that when a man called on God for strength and guidance it was because God has already called on him and that there would have been no call otherwise.

Those who have this inner urge have a responsibility towards mankind. And today it is of the utmost urgency to go to the four corners of the world, to sound the call for men to step forward to sacrifice their whole lives to reaching the heights of spirituality and enlightenment....

I am throwing out a great challenge to those who feel they have something good to offer humanity. I intend to wander through as many villages as necessary, and if I encounter eyes that can serve as lights for others, or eyes in which I feel I can kindle the burning flame of conviction, I will take those people with me and I will work on them. I will make them able. I will impart to them all the faculties necessary to enable them to hold high the torch and illumine the dark path men tread to a brighter future, to a future full of knowledge and light.

As for myself I am fully prepared, I do not intend to die like Vivekananada saying I spent my life searching for a hundred men and could not find them. *long05*

*Note: Vivekananda was the disciple of enlightened mystic Ramakrishna

I have been talking to ordinary people my whole life and I know how it is difficult to manage some kind of communication, but I can say with great humility that I have been able to succeed in reaching thousands of hearts. *last508*

My occupation has always been, in a certain sense, personal. Even if thousands of people are with me it is still a one-to-one relationship between you and me. It is not an organization, and it can never be. *glimps37*

When I was travelling in India for fifteen years continuously, I used to remember thousands of people's names. For five years I might not visit their town and then suddenly one day I would be there and I would remember all those people! Hundreds of people--and they were surprised how I could remember their names. But that was not a problem at all. They thought it had something to do with memory. It had nothing to do with memory--I have a very lousy memory--but I had a deep interest in people!

So whenever I am talking to one person I forget the whole world. Then that person is my whole world--at least for that moment, only he exists. So if you meet me after many lives somewhere, I will remember you. That one moment of total attention, that one moment of love, that one moment of focussing on you, that one moment when you become my world, is enough! You are engraved forever, enshrined forever--it is impossible to forget! *madmen20*

I have been fighting on two fronts. I have to fight the old traditions, old religions, old orthodoxies, because they will not allow you ever to be healthy and whole. They will cripple you. The more crippled you are the greater saint you become. So on one hand, I have to fight with any kind of thinking or theology which divides you.

Secondly, I have to work on the growth of your inner being.

Both are part of the same process: how to make you a whole man, how to destroy all the rubbish that is preventing you from becoming whole--that is the negative part; and the positive part is how to make you aflame with meditation, with silence, with love, with joy, with peace. That is the positive part of my teaching.

With my positive part there is no problem; I could have gone around the world teaching people meditation, peace, love, silence--and nobody would have opposed me.

But I would not have been of any help to anybody, because who is going to destroy all that rubbish? And the rubbish has to be destroyed first, it is blocking the way. It is your whole conditioning. You have been programmed from your very childhood with absolute lies, but they have been repeated so often that you have forgotten that they are lies....

So my work begins with negativity--I have to destroy every program that has been given to you. By whom, it does not matter--whether it is Catholic or Protestant does not matter; I have to deprogram you so you are clean and unburdened. Your doors and your windows are opened.

And then the second part, the essential part, is to teach you how to enter within. *upan02*

In my youth I was known in the university as an atheist, irreligious, against all moral systems. That was my stand, and that is still my stand. I have not changed even an inch; my position is exactly the same. But being known as an atheist, irreligious, amoral, became a problem. It was difficult to communicate with people, almost impossible to bridge any kind of relationship with people. In my communing with people, those words-

-atheist, irreligious, amoral--functioned like impenetrable walls. I would have remained so--for me there was no problem--but I saw that it was impossible to spread my experience, to share.

The moment people heard that I am an atheist, irreligious, amoral, they were completely closed. That I don't believe in any God, that I don't believe in any heaven and hell was enough for them to withdraw from me. Even very educated people--because I was a professor in the university, and I was surrounded by hundreds of professors, research scholars, intelligent, educated people--simply avoided me because they had no courage to defend what they believed; they had no argument for themselves.

And I was continually arguing on street corners, in the university, in the *panwallah's* shop--anywhere that I could get hold of somebody. I would hammer religion and try to clean people completely of all this nonsense. But the total result was that I became like an island; nobody even wanted to talk with me, because even to say hello to me was dangerous: where would it lead? Finally I had to change my strategy.

I became aware that, strangely, the people who were interested in the search for truth had got involved in religions. Because they thought me irreligious, I could not commune with them; and they were the people who would be really interested to know. They were the people who would be ready to travel with me to unknown spaces. But they were already involved in some religion, in some sect, in some philosophy; and just their thinking of me as irreligious, atheistic, became a barrier. And those were the people that I had to seek out.

There were people who were not involved in religions but they were not seekers at all. They were just interested in the trivia of life: earning more money, being a great leader--a politician, a prime minister, a president. Their interests were very mundane. They were no use to me. And they were also not interested in what I had to offer to them because it was not their interest at all.

The man who wants to become the prime minister of the country is not interested in finding the truth. If truth and the prime ministership are both presented to him, he will choose the prime ministership. He will say about truth, "There is no hurry. We can do that--the whole of eternity is available--but the opportunity of the prime ministership may or may not come again. It rarely comes, and only to very very rare people, once in a while. Truth is everybody's nature, so any day we can find that. First let us do that which is momentary, temporal, fleeting. This beautiful dream may not happen again. Reality is not going anywhere, but this dream is fleeting."

Their interest was in dreaming, imagination. They were not my people, and communication with them was also impossible because our interests were diametrically opposite. I tried hard but these people were not interested in religion, not interested in truth, not interested in anything that is significant.

The people who *were* interested were either Christians, or Hindus, Mohammedans, Jainas, Buddhists: they were already following some ideology, some religion. Then it was obvious to me that I would have to play the game of being religious; there was no other way. Only then could I find people who were authentic seekers.

I hate the word religion, I have always hated it, but I had to talk about religion. But what I was talking about under the cover of religion was not the same as people understood by religion. Now, this was simply a strategy. I was using their words--God, religion, liberation, moksha--and I was giving them my meaning. In this way I could start finding people; and people started coming to me.

It took a few years for me to change my image in people's eyes. But people only listen to words, they don't understand meanings: people only understand what you say they don't understand what is conveyed unsaid. So I used their own weapons against themselves. I commented on religious books, and gave a meaning that was totally mine.

I would have said the same thing without commenting--it would have been far easier because then I would have been directly speaking to you. There was no need to drag in Krishna, Mahavira, and Jesus, and then make them say what they had never said. But such is the stupidity of humanity that the same thing that I had been saying before, and they were not ready even to hear it.... And now thousands started gathering around me because I was speaking on Krishna.

Now, what have I to do with Krishna? What has he done for me? What relationship have I got with Jesus? If I had met him while he was alive I would have said to him, "You are a fanatic and you are not in your senses, I cannot say that the people who want to crucify you are absolutely wrong, because they have no other way to deal with you."

So this was the only way. When I started speaking on Jesus, Christian colleges and Christian theological institutes started inviting me to speak, and I was really continually giggling inside, because those fools thought that this was what Jesus had said. Yes, I used Jesus' words--one has just to understand a little game with words and one can make any word mean anything--and they thought that this was the real message of Jesus.... "Our own Christian missionaries and priests have not done so much for Jesus as you have done."

And I had to keep quiet, knowing that I have nothing to do with Jesus, and that what I was saying Jesus might not have been able to even understand. He was a poor fellow, absolutely uneducated. Certainly he had a charismatic personality so it was not difficult to gather a few uneducated people, fear-oriented and greedy for the joys in heaven. This man was making promises and asking nothing. So cheap: what was the harm of believing in him? There was no danger, no harm. If there was no heaven and no God, you were not losing anything. By chance if there were, and this man was the begotten son of God, then you were gaining so much for nothing: simple arithmetic!

But it is significant that not a single educated, cultured rabbi became Jesus' disciple, because those rabbis knew far better expressions, far better ways of philosophizing. And this man knew nothing. He was not giving a single argument, he was simply stating things which he had heard from others; and he was a stubborn type of young man.

What I said in the name of Jesus, I had been saying before also, but no Christian community, no Christian college, no Christian theological institute would have invited me. What to say of invitation?--if I had wanted to enter they would have closed the doors. That was the situation: I was prohibited from entering my own city's central temple, and they had the support of the police so that I should not be allowed in. So whenever there was a Hindu monk speaking inside, a policeman was on guard outside to prevent me coming in.

I said, "But I want to listen to that man."

The police officer said, "We know, everybody knows, that when you are there, everybody has to listen to *you*. And we have been called here just to prevent you, not anybody else; everybody else is allowed. If you stop coming we would not be bothered because we are unnecessarily standing here for two or three hours every day. While the discourse session continues I will be standing here just for you, one person."

But now the same temple started inviting me. Again the police were there--to prevent overcrowding! They said to me--one officer who was still there said to me--"You are something! We were standing here to keep you out, now we are standing here because too much crowding is dangerous--the temple is old."

It had balconies and at least five thousand people could sit inside. But when I used to speak there, nearabout fifteen thousand people would turn up. So people would go on the balconies which were usually never used. One day it became so serious that it was almost possible the balconies would fall down--so many people on the balconies, and it was an old temple. Then naturally they had to arrange that from the next day only a certain number of people were to be allowed in.

That created trouble. That officer said, "Now new trouble! You speak for two hours there, but people start coming two hours earlier, because if they come late they won't get in." He said to me, "But you are something! You *were* against God."

I said in his ear, "I still am--don't tell anybody because nobody will believe it. And I will always remain against God. Before I depart from the world I will expose everything. But you are not to tell because nobody is going to believe you, and I will flatly deny that I have ever said anything to you."

He said, "You are something. You are against God and speaking on God?"

But then I had to find my own ways. I would speak on God and then tell people that godliness was a far better word. That was a way of disposing of God. But because I was

speaking on God, the people who were involved--who were true seekers being exploited by the religious priesthood--started becoming interested in me. I found from all the religions, the cream.

There was no other way, because I would not have been able to enter their folds, and they would not have been able to come to me: just those few words would have been enough to prevent them. And I could not have blamed them, I would have blamed myself I had to find some way so that I could approach them. And I found the way; it was very simple. I simply thought, "Use their words, use their language, use their scriptures.

"And if you are using somebody else's gun, that does not mean you cannot put your own cartridges in it. Let the gun be anybody's, the cartridges are mine! --because the real work is going to happen through the cartridges, not the gun. So what harm?" And it was easy, very easy, because I could use Hindu words and play the same game; I could use Mohammedan words and play the same game; I could use Christian words and play the same game.

Not only were these people coming to me, but Jaina monks, nuns, Hindu monks, Buddhist monks, Christian missionaries, priests--all kinds of people started coming to me. And you will not believe it: you have not seen me laughing because I have laughed so much inside that there was no need. I have been telling jokes to you, but I have not been laughing because I have been playing a joke my whole life! What can be more funny? And I managed to befool all those priests and great scholars so easily.

They started coming to me and asking me questions. I just had to be alert in the beginning to use their vocabulary, and just between the lines, between the words, to go on putting the real stuff in which I was interested. I learned the art from a fisherman.

I used to sit by the bank of the river for hours because that was the most beautiful place in my village. The morning was beautiful, the evening was beautiful; and even in the hot summer there were spots where there were thick trees, just leaning over the river. You could just sit in the river, in the water, and it was so cool you could forget it was summer.

I was just sitting looking at the morning sun, and fishermen were there. In India they put out a bait for the fish. Everywhere fishermen put out bait, but in India it has to be non-vegetarian, because the people who are catching fish and the people who are going to buy fish, both are non-vegetarians. So the fishermen will cut small insects into pieces which are delicious to the fishes and hook them to their--what do you call it? Fishing line?--fishing line, and the fishes will come and catch the insect. And with the insect there is a hook; the hook will catch the fish. The fish will come to get the insect, but inside the insect the hook has been put, so once she swallows the insect, the fish is caught by the hook and she can be pulled out immediately.

Looking at this fisherman I thought, "I have to find some way that I can catch my people. Right now they are in different camps, nobody is mine." I was alone: nobody was

courageous enough even to associate with me or to walk with me because people would think that he was also gone, was lost. I found the bait: use their words.

In the beginning people were really shocked. Those who knew me for years, who knew that I had always been against God, were really puzzled, absolutely puzzled....

This was happening again and again. Once I was speaking in a Mohammedan institute in Jabalpur. One of my Mohammedan teachers had become the principal of this institute; he was not aware that I was the same person he knew. Somebody told him that they had heard me speaking on Sufis and that it was something incredible: "We had not thought about Sufis that way, and our institute will be honored if he comes."

In India, or in any other country, if a Mohammedan comes and speaks on the *Bible* you feel very flattered, your ego is tremendously strengthened. Or if a Mohammedan, a Hindu, a Buddhist, is speaking on Jesus, praising him and his words.... And particularly in India where Mohammedans and Hindus are continuously killing each other, if somebody who is not a Mohammedan can speak on Sufism.... My old teacher was very happy; he invited me to talk.

I was in search of all these invitations because I wanted to find my people, and they were all hiding in different places.

When my teacher saw me he said, "I have only *heard* of miracles, but this is a miracle! You are speaking on Sufism, on Islam, on the fundamental philosophy of Islam?"

I said, "To you I will not lie--you are my old teacher. I will be speaking only on my philosophy. Yes, I have learned the art of throwing in the word Islam to people once in a while. That much I will do."

He said, "My God! But now we are caught: people are waiting in the auditorium. And you are the same mischievous person, you have not changed. Are you kidding or something?--because one of our trusted teachers who is an authority on Sufism has praised you. Because of his praise I have invited you."

I said, "He has spoken rightly, and you will also praise what I say. But remember always, I will say only what I want to say. It does not matter, it is so simple a thing: if a Buddhist calls me I have only to change a few words, and from Sufism I talk about Zen, not about Sufis. I say the same thing; it is just that Sufism is changed a little here and there. And I have to be alert--I should not forget about whom I am speaking, that's all."

And I spoke. Of course he had been sitting there very sad, but when he heard me he was so joyous. He came and hugged me and he said, "You must have been joking."

I said, "I am always joking--don't take it seriously."

"You *are* a Sufi" he said.

I said, "that's what people say!"....

I was speaking in Amritsar in the Golden Temple which is now creating great trouble in India. This is the Sikh temple, and because of this temple Indira Gandhi has been assassinated; the whole country is shaken. I was speaking in this temple. Everywhere, all around the country, people had asked me thousands of times, "Why do you grow a beard?" I had become accustomed to the question and I enjoyed answering in different ways to different people.

But in the Golden Temple when I was speaking on Nanak and his message, a very old sardar came to me, touched my feet and said, "Sardarji, why have you cut your hair?" That was a new question, asked for the first time. He said, "Your beard is perfectly okay, but why have you cut your hair?--and you being such a religious man."

Only five things are needed to be a Sikh, very simple things; you can manage them, anybody can. They are called the five K's because each word starts with K. *Kesh* means hair, *katar* means a knife; *kachchha* means underwear--that I have not been able to figure out. It is the only question I cannot answer. What philosophy is being taught? Strange, but there must be some reason.

I enquired of the Sikh priests and their high priest, "Everything is okay--grow your hair and have a sword or a knife--but this kachchha...? What theological, theosophical, philosophical meaning does kachchha have?"

They said, "Nobody has ever asked about it; we just have to follow these five K's."...

This old sardar thought that I was a sardar because nobody who was not a sardar had ever spoken in the Golden Temple; so it was unprecedented. He was certainly puzzled about why I, such a religious man, had cut my hair. And I was only thirty at that time.

So I told him, "There is some reason in it. I don't feel yet a perfect sardar, and I don't want to claim anything that I am not. So I have kept four things but I have been cutting my hair. I will grow my hair when I am a perfect sardar."

He said, "That's right. It is tremendously significant that a man should think about this, that he should not pretend to be a perfect sardar. You are a better sardar than us: we think we are perfect because we have all five things."...

From among these people I found my people. It was not difficult, it was very easy. I was speaking their language, their religious idioms, quoting their scriptures and giving my message. The intelligent people there immediately understood and they started gathering around me.

All over India I started creating groups of my own people. Now there was no need for me to speak on Sikhism, Hinduism, Jainism; there was no need, but for ten years I had been continually speaking on them. Slowly, when I had my own people, I dropped speaking on

others. After traveling for twenty years I stopped traveling also, because there was no need. Now I had my people: if they wanted to come to me they could come.

So it was an absolute necessity; there was no other way to hook my people. Everybody is already divided. It is not an open world: somebody is a Christian, somebody is a Hindu, somebody is a Mohammedan. It is very difficult to find a person who is nobody. I had to find my people from these closed flocks, but to enter their flock I had to talk their language. Slowly, slowly, I dropped their language. Proportionately as my message became more and more clear, their language I slowly dropped....

In those days I had to speak in the name of religion, in the name of God. It was compulsory. There was no alternative: it was not that I had not tried it. I had tried it, but found it simply closes people's doors. But I could see a simple way out.

Even my father was puzzled, more so than anybody else, because he knew me from my very childhood--that I am an atheist, a born atheist; that I am against religion, against the priests. When I started speaking in religious conferences, he asked me, "What is happening? Have you changed?"

I said, "Not a bit, I have just changed my strategy; otherwise it is difficult to speak in the world Hindu conference. They won't allow an atheist on their stage. An amoralist, a godless person, they won't allow. But they invited me--and I said everything against religion, in the name of religion."

The shankaracharya, the head of the Hindu religion, was presiding over the conference. The King of Nepal--Nepal is the only Hindu kingdom in the world--inaugurated the conference. The shankaracharya was in great difficulty because what I was saying was absolutely sabotaging the whole conference. But the way I was presenting it, the people were getting impressed. He became so angry that he stood up and tried to snatch away the microphone--this old man. While he was trying to snatch it away, I said, "Just one minute, and I will be finished." So just for one minute he stopped--and in one minute I managed!

I asked the people--there must have been at least one hundred thousand people--I asked them, "What do you want? He is the president, he can stop me if he wants, and certainly I will stop. But you are the people who have come here to listen. If you want to listen to me, then you all raise your hands; and to make it clear raise both your hands."

Two hundred thousand hands.... I looked at the old fellow and said, "Now you sit down. You are no longer president: two hundred thousand hands have canceled you completely. Whom do you represent? You were president--these people had made you president, now these people have canceled you. Now I will speak as long as I want to speak"--it would have been impossible otherwise. And I found hundreds of people from that gathering: Bihar became one of the most potential sources of my sannyasins.

The same way I was moving around the country going into religious conferences and catching hold of people. And once I had my own group in that city then I never bothered about their conferences; then my group was holding its own conferences, its own meetings. But it takes time. *person14*

Osho's interaction with Jainas

Thousands of people have come to me and gone. There was a time I was surrounded by Jainas. Unfortunately I was born in a Jaina family, so naturally my first audience was of Jainas. They were immensely happy because I was saying things which they had never thought about, I was interpreting their scriptures in a totally new way. They had great hope in me. They thought that...

Their religion has remained very small; it is the smallest religion in India. And it is the ancientmost religion--it is more ancient than Hinduism. But what calamity has happened? Even today there are not more than thirty-five lakhs of Jainas in a country of nine hundred million people. What has happened? Jainism is at least seven thousand years old--that is at least. It can be more, older, because in Harrappur and in Mohanjodro two ancient cities have been excavated, and Jaina statues have been found in those cities.

Now it is a scientific fact that those cities were destroyed somewhere between seven thousand and ten thousand years ago, and that is a very conservative estimate. But even if we take that estimate, in ten thousand years the population of the Jainas has remained negligible--thirty-five lakhs. That is not worth any consideration! That is why in the great religions of the world Jainism is never counted--never counted with Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism. They are great religions, and they are all very new as far as Jainism is concerned.

Because of my interpretations they had a tremendous hope in me, that perhaps I may spread their religion to the whole world, take the message to the whole world. But they were unaware--they were my first audience--they were not aware what kind of man I am: I cannot support anything which my heart is not ready to support.

So a few things I have supported in Jainism--people were very happy. But the moment I started telling about things which I cannot support, they were shocked. I have walked on their fingers. Just a small thing--which is so rational--and the Jaina community...their supreme command decided to expel me. I wrote a letter to them saying, "Don't be stupid. I expel you all from my life. You don't have to expel me; you cannot. I am no more part of you."

And what was the reason? I addressed a Jaina conference and told them, "You are the oldest vegetarians of the world. You eat the purest food, but you have not produced a single Nobel prize winner. What is your contribution to art, to music, to science, to mathematics, to painting, to poetry? What is your contribution to the world? There are the Jews who get forty percent of all the Nobel prizes, and the rest of the world has to live only on sixty percent."

And I told them, "The reason is--I have deeply enquired into the matter--that in vegetarian food something is missing which is necessary for intelligence. That is why you have remained retarded."

Vegetarian food is not complete, and particularly for intelligence certain vitamins are missing. Those vitamins can be found in meat. Certainly I cannot support non-vegetarian food. Even though it gives you better intelligence, it destroys your very soul; it makes you cruel, violent, inhuman.

So I suggested to them, "I have found something which should be immediately accepted if any intelligence is left in you, and that is eating eggs which are not fertilized, non-fertilized eggs. They are not living, there is no life. If you leave them they will simply rot and disappear. There is no life in them because the male sperm has not entered into the mother's egg; the mother has grown the egg without the male sperm. It is not alive, so there is no harm in eating it. It is vegetarian."

Suddenly they were very angry. I am suggesting for them to eat eggs, and they are afraid even to eat tomatoes, because tomatoes look like meat--just the color, poor tomatoes...How can they conceive of themselves eating non-fertilized eggs? Somebody stood up and said, "Maybe that is right that they are not living, but they are coming from animals."

I said, "So is milk; what is the difference? If you are avoiding anything that is coming from any living being, your children are from the very beginning against Jainism; they are drinking their mother's milk. And *you* are drinking milk"--and Jainas drink milk and milk-made products more than anybody. They cannot enjoy meat and non-vegetarian foods, so to substitute they have invented thousands of ways of delicacies made of milk products.

But the very word `egg' was enough for them to leave me completely; the Jainas disappeared. I was dangerous! I was teaching something that they have never done in ten thousand years. No scripture of theirs suggests anything about it. But they were absolutely unable to answer my questions--"If you are eating the purest food, your intelligence should have been the purest flame, the sharpest genius, the most creative, but it has not been so." And immediately--they had come to me because they thought I was supporting their system, but I am not supporting anybody's system--they disappeared.... *pilgr16*

Now the vegetarians are very much against me. They would like to kill me--although they are vegetarians. They don't want to kill anybody, but as far as I am concerned, they are ready to kill me: "This man is going to teach people to eat eggs." *upan18*

It happened in one Jaina family I used to stay with.... It must have been six in the evening. A very old man, the father of the woman in whose house I was staying, came to see me. Now, in Jaina families, six is almost the last limit for the evening supper. As the sun sets, you cannot eat.

I was just going to take my bath and then to take my supper, but because the old man had come from far away and he must have been almost ninety-five, I said, "Wait, there is no hurry. I can take my bath a little later on and the supper can wait--there is no problem in it. First, let me talk to him about why he has come."

He was a ninety-five-year-old man and he had been living in a Jaina monastery for thirty years: he had renounced the world. He was recognized as a saint*, but just to come to see me was still to be in the Jaina community, so many Jainas had come following him. He told me...the first thing, he touched my feet. I said, "This is not right, because you are ninety-five; even my grandfather is not ninety-five."

He said, "I have wanted to touch your feet for so long. I was afraid that death might spoil everything, and I might not be able to touch your feet. I have read only one of your books--*Path to Self-Realization*, and that was it. It changed my whole life. Since then, you have been my master. If it was in my power.... "

Jainas have twenty-four *tirthankaras*, twenty-four prophets, in one period of creation. That means that after millions of years, when this creation dissolves and a new creation starts, then again there will be twenty-four teachers.

He said to me, "We already have twenty-four tirthankaras, but if it was in my power, I would have declared you the twenty-fifth, because what the twenty-four have not been able to do for me, you have done." He was just all praise.

Just then, a servant came and said, "Your bath is ready and the supper will become cold."

The old man was in a shock. He said, "What? In the evening you take a bath?"

The Jaina tirthankara does not bathe at all because that is decorating the body, making it non-smelly. It is in the service of something that is lower than you; it has to be sacrificed for the higher. So Jaina tirthankaras don't bathe.

I said to him, "Yes--one in the morning, one in the evening. I take two baths."

He said, "Moreover, the sun has set, and you have not taken your supper yet?" In the first place, the Jaina tirthankara eats only once--there is no question of supper. And even if

you are eating twice, at least you should be understanding enough to see that it has to be before sunset.

He forgot all his praise--I was no longer a tirthankara. I had been for years, and just because of a single expectation which I had never promised him I would fulfill.... That was his mind.

But he said, "Then I have been completely wrong. For all these years I have praised you, I have read your books--but you are not the right man to follow."

I said to him, "Understand a small thing. I never told you to follow me, I never said to read my books. I never told you to make me a tirthankara. I never asked you to have any expectations of me. It was easy because you had not seen me, you had not known me. A book is dead, and the book you are reading is my first book; and I have gone far. If you had started reading my second and third and fourth books, they would have spoiled all your admiration."

But he was so angry that when he left, I said, "Won't you touch my feet again?--because you are so old, and next time...we may meet, we may not meet."

He said, "I have made the mistake once, I cannot make it twice." *light02*

*Note: A traditional renunciant means one who has renounced the world, eg a Jaina muni, Buddhist bhikkhu or bhikkshu, Hindu saddhu or sannyasin, Mohammedan Sufi or fakir, Christian monk, etc. The word saint traditionally means a holy person, but nowadays is often used for any renunciant; he may or may not be a guru. The word guru has 3 main connotations in India: a spiritual teacher, a teacher, a charlatan.

It happened once that I was speaking in a conference with a Jaina monk who was very much respected among the Jainas, Chandan Muni. He spoke first, and he talked about the self, the realization of self, and the blissfulness of self. I was sitting by his side, watching the man. All those words were empty; there was no support from his experience. I could see in his eyes, there was no depth.

I spoke after him and the first thing I said was, "Whatever Chandan Muni has said is simply a repetition of scriptures, parrotlike. He has done a good job. His memory is good, but his experience is nil."

There was great trouble because it was the conference of the Jainas. A few people started standing up and going. I said, "Wait! You will have to listen for at least five minutes to me and then you can go. I am new to you; you don't know me. At least five minutes just to have a little introduction as to what kind of a man you have left behind, and then you are free; everybody can go."

Speaking for five minutes was enough, and after five minutes I asked, "Now, anybody who wants to go should immediately leave."

Not a single man left. I spoke for almost two hours. I was not supposed to speak for that long; I was asked to speak only for ten minutes. But seeing that now people were listening and nobody had left the president was afraid. Even Chandan Muni was listening very intensely and alertly. The president was afraid to disturb me because he knew that I am not a man who can be stopped. And I was not going to stop, I was going to throw out that president.

I said, "If people want to hear me... You are no longer president of this conference. *You* simply get out."

He understood it so he was sitting silently.

But having heard me for two hours, Chandan Muni sent me a message that afternoon saying, "I want to meet you alone, in privacy. I cannot come to the place where you are staying because a Jaina monk cannot go anywhere except the Jaina temple. So please forgive me, you will have to come here."

I said, "There is no problem. I will come."

I went there, and at least two hundred people had gathered. But he wanted absolute privacy, so he took me in, closed the doors of the room, sat down with me on the floor and said, "You were right. I don't have courage enough to say it in public, but I wanted to say to you that you were right: I don't have any experience of self; I don't have any experience of self-realization. I don't know whether such a thing exists or not, and you were absolutely right that I was just like a parrot repeating the scriptures.

"But help me. I am imprisoned, I cannot go anywhere. I am the head of a community; I cannot even ask questions to you before others. They think I am already self-realized, so why should I be asking questions?--I should know the answer myself."

And there were tears in his eyes.

I said, "I will do my best to help you, because I have seen many religious leaders but not with such a sincere heart. And I know perfectly well you cannot remain in this bondage long. You have met a dangerous man, and you have invited me yourself!"

And it happened within two years. He was in contact with me--letters, learning meditation, doing meditation--and after two years he dropped out of the Jaina community. He was so well respected, and the Jaina community is very rich...and he dropped out.

He came to meet me. I could not believe it. When he came to my house and said, "I am Chandan Muni," I said, "You have changed so much."

He said, "To be free of a prison, to be free of borrowed knowledge has been such a great relief that I have again become young"--and he was seventy years old. He said, "Now I

am ready to do whatever you want. I have risked everything; I was rich, I renounced that to become a Jaina monk. Now I have renounced Jainism, the monkhood, just to be nobody so that I can have total freedom to experiment." *socrat27*

It happened in Hyderabad that one Jaina monk who was very much respected in South India became interested in me. Listening to me, reading my books, he finally gathered courage and dropped the monkhood.

I told him, "You are taking a very risky step. Don't blame me for it later on because there is no need to drop it; you can keep this show. What I am saying is, remain alert. I don't even say to an actor to stop acting, so what is the problem? You *act* the saint; let this whole life be a drama. Remain alert. So my teaching is to be alert--I am not telling you to drop all this nonsense."

"But," he said, "it seems insincere. I did believe in it; then it was one thing. Now it will be sheer hypocrisy. And I cannot speak with the same authority. You have taken away my authority. I know it is all bogus; I cannot play-act."

I said, "Then remember there will be risk."

He said, "I understand." He dropped the monkhood.

I was staying with a friend and he came there. My friend was a Jaina--he could not believe his eyes! He asked, "What happened to your special dress of the monk?"

He said, "I have dropped it."

My friend said, "Then you cannot enter my house." My friend was one of the monk's very devoted disciples--that's why he had come there. I was staying there, that was one reason, and second, my friend had been very devoted to the monk. But he simply would not allow him to enter the house: "Just get lost! I don't want to get involved."

On that very same day I was going to speak in a Jaina conference and that ex-Jaina monk went with me to the conference. Jaina monks always sit on a high platform, so just out of old habit he followed me on to the platform from where I was to speak. He sat just behind me, afraid, because there were at least five thousand Jainas, utterly angry--you could see it. These are "nonviolent" people, and that man had done nothing much--simply changed his dress.

There was great turmoil. Somebody stood up and said, "That fellow should be dragged down from the stage. He cannot sit on the stage."

I said, "What is the problem? I am not a Jaina monk, and I can sit on the stage. Then what is the problem? He is no more a Jaina monk."

They said, "Your situation is different. You have never been a Jaina monk. But he has insulted our whole tradition." And they were already coming on the stage to pull the man down.

Seeing the situation I told the fellow, "You'd better get down yourself; otherwise they will pull you down and that will look more ugly."

But you see the human mind! He would not move. He could not sit with the ordinary people; he had never sat with them.

I said, "You used to be their saint, but now you are no more their saint."

I had to stand in between the crowd and the man, and I said, "Just out of old habit he has come up on the platform. If you want to listen to me you will have to tolerate him on the platform; if you don't want to listen to me I will leave--only then will he leave behind me. You can decide."

They wanted to listen to me so they had to tolerate it, but they were making gestures to the man that "we will show you, once the speech is finished." And that's what happened: as I concluded and stepped down, the whole crowd got hold of the poor man and they started beating him.

I tried hard. I said, "You are nonviolent and you are beating someone! Yesterday you were touching his feet. He is the same man; nothing has changed."

It was so difficult--they would have killed him--to drag him out of it and force him into the car. And people were still trying to get him out of the car from the other side.

When I reached home I told him, "It was absolutely stupid of you. You don't understand: the religious mind is the most hypocritical mind. It says one thing, it does just the opposite. And now you have seen your worshippers. You would never have understood them. They were touching your feet; now they are ready to kill you. You should leave this place, you should move to some other place. Here they won't let you live peacefully. You move to the mountains, find a silent place and meditate."

What he said was very surprising. He said, "I can do everything--fasting, yoga *asanas*...I can chant mantras for hours on end. I can recite the scriptures because I have memorized them--but *meditation?* That I have never done. And what you are describing--that I have to be aware--is so new to me that I don't think, without you, I will ever be able to get into the experience."

I said, "So you have become my responsibility!" I had to take him with me...for three months he was with me. And it was the most difficult thing for that person to learn meditation--for the simple reason that he had dropped the clothes but he could not drop the beliefs, he could not drop his mythology, he could not drop his religion. That is not so easy. To change the clothes is very easy. *mystic43*

What others say about meditation is meaningless. Once I came upon a book written by a Jaina saint about meditation. It was really beautiful but there were just a few places by which I could see that the man had never meditated himself--otherwise those places could not be there. But they were very few and far between. The book on the whole, almost ninety-nine per cent, was perfect. I loved the book.

Then I forgot about it. For ten years I was wandering around the country. Once in a village of Rajasthan, that saint came to meet me. His name sounded familiar, and suddenly I remembered the book. And I asked the saint why he had come to me. He said, "I have come to you to know what meditation is."

I said, "I remember your book. I remember it very well, because it really impressed me. Except for a few defects which showed that you have never meditated, the book was perfectly right--ninety-nine per cent right. And now you come here to learn about meditation. Have you never meditated?"

He looked a little embarrassed because his disciples were also there. I said, "Be frank. Because if you say you know meditation, then I am not going to talk about it. Then finished! You know. There is no need. If you say to me frankly--at least be true once--if you say you have never meditated, only then can I help you towards meditation."

It was a bargain, so he had to confess. He said, "Yes, I have never said it to anybody. I have read many books about meditation, all the old scriptures. And I have been teaching people, that's why I feel embarrassed before my disciples. I have been teaching meditation to thousands, and I have written books about it, but I have never meditated."

You can write books about meditation and never come across the space that meditation is. You can become very efficient in verbalising, you can become very clever in abstraction, in intellectual argumentativeness, and you can forget completely that all the time that you have been involved in these intellectual activities has been a sheer wastage.

I asked the old man, "How long have you been interested in meditation?"

He said, "My whole life." He was almost seventy. He said, "When I was twenty I took sannyas, I became a Jaina monk, and those fifty years since then I have been reading and reading and thinking about meditation." Fifty years of thinking and reading and writing about meditation, even guiding people into meditation, and he has not even tasted once what meditation is!

But this is the case with millions of people. They talk about love, they know all the poetries about love, but they have never loved. Or even if they thought they were in love, they were never in love. That too was a 'heady' thing, it was not of the heart. People live and go on missing life. It needs courage. It needs courage to be realistic, it needs courage to move with life wherever it leads, because the paths are uncharted, there exists no map. One has to go into the unknown.

Life can be understood only if you are ready to go into the unknown. If you cling to the known, you cling to the mind, and the mind is not life. Life is non-mental, non-intellectual, because life is total. Your totality has to be involved in it, you cannot just think about it. Thinking about life is not life. beware of this 'about-ism'. One goes on thinking about and about: there are people who think about God, there are people who think about life, there are people who think about love. There are people who think about this and that. *art01*

Osho writes to a friend:

I have just returned from Rajnagar in Rajasthan. I was invited to a religious function there organized by Acharya Shree Tulsi. I put four hundred monks and nuns through an experiment in meditation. The results were extraordinary.

In my view meditation is the essence of all religious practice. All the rest--such as non-violence, renunciation of wealth, celibacy etc.--are just its consequences. With the attainment of *Samadhi*, the culmination of meditation, all these things come by themselves, they just happen naturally. Since we forgot this central *sadhana* all our efforts have been external and superficial. True *sadhana* is not just ethical, it is basically yoga practice. Ethics *alone* are negative and nothing enduring can be constructed on negation. Yoga is positive and can therefore form a base.

I want to convey this positive basis to all. *teacup01*

Twenty people from all over the country were invited by Acharya Tulsi to address a gathering; they were celebrating a great festival. The gathering was big, nearabout one hundred thousand people.

I was one of those twenty people and Morarji Desai was also. Morarji Desai was then the finance minister. An incident happened that started his animosity, then many things got added to it. From my side there is no animosity against him.

The incident was that these twenty invited guests were sitting on the floor and Acharya Tulsi, the host, was sitting on a higher stage; nobody had bothered about it. Morarji, just like a political leader, arrived last.

The twenty people were gathered to first discuss human problems before they addressed the one hundred thousand people who were waiting outside. But Morarji said as he entered, "Before any other question is raised I have to ask two questions. First, when I entered I folded my hands the way in India we greet each other, but Acharya Tulsi did not respond with folded hands. Rather, he raised one of his hands to give a blessing."

That was very insulting to him, although Acharya Tulsi was simply following a Jaina tradition--that only the monk can bless you because he is higher than you. He has renounced the world, you have not renounced the world. You can bow down with folded

hands, you can touch his feet, but that does not mean that he will respond in the same manner. The tradition is ugly, because to me, the higher person should be more humble.

And he said, "The second question is: why are the guests sitting on the floor and you, the host, are sitting on a higher stage? First, answer these two questions and then we can discuss other things."

Acharya Tulsi himself is not a religious man. He wears religious garb but he has a very political mind. He was in a fix what to do, how to answer; he did not want to annoy Morarji Desai. There was silence for a few seconds, then I said--Morarji Desai was sitting by my side--I said, "The question has not been asked to me so I have to ask the permission of both the parties. Acharya Tulsi has been asked but he seems to have no answer. If he allows me to answer I can answer, but I want Morarji Desai to give me permission, because he has not asked me."

He said, "It does not matter from whom the answer comes. I want the answer."

I said, "Now things can be sorted out. One thing: there are twenty guests, nineteen guests have passed through the same process, and nobody raised the question. You seem to be a very egoistic person, hence the question has arisen in your mind. Otherwise, what does it matter? He is sitting on a high stage, he can hang himself from the ceiling, still he will not be the highest. There are spiders moving on the ceiling, you can see them. If to be higher is to be greater, then those spiders are the greatest here.

"Secondly, when you greet someone with your folded hands you are showing your heart. It cannot be conditional, it cannot be that the other should respond in the same way. Otherwise, you should first make the condition that, `I will fold my hands and bow down to you if you are also ready to do it to me.' It was your fault--you did not make the condition.

"As far as Acharya Tulsi is concerned he has proved himself simply stupid. There was no need to answer the questions, he could have just come down from his stage and sat with us on the floor. There was no need to use a single word, his action would have been an answer. But he is sitting there almost like he is dead. He cannot move, he cannot step down from the stage, he cannot fold his hands to receive you. These two egoists are facing each other and destroying the whole conference. You both can keep quiet, the remaining eighteen people can continue the discussion."

That was the beginning of the animosity from Morarji Desai and Acharya Tulsi. To say the truth in this world is to create enemies. But from my side I don't feel any animosity, I simply feel sad for these people, they are retarded--they don't have any intelligence to understand simple things. *last612*

Osho's interaction with Hindus

In Jaipur there was a Hindu conference and one of the shankaracharyas.... There are four shankaracharyas in India and they are equivalent to the pope; each one ruling one direction--for the four directions, four shankaracharyas. One of the shankaracharyas belonged to Jaipur, he was born in Jaipur. He was basically an astrologer, a great scholar, so when one shankaracharya died, he was chosen to be the shankaracharya of Jaganath Puri.

I had known him before he was a shankaracharya and this conference was the first time that I had met him since he had become the shankaracharya. I asked him, "Now you must have become infallible. And I know you perfectly well--before you were not. Can you tell me on what date, at what time you became infallible?"

He said, "Don't ask inconvenient questions in front of others. Now I am a shankaracharya and I am supposed to be infallible."

I said, "Supposed to be?"

He said, "That is for your information. If you ask me in public, I am infallible." *ignor11*

You will be surprised to know that in the twentieth century, one of the Hindu leaders--the most respected Hindu leader, Swami Karpatri--was teaching. I was present in the meeting, and I had to contradict him and I created thousands of enemies because of that. A new dam was being got ready just a few miles away, and this place was going to be the most benefited because of the dam, because their lands were dry and the rains were not certain, and they would be getting as much water as they wanted. And what the man was saying to them was, "Don't accept that water, because before giving you the water they take the electricity out of it."

Now, to the people he was saying that that water is impotent; its whole potential has been taken out. "It is dangerous for you to take that water--refuse." And the people looked convinced, because without education they don't understand that electricity is not something you take out of the water, it is not something like sexual potentiality that you can take out of a man and he becomes impotent. But this simile convinced them, and they were raising their hands in support.

I had to stand up and I asked him, "Do you understand what you are saying? And what do you understand about electricity? What do you understand when electricity is produced by a hydro-electric plant?" And I told the people, "The only argument against this man will be to this year accept the water and see your crops. Those crops will prove this man your enemy. There is no other way. If crops don't come, if you drink the water and the thirst does not go, then of course he is right." He was very angry; he was so angry he wrote a whole book against me about everything.

These people are responsible for poverty, for dying children; and all the religions of the world have been preaching poverty in some way or other throughout their whole history..

I want to change this whole approach. I'm all for comforts, luxury, richness, wealth, technology, science. I'm not for renunciation; I'm for rejoicing. I want people to live in all dimensions as richly as possible. *last205*

It is an old logical strategy to describe, to destroy, to criticize your enemy, that first you impose a certain doctrine on him which is not really representative of the person--it may be similar. So first you impose a similar doctrine on the person's name, knowing perfectly the loopholes because you are imposing the doctrine, and then criticize it. Then whosoever reads your book will find your criticism is perfectly right. This has happened to me, that's why I know.

One of the great Hindu monks, Karpatri, has written a whole book against me; and when I saw it I wondered how he managed. Statements that I have never made he makes in my name, and then criticizes them. Now, anybody reading his book will think that he has finished me completely. He has not even touched me.

His secretary has written the introduction to the book, and seems to be an intelligent man because in that introduction he says, "We are obliged to Osho because he created this opportunity and the challenge for all those who think to reconsider everything and not just to accept anything without reconsidering it."

The secretary is a follower of Karpatri, so he thanks Karpatri for doing a great job in accepting the challenge of Osho and criticizing him. He came personally to give me the book. I looked in it here and there and I asked him, "You are the secretary to Karpatri"--he was a Hindu sannyasin himself--"Have you not noticed that these statements are not mine? Most probably the book was dictated to you."

He said, "I was afraid that you were going to say that."

I just looked here and there in the book and I told him, "This statement is not mine. Not only is it not mine, it is contrary to me, absolutely against my statements. You are an educated person: how did you allow it to happen? You should have prevented it, because this book is absolutely false and whosoever reads it will have a totally wrong concept of me."

So you cannot trust these people *ignor20*

Once I happened to stay in Allahabad. I was attending a Hindu world conference. Somebody by mistake had invited me thinking that I was a Hindu. They found out, but it was too late. By that time I had disturbed everything that they were planning: how to convert the whole world into Hinduism.

I was staying with hundreds of other guests in tents by the side of the Ganges, a beautiful place they had chosen for the conference. In those tents at least five incarnations of God were present! In India it is so easy, nobody can object. You can declare yourself an incarnation of God. About that India is very nice. Who cares? Who bothers? It is your business: if you think you are an incarnation of God, good; be an incarnation of God. You are not doing any harm to anybody. *person02*

I used to live in a town where a man was very well known, almost as a saint, and many people had told me, "He is so humble!" Finally the man came to see me; he touched my feet and he said, "I am just dust underneath your feet!"

I looked at him--his eyes were saying something else, his nose was saying something else--so I said, "I can see you are absolutely right: you are just dust underneath my feet!"

He said, "What?!" He became very angry.

I said, "But I am simply agreeing with you! I have not said anything of my own! You started it and I have simply agreed with you, so why are you getting irritated?"

I told him, "Now close your eyes and sit silently and see the point! This is just another way of your ego trying to fulfill itself. The ego is there; now it is upside-down, doing *sirshasana,* the headstand. But it is the *same* ego; now it is pretending to be humble." *ultima11*

All the religions have exploited your hidden desires.

I was participating in a religious conference in Prayag. I heard one shankaracharya speaking to thousands of people, saying, "If you give one rupee in donation, in the other world you will get one thousand rupees." A good bargain! Good business! But all Hindu scriptures are full of such promises--"Give a little here and you will get much as a reward in heaven."

This is not trust. This is not getting rid of your mad desire for possessions. Here, you are giving one rupee--people will see: this man is a very religious man, he gave one rupee to a beggar. But they don't know his hidden desire. He is giving it as a guarantee so that he can get one thousand rupees after death. He is depositing in God's bank. But the interest rate seems to be absolutely absurd!

People give just a little to make sure that in the other world they will get much. And in this world, they will get recognition, respectability; people will think of them as religious people....

This is one of the principles I insist on most: that each act comes with either its reward or with its punishment. There is no need of any God who is twenty-four hours noting things into his books about millions of people of this earth... *mess110*

A man came to me, saying, "I want to learn to meditate."

He was a sannyasin, an old-fashioned sannyasin. So I said, "Good--come to the morning meditation."

He said, "That is a little difficult."

I said, "Why, what's difficult about it?"

He said, "The difficulty is, I cannot come without this man who has come with me, because he keeps the money, I don't touch money. He has to go somewhere else in the morning, so I won't be able to come tomorrow morning."

This is just hilarious! If you need money, what difference does it make whether it is in your pocket or in someone else's? And this becomes another bondage--the one who keeps the money in his pocket is better off than you, at least he can go wherever he wants. It is a peculiar situation: unless this man comes along, you cannot come because you need to have money for the taxi--but you don't touch money! So you are having this man sin for you? Commit your own sins. This is great fun--you will ride in the taxi and he will go to hell for it! Have a little compassion for him. This is the great connection of the worldly and the yogi!

All your renunciates live bound to worldly people. And your worldly people also live bound to renunciates, because they touch the feet of the renunciates thinking, "Today I am not a renunciate, but at least I touch the feet of one. I get the satisfaction of having done something! If not today, then tomorrow I too will become a renunciate. But right now I worship him." *mahag108*

I have been moving around all kinds of renunciates. Once I was in Rishikesh in the Himalayas and I was sitting under a tree, a very beautiful tree. It was a hot, sunny afternoon, and the tree was so cool, the shadow of it, that although I had to go I lingered a little longer there.

One old Hindu monk came and said, "What are you doing here, under my tree?"

I said, *"Your* tree? You have renounced the whole world and this tree is yours? I don't see your signboard or.... How can you prove this tree is yours?"

He said, "There is no need to prove it; everybody around here knows. For thirty years I have been sitting underneath it."

I said, "You may have been sitting for thirty years, the tree has been here even before that; now I am sitting under it and the tree will remain. The tree has no concern with you or me; the tree has no idea who is its owner. You just get lost!"

He said, "What are you saying? You have been here for just a few hours and you become the possessor, and I have been here for thirty years."

I said, "I am not going to possess the tree, I will be moving soon; but not in this way. You will have to apologize to the tree. You have not purchased it, you have not planted it, you have not watered it. On what grounds have you become its possessor?--just because you have been here for thirty years bothering the tree day and night?

"You *owe* something to the tree, the tree owes nothing to you. The tree has been kind to you, and you have become the possessor of it! And this 'possessing' is what you had left behind. Nothing has been left behind.

"You are even ready, right now, here, to fight with me. Thirty years before you would have been fighting for a house, for a small piece of land: 'This is my wife, this is my house, this is my religion, this is my country....'

"Now all that has become concentrated on this poor tree. Your whole possessiveness has become concentrated on this poor tree. It does not matter whether you possess a whole kingdom or just a small tree; possessiveness has nothing to do with quantity, it is an attitude." *misery22*

Strangely, it happened that I was staying in a rest house with a shankaracharya. And I told him, "Celibacy is an absolutely unnatural idea. Only an impotent person can be celibate. If you are potent then you cannot be celibate. You tell me what you are, potent or impotent?"

He said, "I am celibate."

I said, "Then I will take you to the hospital this very moment."

He said, "You seem to be a strange man. It is a question of ideology. Where does the hospital come into it?"

I said, "It is not a question of ideology. Do you know how your sexual energy is created? Do you have any scripture in which it is described? Do you have any control over it--not to create it, to prevent it? You don't have any control over it, just as you don't have any control over your blood, you don't have any control over your hair. Your organism has not left anything essential in the hands of your mind. And celibacy is part of your organism--the most important part. Biology cannot leave it in your hands."

He said, "I don't want to be in unnecessary trouble."

I said, "Trouble or not, I can bring a doctor here."

He said, "But I don't want to argue with you."

I said, "You *are* arguing, because you are saying that you are celibate."

Not a single religious person--there are thousands of monks: Catholic, Hindu, Buddhist, Jaina--not a single monk has been to the people who can check whether he is celibate or not. But this ideal of celibacy has been created by very good people. They have not committed any crime--Mahavira or Gautam Buddha. They have not committed any crime, but they have created something which goes on creating immense crime. *hari14*

I have seen many saints, and I have been looking into the lives of your past saints. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are simply abnormal--neurotic or even psychotic. But they were respected--and they were respected for their misery, remember. The more misery they lived through, the more they were respected. There have been saints who would beat their body with a whip every day in the morning, and people would gather to see this great austerity, asceticism, penance. And the greatest was one who would have wounds all over his body--and these people were thought to be saints!

There have been saints who have destroyed their eyes, because it is because of the eyes that one becomes aware of beauty, and lust arises. And they were respected because they had destroyed their eyes. God had given them eyes to see the beauty of existence; they became blind by their own decision.

There have been saints who cut their genital organs. And they were respected very much, tremendously, for the simple reason that they had been self-destructive, violent with themselves. These people were psychologically ill.

There have been saints who have been worshipped because they were capable of fasting for long periods, were experts in fasting. It is a certain expertise, you need a little training. Not much intelligence is needed; the training is very ordinary and any stupid person can go through it and learn it. You just have to be able to enjoy suffering--and only the ill person enjoys suffering....

But these things simply created miserable people and a miserable society. Look into your misery and you will find certain fundamental things are there. One: it gives you respect. People feel more friendly towards you, more sympathetic. You will have more friends if you are miserable. This is a very strange world, something is fundamentally wrong with it. It should not be so, the happy person should have more friends. But become happy and people become jealous of you, they are no more friendly. They feel cheated; you have something that is not available to them. Why are you happy? So we have learned down the ages a subtle mechanism: to repress happiness and to express misery. It has become our second nature. *wisdom20*

In the East there are many pathological people who are thought to be mahatmas. And in the West many real mystical people are put into mad asylums because they are thought to be pathological. Both attitudes are wrong. That's why I say this matter of spiritual experience is a delicate one. In the West there are many mystical people who are in the

hospitals being treated, being given electric shocks, insulin shocks, because it is thought that they are hysterical....

This matter is delicate. If Ramakrishna had been in the West he would have been treated. And they have devised such strong methods to treat people that there is every possibility that they would have made Ramakrishna normal. But that would have been a great misfortune.

In the East just the reverse is happening. I have come across many people. Sometimes they would be brought to me with the idea that I would recognise their state. But I saw that they were just hysterical people; this was just hysteria and nothing else. They were neurotic; they needed some therapy. They had fallen below the normal. But to fall below the normal or to go above the normal sometimes looks alike. Only a Master can be decisive about it, otherwise it is very difficult to decide what is what. But there are a few things which can be given to you as indications. *sufis215*

I have known many mahatmas in this country, respected by the masses like anything. I have been very intimate with these people, and in their privacy they have opened their hearts to me. They are more ugly than you will find the ordinary people.

I used to visit prisoners, to teach them how to meditate, and my observation was.... I was surprised in the beginning that prisoners--even those who have been sentenced for their whole lives--are far more innocent than your saints, are far better people than your saints, far simpler, far more innocent. Your saints are cunning, clever, and your saints have only one quality: that they are able to repress themselves. *dh1008*

You ask me: *Do you really mean your criticism of saints like Muktananda, Nityananda?*

I really mean it!

Muktananda is a very ordinary person; I have met him. I was passing by his ashram and his disciples invited me, just for a few minutes' stay, to take a cup of tea. So I said, "Okay."

The man was so flat, just like a flat tire, nothing in him, nothing of any worth, not even junk. And it was not only apparent to me: one of my disciples, a woman follower, Nirmala Srivastava, was with me--even she could see, even she proved to be far more intelligent than Muktananda. We stayed only fifteen minutes; it was a sheer wastage of time. And the moment our car moved away, Nirmala told me, "This man is absolutely common, very ordinary. Why did you waste your time?--even fifteen minutes is an unnecessary wastage!"

I looked at her, and immediately I knew that some idea had entered into her head--and it had entered. The idea was: "If such a fool like Muktananda can become a saint, then why can't I become a saint?" And the idea worked out well. Now Nirmala Srivastava is a great saint, is traveling around the world, having many devotees. That day it transpired,

looking at Muktananda. Now she is 'Her Holiness, the World Mother--*lagajjanani*--Mataji, Nirmalaji Deviji Srivastavaji.' Now she has many followers, doing the same thing that Muktananda is doing--raising people's kundalini. Once she could see that this fool can raise people's kundalini, then "Why can't I raise it?" And she is certainly far more intelligent than Muktananda, far more capable, far more skillful, far more intellectual. Muktananda is not a saint.

But this has not happened only once. *ultima15*

I have known people...for example Muktananda's master, Nityananda. He could not do anything other than lie down flat because his belly was so big; and to carry it here and there, it was such a heavy load a crane must have been needed! So he used to just lie down flat; and when I saw him, I could not believe my eyes. His belly was so big--almost like a mountain--with a small head on this side, and two small legs joined on the other side.

I inquired of the man who had taken me there--he was a minister in Maharashtra. He was Nityananda's follower and he was insisting that I see his master, so I agreed. I said, "Okay, I am going that way. His ashram is just on the way, thirty miles from Bombay. So I will stop there; I would love to see him for a few minutes."

I asked him, "Just tell me one thing: whether Nityananda has this belly or the belly has Nityananda?--because the belly is so big and Nityananda is so small, almost negligible! The belly is everything."

And I said to him, "People who go to climb Mt. Everest, Edmund Hillary and others, unnecessarily waste their time there. They can just come here and climb on Nityananda's belly. And keep a photographer here--whoever climbs first will become an historical figure, because it seems to be very slippery!"

He was continuously polished, massaged--oil was poured on him. And those who were his worshippers were massaging him. Nobody even knew how to massage.... *rebel10*

All the mahatmas in India have big bellies and they are teaching people, "Don't eat with taste." And they themselves... I said, "Where does this belly come from? Stand up! Show your belly to the whole people. You are eating too much and the country is hungry. And I know that because of this belly you cannot make love to a woman. So now you are teaching everybody not to make love to any woman. It is because of this belly, not because of your religion." Such bellies I have seen, you would not believe it....

One very famous mahatma, Shivananda, who had many followers in the West, used to be a doctor. And that a doctor should do such stupid things to himself makes it more difficult to understand. He was eating so much that he could not walk without two persons holding his hands. He even could not raise his hand. His hand was so heavy, so fat, that one person would take one hand, another person would take his other hand and then the small walk would be done.

And he was telling people, "You have to follow the five great principles of Hinduism. The first is *aswad,* no taste."

What happened to this man? And he was a doctor! I told him, when I went to Rishikesh and saw him, I told him, "What kind of doctor are you? It seems your certificate is bogus. You can't even take care of your body; you have become a monster. You cannot raise your own hand, it has become so heavy."

Everything was out of proportion: a big belly, big fat hands, the legs elephant legs, and this person is teaching the whole world, "You are not the body, you are the soul." And who are these monsters? Just bodies, with no soul at all. I can't see any space in them; they are so filled up with junk that I don't think they can have a soul also. *gdead04*

I used to know Swami Prabhupada, who created the movement of Hare Krishna. He was one of the greatest idiots, and had a great talent for attracting idiots. If you want to find a gathering of idiots you can find it in the Hare Krishna movement....

I have criticized Krishna. That's why they are angry. Prabhupada was very angry, because I had called him a dodo. But he was a dodo.

He was teaching those people celibacy which necessarily brings sexual perversion. He was teaching these people begging. He was teaching these people that you need not do anything except repeat continuously "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama".

This is a sure way of destroying anybody's intelligence. These are the methods of programming.

Now if somebody thinks that this is enough to transform your consciousness, that whatever you are doing you go on chanting inside, loudly or silently, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama", dancing in the street, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama"--because only these two words will be continuously hammered. All your subtle cells, your whole system of mind, will be spoiled. It is not made only for two words. It will not be used, and unused those delicate cells start dying.

So first the idiots get attracted, and if by chance somebody has some little intelligence, then these methods will destroy it.

These people are continuously chanting--not knowing that repetition of a single word or a single mantra is going to kill your intelligence.

Intelligence needs to be sharpened in new areas, new dimensions. It has to move into the unknown. "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama"--it becomes stuck there.

Prabhupada was angry because he could not answer my criticism of Krishna. If he was honest, and if these people are honest--this Goswami*--then they will call Shri Krishna the greatest scoundrel ever. He forcibly collected sixteen thousand women as his wives,

without marrying them--and they were all married, they had children, they had husbands...but he was powerful, fascist. Any woman he liked was immediately taken to his palace, without any consideration of what will happen to the children. Sixteen thousand women! No other man in the whole of history has been so ugly. *transm45*

*Note: Shrivasti Goswami: leader of the Hare Krishna movement at the time of speaking

I don't think there is any need for physical immortality. And your soul is immortal! Search for that rather than trying to search for physical immortality. But there are fools who go on thinking in these ways.

Sri Aurobindo's philosophy became world famous for the simple reason that he was saying to his disciples that physical immortality is possible. And the day he died, the disciples could not believe it. In fact, one of my friends who was in the ashram, told me later on that for three days it was kept secret that Sri Aurobindo had died, because it was unbelievable. When the Mother was asked, she said "He has gone into a deep *samadhi*. It is not death. How can he die? He is physically immortal." But after three days when the body started stinking, they had to bury him.

Then they started believing that the Mother was immortal. Then one day the Mother died. Now those fools are believing that they have both gone to the other world to bring back some more secrets and that they will come soon, they will be back. They are hoping that they will be back with the secrets of physical immortality!

The immortality of the soul is enough. There is no need for your body's immortality. In fact seventy years is enough--enough to enjoy, enough to suffer, enough to understand, enough to misunderstand. In fact whatsoever you want to do, seventy years is enough. And if you really go on doing things totally, within seventy years you will be capable of seeing the whole absurdity of being in the body. You will not ask for an immortal body, you will ask how to get rid of this whole business of being born and dying again and again and again, how to get rid of the wheel of life and death.

Another maxim of Murphy: Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon. *theolo05*

One yoga teacher, Iyengar, in Poona, has given an interview to some journalists, and they asked him about me.... He used to come to listen to my lectures in those old days when they did not exactly understand my meaning.

He used to come to my meditation camps--there are here witnesses for it--and he wanted me to do some yoga exercises, because I was traveling continually, and that would have an adverse effect on my body.

I said, "I would rather have that adverse effect than learn some stupid distortions of the body. And moreover, I remember perfectly how you exploit people."

He was teaching J. Krishnamurti a few yoga postures to help him overcome his forty years' migraines. Now, a yoga teacher is a professional; all that he teaches you is certain exercises of the body. But when he wrote his book on yoga, on the flap paper he wrote, "I am the guru of J. Krishnamurti."

I told him, "I don't want such exploitation. `Guru of J. Krishnamurti'--just because you have taught him a few exercises? Then any idiot who can teach a few exercises, then any doctor who treats you with medicine, then any psychiatrist, any psychoanalyst, can claim to be your guru.

"I don't want to be included in your disciples. I am nobody's disciple. Hence, I have to refuse your offer for teaching me some exercises. I don't need them." *poetry02*

Once a follower of Radhaswami, a small sect which is confined to an area near Agra, came to see me. I was in Agra. He was some kind of a priest, and he said, "Do you know?--our master has said there are fourteen planes of existence."

I said, "Just fourteen?"

He said, "What do you mean, 'Just fourteen?' Are there more?"

I said, "Certainly."

He said, "But our master has said there are only fourteen. Mohammed has reached only up to the third," he said--he had brought a map--"Kabir and Nanak have reached up to the fifth. And Mahavira and Buddha up to the seventh," and so on, so forth. But there has never been another who has reached up to the fourteenth except his so-called master.

I said, "I know your master. I have seen him struggling in the fourteenth. He is trying hard, but he cannot get out of it. I know it because I exist at the fifteenth. There are fifteen planes of existence."

He said, "But you are the first man...." And he was much impressed. When he was leaving he touched my feet and he said, "You have revealed a new secret."

I said, "Don't be foolish. I was just joking! There are only two categories of people: the people who are not aware and the people who are aware. The people who are aware have no hierarchy that one is more aware than the other, that somebody is at the fifth, somebody at the seventh, somebody at the ninth, somebody at the fourteenth. There is no higher and lower in awareness. Awareness is simply awareness."

But he was not much interested in that. He was more interested in my being on the fifteenth plane.

People are interested in religious fictions.

Don't waste your time in occultism, unless you are interested in novels, fictions. Then it is okay, then there is no problem.... *dh1008*

Once I went to address a conference of theosophists. Now, theosophists are people who will believe any bullshit--*any!* The more shitty it is, the more believable. So I just played a joke on them. I simply invented something; I invented a society called "Sitnalta." They were all dozing, they became alert. "Sitnalta?" I made the word by just reading "Atlantis" backwards. And then I told them, "This knowledge comes from Atlantis, the continent that disappeared in the Atlantic ocean."

And then I talked about it: "There are really not seven chakras but seventeen. That great ancient esoteric knowledge is lost, but a society of enlightened masters still exists, and it still works. It is a very very esoteric society, very few people are allowed to have any contact with it; its knowledge is kept utterly secret."

And I talked all kinds of nonsense that I could manage. And then the president of the society said, "I have heard about this society." Now it was *my* turn to be surprised. And about whatsoever I had said, he said that it was the first time that the knowledge of this secret society had been revealed so exactly.

And then letters started coming to me. One man even wrote saying, "I thank you very much for introducing this inner esoteric circle to the theosophists, because I am a member of the society, and I can vouch that whatsoever you have said is absolutely true."

There are people like these who are just waiting to believe in anything, because the more nonsensical a belief is, the more important it appears to be. The more absurd it is, the more believable--because if something is logical, then there is no question of believing in it. *wisdom03*

Osho's interaction with Sikhs and Punjabis

The Sikh religion is in many ways interconnected with the Hindu religion. The Golden Temple in Amritsar, Punjab, is the main Sikh temple.

One man in Punjab...he was the most famous saint in Punjab, known as the Lion of Punjab, Baba Hari Giri. He was not aware of me, and it was just a coincidence that in a conference... In Amritsar they have every year a Vedanta conference, world conference, and at least one hundred thousand people gather in the conference.

It was just a coincidence that he spoke and I was to speak after him. And I criticized him point by point. The organizers were simply frozen to death, because that man was

respected in Punjab. Thousands will be ready to die for him. I was not known in Punjab at all, that was my first time to be in Amritsar.

And I criticized him so totally, even on small points, that they were afraid that there is going to be a riot immediately. And I don't have not even a single person who knows me.

An ancient Vedanta story he has told. The story is that ten blind men cross a river, and after passing the river they think it is better to count. Perhaps somebody the river has taken away. The current is strong and it is rainy season. So they start counting. But the count always comes to nine, because everybody leaves himself. He starts from the other, ends with the last, does not count himself. Naturally, it is nine.

One man sitting on the bank was watching the whole scene. It was hilarious what they were doing. They started crying and weeping that, "One friend is lost."

That man came and he said, "Don't be worried. I will find your friend. You stand in a line. I will hit the first man on the head with my stick and you say one. I will strike the second man twice, you say two. Third three times, you say three. You count how many times I strike and you speak the number."

And they were immensely happy because the last man is found. The tenth man got ten hits.

This is an ancient Vedanta story told for centuries. Nobody has ever raised any question about it. I asked the people, "This story is absolutely idiotic, because how did these people know that they were ten? Had they counted before entering the stream? If they knew how to count before they entered the stream, how did they forget it? How did they know that they were ten? And Hari Giri has to answer it, otherwise...telling such idiotic stories and making them into great philosophy!"

He became so furious, knowing perfectly well that now there is no answer. If these people count themselves before entering the stream, then naturally they will be able to count afterwards. If they had not counted, then how did they come to know that they are ten?

He simply walked down the podium, and I told him, "This escape will not help. I have discussed every single point that you have raised. If you have any guts--and you are known as the Lion of Punjab, the whole pride of Punjab is at risk--then don't escape. Come back."

And he would not come back. He simply escaped. And I asked the people, "This man you still want to call the Lion of Punjab? And I will be here ten days and for ten days I will wait. If he wants, this challenge is open for ten days. I am ready to fight on every ground."

And the problem is that I am not against the essential message of the Upanishads. But what these people are doing has nothing to do with the essential. They are making the nonessential more important, because the nonessential helps them to exploit people. The essential will not help to exploit anybody.

The man simply escaped. Ten days I was there in the conference, and even the organizers were surprised that not a single Punjabi stood in favor of him. I asked that anybody, if he wants to accept the challenge in place of his guru, his Master, I am ready. Those one thousand people...one hundred thousand people just remained silent. In ten days time I was able to manage that what I am saying is the real essence of Vedanta, and what you have been told up to now is not the real essence.

The real essence is the same whether it is Vedanta or Zen or Sufism or the songs of Baul or Kabir. It doesn't matter. If anybody who has really attained, experienced, then he will agree with me. *last330*

It was an every day experience in India. I was worshipped in the temple of Amritsar by the Sikhs almost as one of their masters. They have ten masters. Actually the man who introduced me in their conference said that I could be accepted as their eleventh master. But now they won't let me into the temple.

At that time I was holding back many things. I had talked about one small book, *Japuji*, and the Sikhs were immensely happy because no non-Sikh had ever bothered. And the meaning I gave to their small booklet they had never thought of. But when I said, after two years, in a meeting in their Golden Temple that, "I consider only Nanak to be enlightened; the remaining nine masters are just ordinary teachers," they were ready to kill me. I said, "You can kill me, but you will be killing your eleventh master!" *mystic27*

I don't have any desire to die. That does not mean that I want to live forever. It simply means that as long as life is, I enjoy; if death comes, I will enjoy it too. But I am not going to Jerusalem knowing perfectly well that they are preparing a crucifixion.

It happened in Amritsar when I was getting out of the train, I was blocked. Two hundred Hindu chauvinist people wanted me to get back into the train and not enter Amritsar. The people who had come to take me had no idea that there would be two hundred people, so only twenty or twenty-five people were there just to take me home. And there was to be a meeting immediately--just time enough for me to take a cup of tea and go to the meeting. So everybody was in the meeting--ten thousand people waiting there--and these twenty-five people surrounding me in case those two hundred Hindu chauvinists do any harm to me. I could see in the faces of those two hundred people nothing but murder.

The stationmaster by chance happened to be one of my lovers. He phoned to the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, "This is the situation: We are not moving the train, because if we move the train there will immediately be trouble. We are not moving the train. Those people are insisting that he should get into the train and he is not going to get into the train, so immediately send a few temple guards.

The temple guards have naked swords, so a few temple guards came. As they came the crowd started dispersing, because naked swords--there would have been a massacre. And for the first time I had to be escorted, protected from all sides with naked swords, into the city.

I said, "This is my last time in this city."

They said, "Why?"

I said, "Because I don't want this kind of nonsense." And that was not only my last time in that city, I stopped moving altogether. I said, "Those who want to understand me will come, and those who do not want to understand me--in fact why should I interfere in their lives? If they don't want me to be in their city.... It is their city: if they want to remain idiots forever they have the freedom, and I respect their intention. I cannot force them to be enlightened. Let them remain endarkened--this is their choice. Why should I bother?"

That day became decisive: I was not going to move anywhere. *dark26*

Osho's interaction with Buddhists

I love the Gautam Buddha as I have loved nobody else. I have been speaking on him throughout my whole life. Even speaking on others I have been speaking on him. Take note of it, it is a confession. I cannot speak on Jesus without bringing Buddha in; I cannot speak on Mohammed without bringing Buddha in. Whether I mention him directly or not that's another matter. It is really impossible for me to speak without bringing Buddha in. He is my very blood, my bones, my very marrow. He is my silence, also my song. *book06*

Ordinarily religions like Christianity or Mohammedanism are afraid that if they allow somebody to come too close, they may lose their own identity. Buddhism was never afraid, and it never lost its identity.

I have been to Buddhist conferences where people from Tibet and Japan and Sri Lanka and China and Burma and other countries were present, and that has been my one experience--that they all differed with each other, but they were still connected with a single devotion towards Gautam Buddha. About that there was no problem, no conflict.

And this was the only conference--I have attended many conferences of other different religions, but this had something unique about it, because I was using my own experience in interpreting the teachings of Buddha. They were all different, and I was bringing still another different interpretation.

But they listened silently, lovingly, patiently, and thanked me, "We have not been aware that this interpretation is also possible. You have made us aware of a certain aspect of Buddha, and for twenty-five centuries thousands of people have interpreted it, but have never pointed this out."

One of the Buddhist leaders, Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan, told me, "Whatever you say sounds right. The stories that you tell about Gautam Buddha look absolutely true, but I have been searching into scriptures--my whole life I have devoted to the scriptures--and a few of your stories are not described anywhere."

I asked him, "For example?"

And he said, "One story I have loved. I looked again and again in every possible source--for three years I have been looking into it. It is not described anywhere; you must have invented it."

The story I have told many times. Gautam Buddha is walking on the road. A fly sits on his head, and he goes on talking with Ananda, his disciple, and mechanically moves his hand and the fly goes away. Then he stops, suddenly--because he has done that movement of the hand without awareness. And to him that is the only wrong thing in life--to do anything without awareness, even moving your hand, although you have not harmed anybody.

So he stands and again takes his hand through the same posture of waving away the fly--although there is no fly any more. Ananda is just surprised at what he is doing, and he says, "The fly you have brushed away from your face long before. What are you doing now? There is no fly."

Buddha said, "What I am doing now is...that time I moved my hand mechanically, like a robot. It was a mistake. Now I am doing it as I should have done, just to teach me a lesson so that never again anything like this happens. Now I am moving my hand with full awareness. The fly is not the point. The point is, whether in my hand there is awareness and grace and love and compassion, or not. Now it is right. It should have been this way."

I had told that story in Nagpur at a Buddhist conference. Anand Kausalyayan heard it there, and three years later in Bodhgaya--where there was an international conference of the Buddhists--he said, "The story was so beautiful, so *essentially* Buddhist, that I wanted to believe that it was true. But in the scriptures it is not there."

I said, "Forget the scriptures. The question is whether the story is essentially characteristic of Gautam Buddha or not, whether it carries some message of Gautam Buddha or not."

He said, "It does, certainly. This is his essential teaching: awareness in *every* action. But it is not historical."

I said, "Who cares about history?"

And in that conference I told them, "You should remember it, that history is a Western concept. In the East we have never cared about history because history only collects facts. In the East there is no word equivalent to history, and in the East there was no tradition of writing history. In the East, instead of history we have been writing mythology.

"Mythology may not be factual, but it has the truth in it. A myth may have never happened. It is not a photograph of a fact; it is a painting. And there is a difference between a photograph and a painting. A painting brings out something of you which no photograph can bring out. The photograph can only bring out your outlines.

"A great painter can bring *you* out in it--your sadness, your blissfulness, your silence. The photograph cannot catch hold of it because they are not physical things. But a great painter or a great sculptor can manage to catch hold of them. He's not much concerned about the outlines, he is much more concerned about the inner reality."

And I told the conference, "I would like this story to be added to the scriptures because all the scriptures were written after Gautam Buddha's death--three hundred years afterwards. So what difference does it make if I add few more stories after twenty-five centuries, not three centuries. The whole question is that it should represent the essential reality, the basic taste."

And you will be surprised that people agreed with me; even Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan agreed with me. This kind of understanding and agreement is a Buddhist phenomenon, it is a speciality which has happened in different branches of Buddhism.

And I am not even a Buddhist. And they went on inviting me to their conferences. And I told them, "I am not a Buddhist."

They said, "That does not matter. What you say is closer to Gautam Buddha than what we say--although we are Buddhists."

You cannot expect that from Christians or Mohammedans or Hindus. They are fanatics.

Buddhism is a non-fanatic religion. *transm21*

There exists now in Sarnath a great institution teaching the philosophy of Buddha and his language, Pali. The director of the institute, Bhikkshu Jagdish Kashyap, invited me to his institute to speak on Gautam the Buddha, but I had to leave after one day. He had come to take me to the station. He said, "This is strange; why are you leaving after one day?"

I said, "For the same reason that Gautam Buddha left this place after one day."

He said, "It is strange, but we have been discussing..." and he was a Buddhist, "We have been discussing for all these centuries why he did not stay."

I said, "You are all idiots! Just see! I have moved around the whole country but I have never seen such big mosquitoes." And Buddha was not using mosquito nets. It would have been difficult carrying a mosquito net, he was traveling and traveling.

But I told Jagdish Kashyap, "You should at least give mosquito nets to every student and scholar and researcher in your institute, not only for the night but for the day too."

I stayed there for twenty-four hours inside a mosquito net! *nomind03*

I have experienced many times--because I have lived with many so-called saints--that saints are the worst company in the world. You cannot imagine: to live with a saint for twenty-four hours is enough to make you decide never to be a saint. From the morning till the night they are moving like robots, everything according to principle.

The Buddhist monk has thirty-three thousand principles. I told one Buddhist monk...he is an Englishman, converted at an early age--now he is very old. Bhikkhu Sangha Rakshita is his name, and he has lived in Kalimpong between Tibet and India, almost his whole life. He has written beautiful books on Tibetanism, and is certainly one of its authorities as far as scholarship is concerned.

Just by chance I was holding a camp in Bodh Gaya where Buddha became enlightened, and he had come to pay homage to the temple and to the tree where Buddha became enlightened. Just by coincidence I was also there sitting under the tree when he came. We became friends.

I told Sangha Rakshita, "I cannot visualize myself ever becoming a Buddhist monk because my memory is not good. Thirty-three thousand principles! Following all those principles is out of the question; I cannot even remember them. And if you are following thirty-three thousand principles in such a small life, where will you find time to live or to breathe? Those thirty-three thousand principles will kill you from all sides." *dark30*

I had a case sent to me from Ceylon, which is a Buddhist country, with so many Buddhist priests preaching Vipassana meditation.... The technique is so simple, but they have never done it themselves. To teach anything to anybody which you have not done--and experienced all its possibilities, consequences, difficulties, problems that it can lead you into--then you are a criminal.

This man who was sent to me was a Buddhist monk. He had lost his sleep for three years, and every treatment was done but no treatment was successful; no medicine would work. He had been told by his teacher--I cannot call him a master--to do Vipassana in the night. Even if you do Vipassana in the day, its effects will carry into the night; that's why I am suggesting the most distant point, before sunrise. Just two hours are enough; more than that...even nectar can become poison in a certain quantity.

Vipassana for ten hours a day can drive anybody mad....

Vipassana is one of the greatest meditations, but only in the hands of a master. In the hands of a technician it is the greatest danger. Either the man can become enlightened or the man can become mad; both possibilities are there, it all depends under whose guidance it is being done.

When the Ceylonese monk was sent to me I said, "I am not a Buddhist, and you have been under the guidance of Buddhist monks. What was the need for you to come to me?"

He said, "They have all failed. They have taught me, but they cannot cure me. And I am going crazy. I cannot sleep a single wink."

When he told me this...Buddhist monks are not supposed to laugh, but I told him a joke. For a moment he was shocked, because he had come very seriously. I told him that a man in England, no ordinary man but a very rich lord, was asking another lord--with the English attitude, mannerism: "Is it right that you slept with my wife last night?" And the other lord said, "My friend, not a wink."

Even the Buddhist monk laughed. He said, "You are a strange person. I have come from Ceylon and you tell me a joke! And I am a religious man."

I said, "That's why I am telling you a religious joke. If you stay with me I will tell you irreligious jokes too."

I said, "Your problem is not curable by any medicine. Your problem is created by your Vipassana."

He said, "Vipassana? But Vipassana was the meditation of Gautam Buddha; through it he became enlightened."

I said, "You are not a Gautam Buddha, and you don't understand that Vipassana done after sunset is very dangerous. If you do Vipassana for just two hours in the night, then you cannot sleep. It creates such awareness in you that that awareness continues the whole night." *pilgr07*

I have been searching for jokes which have their origin in India. I have not found a single one. Serious people...always talking about God and heaven and hell and reincarnation and the philosophy of karma. The joke does not fit in anywhere.

When I started talking--and I was talking about meditation--I might tell a joke. Once in a while some Jaina monk or a Buddhist monk or a Hindu preacher would come to me and say, "You were talking so beautifully about meditation, but why did you bring in that joke? It destroyed everything. People started laughing. They were getting serious. You destroyed all your effort. You did something for half an hour to make them serious, and then you told a joke and you destroyed the whole thing. Why in the world should you tell a joke? Buddha never told a joke. Krishna never told a joke."

I would say, "I am neither Buddha nor Krishna, and I am not interested in seriousness."

In fact, because they were becoming serious, I had to bring in that joke. I don't want anybody to become serious. I want everybody to be playful. And life has to become, more and more, closer to laughter than seriousness. *mystic40*

Osho's interaction with Mohammedans

For twenty years I lived in a city which was proportionately divided, half and half, into Hindus and Mohammedans. They were equally powerful, and almost every year riots happened. I used to know a professor in the university where I was teaching. I could never have dreamed that this man could put fire to a Hindu temple; he was such a gentleman--nice, well educated, well cultured. When there was a riot between the Hindus and the Mohammedans I was watching, standing by the roadside. Mohammedans were burning a Hindu temple, Hindus were burning a Mohammedan mosque.

I saw this professor engaged in burning the Hindu temple. I pulled him out and I asked, "Professor Farid, what are you doing?"

He became very embarrassed. He said, "I'm sorry, I got lost in the crowd. Because everybody else was doing it, I forgot my own responsibility--everybody else was responsible. I felt for the first time a tremendous freedom from responsibility. Nobody can blame me. It was a Mohammedan crowd, and I was just part of it."

On another occasion, a Mohammedan's watch shop was being looted. It was the most precious collection of watches. An old Hindu priest--the people who were taking away those watches and destroying the shop, had killed the shop owner, were all Hindus--an old priest I was acquainted with was standing on the steps and shouting very angrily at the people, "What are you doing? This is against our religion, against our morality, against our culture. This is not right."

I was seeing the whole scene from a bookstore, on the first story in a building just in front of the shop on the other side of the road. The greatest surprise was yet to come. When people had taken every valuable article from the shop there was only an old grandfather clock left, very big, very antique. Seeing that people were leaving, the old man took that clock on his shoulders. It was difficult for him to carry because it was too heavy. I could not believe my eyes! He had been preventing people, and this was the last item in the shop.

I had to come down from the bookstore and stop the priest. I said to him, "This is strange. The whole time you were shouting, `This is against our morality! This is against our religion, don't do it!' And now you are taking the biggest clock in the shop."

He said, "I shouted enough but nobody listened. And then finally the idea arose in me that I am simply shouting and wasting my time, and everybody else is getting something. So it is better to take this clock before somebody else gets it because it was the only item left."

I asked, "But what happened to religion, morality, culture?"

He said this with an ashamed face, but he said it: "When nobody bothers about religion, culture and morality, why should I be the only victim? I am also part of the same crowd. I tried my best to convince them, but if nobody is going to follow the religious and the moral and the right way, then I am not going to be just a loser and look stupid standing there. Nobody even listened to me, nobody took any notice of me." He carried that clock away.

I have seen at least a dozen riots in that city, and I have asked individuals who have participated in arson, in murder, in rape, "Can you do it alone, on your own?" And they all said, without any exception, "On our own we could not do it. It was because so many people were doing it, and there was no responsibility left. We were not answerable, the crowd was answerable."

Man loses his small consciousness so easily into the collective ocean of unconsciousness. That is the cause of all wars, all riots, all crusades, all murders. *rebel17*

I have seen politicians...just a dead cow, they will put in front of a Hindu temple. Naturally the Hindus will think it must have been done by Mohammedans, and immediately there is a riot. And then these same politicians start speeches for peace, for brotherhood.

We are living in a really mad world.

I know the politicians--who have been creating the riots and when hundreds of people have been burned and killed, and mosques and temples have been destroyed, then they will call a public meeting of all the religions and will talk about peace, humanity, progress. And they are the people who are hindering all progress. *mess122*

In Mohammedanism they went to the very logical end: either you have to be ready to be saved or be ready to die. They don't give you any other choice, because they believe that if you go on living unsaved you may commit sins and you will suffer in hell. By killing you they are at least taking away all the opportunities of falling into hell.

And to be killed by a savior is almost to be saved. That's what Mohammedans have been saying, that if you kill somebody in order to save him, he is saved; God will look after it.

He is saved and you are accumulating more virtue in saving so many people. Mohammedans have killed millions of people in the East. And the strange thing is that they believed they were doing the right thing. And whenever somebody does a wrong thing believing that it is right, then it is more dangerous. You cannot persuade him otherwise, he does not give you a chance to be persuaded. In India I tried in every possible way to approach Mohammedan scholars, but they are unapproachable. They don't want to discuss any religious matter with somebody who is not a Mohammedan.

They have a word of condemnation for the person who is not a Mohammedan. Just as Christians call him a heretic, Mohammedans call him *kaffir*--which is even worse than heretic. Kaffir comes from a word, *kufr*; kufr means sin, a sinner. Kaffir means a sinner: anybody who is not a Mohammedan is a sinner. There are no other categories, only two categories. Either you are a Mohammedan, then you are a saint.... Just by being a Mohammedan you are a saint, you are saved, because you believe in one God, one prophet--Mohammed--and one holy book, the *Koran*. These three things believed is enough for you to be a saint. And those who are not Mohammedans are all kaffirs, sinners....

India, although a Hindu country, has the biggest number of Mohammedans. Still it is impossible to communicate. I have tried my best, but if you are not a Mohammedan then how can you understand? There is no question of any dialogue: you are a kaffir.

I had a professor as my colleague in the university, who loved me very much. He was a Mohammedan. I asked him, "Farid, can't you manage...?" Because Jabalpur is one of the big centers of Mohammedans and it has great scholars. One very famous scholar, Burhanuddin, was there. He was old, and famous all over India and outside India also as a scholar of Mohammedanism. I asked Farid, "find some way for me to have a dialogue with him."

He said, "it is really difficult--unless you can pretend to be a Mohammedan."

I said, "that too is very difficult, because then you have to teach me a few basic things of Mohammedanism--their prayer and what they do. And moreover that Burhanuddin knows me--we have spoken many times from the same platform--so it will be very difficult for me to act. I can try, there is no harm. At the most we may get caught and we can laugh at the whole thing."

He said, "You can laugh, but my position will be very bad. They will kill me because 'you are a Mohammedan and you are supporting a kaffir, and deceiving one of your great masters.'" But he was willing to do it. He started teaching me the language, Urdu. It was difficult to learn because it is just absolutely the opposite of any language that is born of Sanskrit. An Urdu book starts from the back and the sentence starts from the right corner and goes towards the left.

It is so difficult to get adjusted: it is just upside down, the whole thing. You have to open the book from the end; that is the beginning. And then the sentence starts from the right

and moves towards the left. And because of the way the Urdu language is written a perfect way has not yet been found to print it or type it. The way it is written is not scientific at all; most of it has to be guessed. So those who are accustomed to read it, they can read it because they can *guess* what it will be. But for somebody who is learning, it is very difficult to guess.

But for six months I tried. I learned enough so that I could deceive somebody into thinking that I was not very educated, but a little bit. I learned their prayers; Farid managed to get a wig for me and cut my beard like the Mohammedans cut theirs. And their beard is so strange that even when I think of it again now my stomach starts churning. But I went through it; they cut my mustache off completely and left just my beard.

I said, "my God" If you had told me before then I would not have wasted these six months!" In a way they were right, because I know that a mustache is such a difficult thing--particularly a mustache like mine which is not trimmed but is wild. I don't allow anyone to trim it. It is difficult even to drink tea or to drink fruit juice because half of it will remain on the mustache. So Mohammedans have found a way: they cut off the mustache, they shave the mustache, and they keep the beard. But that looks so ugly.

But I said, "okay, we will do it. Now, for a few days I will not leave my house. Just give me a wig and let me see Burhanuddin." It certainly changed my face completely when Farid cut my beard like the Mohammedans'--very thin along the jawline and just a little bit of beard on the chin--like Lenin's, a little less. Without a mustache and with a wig I looked different.

We went there, but the old man detected something about my eyes. He said, "I have seen those eyes somewhere."

I said, "My God! Farid, where could Maulana"--*maulana* means master; he was known as Maulana Burhanuddin--"have seen me?--because I have never been to this city."

Farid was trembling, he was having a nervous breakdown: we had never thought about the eyes. That old man continued to look, and he said, "I suspect something."

I said, "Farid, he suspects something." Farid just fell at his feet and he said, "There is no need to suspect--you know this man. And forgive me, I was just trying to help him because he wanted to have a dialogue with you."

But he said, "First tell me who he is, because as far as I can remember, I have known the man and I have seen him many times. You have just cut off his mustache."

I said; "Now it is better, Farid, that you tell the whole thing, that not only have you cut off my mustache...." I took off the wig and I said, "Look at the wig."

The moment I was without the wig, Burhanuddin immediately recognized me, and he said, *"You!"*

I said, "What else to do? You know me perfectly but you will not have a personal talk with me. Do you think that just being a Mohammedan is enough to be a saint? And what sin have I committed?

"Certainly I am not a Mohammedan, but Mohammed himself was not a Mohammedan when he was born. Was he a kaffir, a sinner? And can you tell me who converted Mohammed to Islam? He was never converted. Just as Jesus remained a Jew, Mohammed remained a pagan all his life; Mohammedanism is something that started after his death. So if Mohammed, a kaffir, can become the messenger of God, can't I discuss the message?"

Burhanuddin said, "This is what I was afraid of. That is why we don't encourage any dialogue between Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans."

I said, "That simply shows your weakness. What is the fear? I am opening myself to you, to be saved by you. Save me--and if you cannot save me then let me try to save you."

But that man simply turned towards Farid and said, "Take him away. I don't want to talk any more. And you have to come tomorrow to see me."

And Farid was punished, beaten. I could not believe it: he was a professor at the university, a well-known scholar who was a guide to many research students working on Mohammedanism, on Urdu literature, the *Koran.* Burhanuddin had a few hooligans there--they gave Farid a good beating. He showed me his body; all over his body were signatures of the Mohammedan attitude.

He said, "I told you before, that if something goes wrong.... They have only beaten me because I am a well-known person. If I were somebody else they would have killed me." *person20*

I have commented on hundreds of mystics, many of them Sufis who are in revolt against the orthodox Mohammedan structure. When Sufis heard about my commentaries on Sufism, at least two or three times a year I received beautiful printed copies of the *Koran,* with letters saying, "You are the only person who can write a commentary, because you are not a Mohammedan. Mohammedans cannot do anything against you; they cannot expel you." *satyam20*

If you ask Mohammedans, they will say I have no right to talk on Sufis or on the *Koran.* Once in a town I was talking about Sufis, and the *maulvi* of the town approached me and he said, "You have no right. You are *not* a Mohammedan, you don't know Arabic. How can you talk on the Sufis and on the *Koran?"*

I said, "The *Koran* has nothing to do with Arabic. It has something to do with the heart, not with the language." *until10*

I have enjoyed thousands of encounters; Jaina, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, and I was ready to do anything just to have a good argument.

You will not believe me, but I went through circumcision at the age of twenty-seven, after I was already enlightened, just to enter a Mohammedan Sufi order where they would not allow anybody in who had not been circumcised. I said, "Okay, then do it! This body is going to be destroyed anyway, and you are only cutting off just a little piece of skin. Cut it, but I want to enter the school."

Even they were unable to believe me. I said, "Believe me, I am ready." And when I started arguing they said, "You were so willing to be circumcised and yet you are so unwilling to accept anything we say at all!"

I said, "That's my way. About the nonessential I am always ready to say yes. About the essential I am absolutely adamant, nobody can force me to say yes."

Of course they had to expel me from their so-called Sufi order, but I told them, "Expelling me, you are simply declaring to the world that you are pseudo-Sufis. The only real Sufi is being expelled. In fact, I expel you all."

Bewildered, they looked at each other. But that's the truth. I had gone to their order not to know the truth; I knew that already. Then why had I entered? Just to have good company to argue with.

Argument has been my joy from my very childhood. I will do anything just to have a good argument. But how rare it is to find a really good milieu for argument! I entered the Sufi order--this I am confessing for the first time--and even allowed those fools to circumcise me. They did it by such primitive methods that I had to suffer for at least six months. But I didn't care about that; my whole concern was to know Sufism from within. Alas, I could not find a real Sufi in my life. But that is true not only about the Sufis; I have not found a real Christian either, or a real Hassid. *glimps09*

I have been with Sufis and I have loved those people. But they are still one step away from being a buddha. Even though their poetry is beautiful--it has to be, because it is coming out of their love--their experience is a hallucination created by their own mind. In Sufism, mind is stretched to the point that you become almost mad for the beloved. Those days of separation from the beloved create the sensation of burning. *rinzai02*

It happened that one Sufi master was brought to me. He was master of thousands of Mohammedans, and once a year he used to come to the city. A few of the Mohammedans of his group had become interested in me and they wanted a meeting. They highly appreciated that their master sees God everywhere, in everything, and he is always joyful:

"We have been with him for twenty years and we have never seen him in any other state except ecstasy."

I told them, "It will be good that he becomes a guest in my house. For three days you leave him with me. I will take care of your master." He was an old man, a very good man.

I asked him, "Have you used any technique for this constant ecstasy, or has it come on its own without any technique?"

He said, "I have certainly used a technique. The technique is to remember, looking at everything, that there is God in it. In the beginning it looked ridiculous, but slowly slowly the mind became accustomed: now I see God everywhere in everything."

Then I said, "You do one thing...How long have you been practicing it?"

"Forty years"--he must have been nearabout seventy.

I asked, "Can you trust your experience of ecstasy?"

He said, "Absolutely."

Then I said, "Do one thing: for three days you stop the technique...no more remembering that God is in everything. For three days look at things as they are; don't impose your idea of God. A table is a table, a chair is a chair, a tree is a tree, a man is a man."

He asked, "But what is the purpose of it?"

I said, "I will tell you after three days."

But not even three days were needed; after only one day he was angry at me, ferociously angry that, "You have destroyed my forty years' discipline. You are a dangerous man. I have been told that you are a master, and rather than helping me...Now I see in a chair nothing but a chair, in a man nothing but a man; God has disappeared, and with the disappearance of God my ecstasy that I am surrounded by an ocean of God has also disappeared."

I said, "This was the specific purpose. I wanted you to understand that your technique has produced an hallucination; otherwise forty years' discipline cannot disappear in one day. You had to continue the technique, so it would continue to create the illusion. Now it is up to you: if you want to live your remaining life in an hallucinatory ecstasy, it is up to you. But if you want to wake up, then no technique is needed."...

The Sufi master could not stay with me for three days, but leaving me he finally said to me, "I am grateful. I will have to start my journey again. I can see what has happened: first I just started projecting. I knew that a table is a table, a chair is a chair, but I started projecting that it is God, that it is luminous with God's existence. And I knew that it is

just my idea. But forty years! Slowly slowly it became the reality. But you have shown me that that technique was simply creating an hallucination." *mystic12*

Osho's interaction with Christians

In Jabalpur, where I lived for twenty years, there is a big theological college where they train Christian missionaries for Asian countries; it is the biggest in Asia. I used to go there. I had a few friends there, but the principal informed those friends that I should not be entertained inside the campus "because you are making that man known to the students and to other professors. Now small meetings have started happening in your houses and he will corrupt you."

My friend told me, "This is what the principal has said, and he wants you not to be entertained anymore in the campus. And we are poor professors, we cannot antagonize him."

I said, "You don't be worried. I will go and see him myself." I went to Principal Mackwan, who was the chief of Leonard Theological College, and I told him, "You prepare missionaries for the whole of Asia--and you are afraid of me, a single person, coming into the campus of all those missionaries who are going to convert Asians to Christianity! You don't trust your professors, you don't trust your Christianity, you don't trust your missionaries. You don't trust your students who are going to be missionaries. Your whole campus--there are ten thousand people on the campus--I can corrupt them, and those ten thousand people cannot corrupt me? And you are included in those ten thousand people.

"I am here and I am going to come every day--not in the campus anymore, to your office, just to be corrupted by you."

He looked shocked. He said, "To be corrupted by me?"

I said, "Yes, you corrupt me, or I will corrupt you. It is an open challenge. You are the head of this institute. Ten thousand people follow you, they think you are some great sage. Corrupt me, make me a Christian; I am ready to be converted. But if you fail, then be ready to be converted to my way, which has no name."

He said, "I don't want to create any conflict, any controversy."

I said, "There is no controversy, no conflict. I will simply sit here silently; you corrupt me. Or, you sit silently, I will corrupt you. Nobody will ever even hear what is going on."

He said, "Let me think about it."

The next day I was there again. I said, "Principal Mackwan, have you thought about it? Have you asked your wife?"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "That's what thinking means. When a husband says, `I will think about it,' it means he will consult his wife."

He said, "You are something because actually--that's what I did."

And I said, "That shows that you are not even man enough--how can you be a Christian?" Just behind him was Jesus, a wooden sculpture on a cross. I said, "Give that cross and Jesus to me because it does not belong in your office. You are not man enough; you asked your wife. Do you think Jesus asked anybody, `What do you think--is it okay to be crucified, or escape?'"

That man became a friend--and of course became corrupted slowly slowly. His house became my meeting place. He said, "You are irresistible. You say things which are certainly against our scriptures, our tradition, but not against our reason."

And when I left Jabalpur, among the people who had come to give me a send-off was this old Principal Mackwan, with tears in his eyes. He said, "I will miss you. You became a reality in my life, far more real than Jesus Christ has ever been. Jesus Christ has been just a belief. I am not courageous enough to drop that, but you know it has dropped. I cannot say to the world, `I am no longer a Christian,' but I have come to say it to you because perhaps we may not meet again. I am old, and I know you--once you leave a place you never look back."

And I have never gone back to Jabalpur. Perhaps he is dead now. But on the station he confessed to me that he is no longer a Christian; he has started enquiring, although it is too late. But he is happy; even though it is late, and the evening of his life has come, "Perhaps there is not time enough to enquire, but I am immensely satisfied only with this, that at least I am not dying with false beliefs, insincere, inauthentic, not my own. I don't have any truth yet, but at least I can die with this contentment, that I have started the journey. And if there is a beginning perhaps one day there will be an end to it too."

Every being is in search of truth, but small fears go on preventing you. *dark15*

If a sudra becomes a follower of Buddha, immediately he is no longer untouchable. If a sudra becomes a Christian he is no longer untouchable. This is a very strange world.

I had a friend who was the principal of a theological college in Jabalpur, Principal Mackwan. I was saying to him, "Why are you Christians interested only in the poor?"

He said, "Please come to my house." I was sitting in his office. He said, "My house is just behind the college; come to my house; I want to show you something."

He showed me an old man and woman's picture. They were certainly beggars, in rags, dirty; you could even see it in their faces--so hungry. You could see that all their lives they had suffered; it was written in the lines on their forehead. He said, "Can you recognize who these are?"

I said, "How can I recognize them?--I have never seen these people, but they look like beggars."

He said, "They *were* beggars. He is my father, she is my mother. And not only were they beggars, they were sudras, untouchables. They became converted, in their old age, to Christianity because they were so old, tired of begging; and now they were concerned about their children--particularly this boy who is now principal of Leonard Theological College. What would happen to him if they died? He would also become a beggar."

Because they were sick they entered a Christian hospital, because no other hospital will take poor people and give them free medicine, food, care, doctors. So they entered, they had to enter, a Christian hospital. And there the whole methodology is: with the medicine to go on giving as much of *The Bible* as possible; with each injection a little *Bible.* With food, the doctor talks about it, the nurse talks about it; the priest comes every day to inquire about their health, how they are.

For the first time they felt that they were human beings. Nobody had ever asked them about their health. They were treated like dogs, not like human beings. And had they remained Hindus they would have died like dogs, dying on the street corner. You don't know, because that is not the way in the West....

Professor Mackwan told me, "This is my father and mother. They would have died like dogs and the municipal truck would have thrown them out of the city with all the garbage that it carries every day, because there is nobody to carry a beggar to the funeral pyre. Who bothers about a beggar? Beggars are not men, not human beings."

And then he took me to another picture of his daughter and his son-in-law. I was looking at three generations: the father and mother, almost below human beings; Mackwan, who has gained status and is now in a very respectable post, highly salaried. Now brahmins come and shake hands with him, not knowing at all that he is the son of two beggars who were sudras. I know his daughter, one of the most beautiful women I have seen; she is married to an American.

Looking at the three generations...such a change. You cannot connect the daughter with the grandmother and how can you connect the son-in-law with her grandfather? There

seems to be no bridge. The son-in-law is a well-known scholar, professor--six months teaching in India, six months teaching in America. Saroj, the daughter herself is a professor. They are all well-educated; the son is a principal. They have moved in a completely different direction by being converted to Christianity. I could not object. I said, "Your father and mother did well." *misery06*

One day, as I was going along a road, a woman came and gave me a pamphlet in which was shown a picture of a beautiful building with a garden full of flowers and a stream. On it was written, "Are you in search of a nice bungalow?"

Out of curiosity I turned it over and found that the bungalow was not of this earth, it was some propaganda from the Christian missionaries. That beautiful bungalow with the garden and the stream is in heaven! It was written in that pamphlet that if you want such a building in heaven then nobody can take you there except Jesus.

Even if you desire for heaven it is you who will desire. It is the extension of your mind--it will be in your language and in your colors. *greatt10*

Once I was taken to a Christian college, one of the biggest in India, where they create missionaries, ministers, priests, etcetera. I was a little puzzled: how can you create priests, ministers, missionaries in a college? That is impossible. The principal was very much interested in me; he invited me. He said, "Come and see!"

It was a six-year course, and I looked around the college, a big campus--seven hundred people were getting ready to become priests, preachers, teachers--I looked around, went into many classes, and what I saw was really hilarious. It was so ridiculous.

In one class the teacher was telling the students, "When you give this sermon, this is how you have to stand, and when you come to this point, this is how you have to raise your hand, these are the gestures you make, this is how you have to close you eyes--as if you have gone into a deep deep meditation...." *As if,* don't forget the 'as if.' They were learning like actors....

Taking leave of the principal I told him one story:

"I have heard--it must have happened in some college like yours--the teacher was telling the students, 'When you talk about paradise, heaven, smile a heavenly smile, your eyes full of joy and light, and look upwards towards heaven. And for a moment become silent and just let people see how joyous, full of light and joy you are.'

"A student raised his hand and he said, 'That's right, but when we are talking about hell, what to do?'

"The teacher said, 'Then just as you are will do--just stand as you are. You need not do anything else, just be yourself, that's all, and that will show them what hell is.'"

Teaching people to become masters is such an absurdity. Jesus did not learn in any college. It is fortunate that such colleges did not exist in those days; otherwise they might have destroyed Jesus. Buddha never went to any religious institution to learn. Religion has to be lived, because that is the only way to learn it. *dh0505*

One great Christian theologian used to come to India often. His name was Stanley Jones. Generally he was the guest of the principal of a Christian college. The principal was my friend; that's how I came to be acquainted with Stanley Jones. He had written many beautiful books, very beautiful. He was a man of tremendous scholarship.

He used to give sermons, and he would keep fifteen or twenty postcard-sized cards; on each card everything that he was going to say was written in shorthand, so nobody would even know what was written on them. And he always used to speak standing, so the people could not see those cards either. He would speak; when the card was finished he would change the card to number two, to number three.

One day, before he was going to speak, he had arranged his cards and had gone just to get ready in the bathroom. I mixed the numbers--the fifth was first, the first was fifth, the third was tenth, the tenth was the third. I just mixed them and put them back. He came out, took the cards--I also went with him.

He started speaking. Looking at the card he could not understand, "What is happening?"--because the card said something which it was not supposed to say--"Where is the introduction?" He was almost in a nervous breakdown. And in front of a crowd of almost two thousand people, he started looking for the card with the introduction. He could not find it so he tried to start on his own, but he had never started on his own in his whole life.

People were very much puzzled: they had never seen such a third-rate sermon from such a first-rate theologian--and they had all heard him before. He was perspiring, and it was winter. Somehow he finished. Neither did he know what he was saying, nor did the people understand what he was doing, what was going on. It was all irrelevant, inconsistent, unrelated, upside down, the beginning coming in the end.... Finally the introduction came: "Brothers and sisters.... "

He was very angry. Back in the principal's home he said, "I feel like killing you!"

I said, "You *should* feel like that. But I wanted to do it for a specific reason: do you think Jesus used to have these cards with him? You are more articulate than Jesus. Jesus was uneducated, he did not even know Hebrew. He only knew the local dialect, Aramaic, which only the laborers and poor people spoke. The learned and the cultured and the rich used to speak Hebrew; Aramaic was not for the cultured and the educated. Jesus had no way of carrying these cards because he could not write, but his words have a fire. And your words are the same, but there is no fire, there is no warmth. They are not coming from your heart, they are coming from a dead corpse. And you are functioning only like a computer--you are not a theologian, just a machine." *upan27*

But I know many Quakers. They sit in silence also in their congregations. I have been to their congregations, and I have asked them, "If you are really truthful, tell me: What were you doing in your silence?" And they have always said, "We were thinking, thinking of silence, trying to be silent, making efforts to be silent." Yes, it is true they are not speaking. If you mean just by not speaking you are silent, then you are just a fool.

Silence is such a deep experience, where thoughts, emotions, everything disappears. If you have attained to that silence you will not even call yourself a Quaker. You will not subscribe to any theology. You don't need one; you have found the very source of truth within yourself. *false31*

Once a Quaker Christian stayed with me...and Jainas think that they are the most vegetarian people in the whole world; they should forget all about it. I also used to think before that the Jainas are the most vegetarian people. I asked the Quaker--he was a Quaker missionary--what he would like: milk, coffee, tea?

He said, "Milk? A man like you drinks milk?!" He looked so puzzled, I could not believe my eyes.

"What is wrong with milk?" I asked him, "What is the matter with you? Is there something wrong with milk?"

He said, "Of course! It is an animal product. We Quakers don't use any animal product. It is just like non-vegetarian food. Whether you drink blood or you drink milk, it is the same, both come from the body."

And there is some reason in it, some logic in it. Now, in India, all the vegetarians think that milk is the purest, the most *sattvic* food, the purest, the most spiritual food. There are people, saints, only famous for the simple reason that they drink only milk and nothing else; they don't eat anything. And they are worshipped for that reason, because their sacrifice is great. Now, according to the Quakers they are sinners and they will go to hell. *special10*

There was one church, specially for British people, which had been closed for many years, because when the British rule ended in India, all the foreigners moved out. The archbishop of England--thousands of miles away--was the owner of that church in Jabalpur.

I had a few Christian friends. I said to them "This beautiful church always remains closed." They said, "The congregation of that church is no more here, the nearest authority is in the capital, Nagpur. The bishop of Nagpur is the nearest authority who has the keys. But the real authority is with the archbishop of England."

I said, "You are just fools. Break the lock--it is already falling apart since ten years. Clean the church. This is *your* church. Use it."

They became excited, the idea was good. The church was a beautiful building with a very big garden around it, but it had become a jungle, nobody was taking any care. They broke the lock. They asked me to inaugurate the opening. I said, "I am perfectly ready" and so I inaugurated their church.

It took a few days for the bishop of Nagpur to understand what was happening there. Then he inquired of the archbishop of England what to do, "because a few Christians have broken the lock, entered the property, and are worshipping every Sunday there." Of course the archbishop was angry and he told him, "Take legal action against them."

The legal action was taken against them. That's why I was also found guilty. I inaugurated it, I inspired those people to enter into the church, so I was the most responsible person. I said to the judge, "A church, a temple, a mosque, a synagogue belongs to those who worship there. It is no ordinary property. For ten years the church has remained without a single worshipper. The archbishop of England is guilty for that, the bishop of Nagpur is guilty for that. Who are they to lock a church and prevent worshippers?

"I am not a Christian, but I can see that a beautiful place which was meant for worshipping, for prayer, is lying empty. Jesus Christ is still hanging on the cross and nobody comes. He must be getting bored."

I said, "Yes, I inspired these people to make that church again alive. It is dying. And to make any church alive is not a crime. To keep it locked...locked against whom? In fact, churches and temples should not have doors, so that they are available twenty-four hours for anybody to meditate there. It is a place of silence."

My advocate was getting to the point of nervous breakdown when I said that the archbishop of England should be given an arrest warrant...and these people were going to continue worshipping in the church. The judge said, "Whatever you are saying is absolutely right, but it is not legal. The church is a property owned by the Church of England. Entering into somebody else's property, taking possession of it, using it, is trespass."

I said, "Then I am ready to be punished, to be jailed. But remember, you are doing something absolutely wrong. You are not making any difference between a place of worship and an ordinary house. A place of worship cannot be owned by anybody, cannot be possessed by anybody. It belongs to those who are ready to worship there. Tell the archbishops of Nagpur and England that either they should come here and bring their congregation, so the church becomes alive, or...why are they worried? They were happy for ten years. The church was gathering dust, it was going to become a ruin.

"And I am not a Christian at all. I have no concern with that church, just a human concern, a compassion. These people I know, and I told them, 'If you are ready to worship, the church is yours.' And I take the whole responsibility on myself, these people are not in any way responsible. They simply got inspired by me."

There was silence. The advocate sent by the bishop of Nagpur could not figure out what to say. The judge told me that it was legally wrong, but spiritually right: "I cannot give any punishment to you. But please don't do anything like that again."

I said, "That I cannot agree with. I will continue my whole life doing things like that, because I don't care about man-made laws. My concern is with the existential, with the spiritual, with the real. Man-made laws go on changing."

But those Christians who had agreed and opened the church became afraid. The bishop of Nagpur put another big lock. I lived in Jabalpur for twenty years, and by the time I left Jabalpur the church was in ruins, the roof had fallen. This is according to the law.

Why should I be afraid or guilty? And I am ready to accept any consequences of my actions. I have been moving for thirty years in the country facing hostile masses--sometimes fifty thousand people, all hostile. But I have never felt any guilt, because whatever I was doing, I was doing with my totality. And whatever I was doing, I was doing with full consciousness. And seeing me, listening to me, although they had come with aggressive prejudices, I could see slowly, slowly a calmness was descending on them. And by the end, when I left, many were in tears. *last106*

Every year, the Catholic pope declares a black list of books that Catholics are not supposed to read. Reading them means a certainty of your going to hell. I was talking to a bishop in Nagpur, because a few of my books had been listed by the Catholic pope as not to be read by any Catholics; whoever reads them is paving his path towards hell. And this is not new, this is an almost eighteen-hundred-year-old tradition in the Catholic Church.

Before this century, they used to burn and destroy any book they decided was dangerous for Catholics. Now they cannot do that, but at least they can prevent the Catholics--who are a great majority in the world, seven hundred million people.

I simply said to the bishop of Nagpur, "At least somebody must have been reading my books; otherwise how do they decide? Either the pope himself must be reading, or some associate cardinals in the Vatican must be reading--without reading, you cannot decide that a book is dangerous to the Catholic belief."

He was in a dilemma: he could not say yes, he could not say no. Because if he says 'Yes, somebody reads it,' that means that person is bound to fall into hell. And if that person is not going to fall into hell, then the whole idea is ridiculous; then nobody is going to fall into hell. It is just to keep people's eyes closed: no facts should be allowed to be known to them that go against their belief. *splend13*

Osho's interaction with Atheists

I have never come across an atheist who is really an atheist. All atheists are in search, all atheists are in deep search for a faith and trust. But they are afraid. The adventure seems to be so dangerous and risky. They start believing in no-God, but that no-God is also a belief. It is negative: it cannot be nourishing, it cannot give you life, energy; it cannot enhance your being, it cannot help you to become centered. It cannot help you to see the true and the real because it is a false belief, a negative belief. But, I say, it is still a belief. *foll411*

Atheists have been coming to me, and they ask me about God. I say, "Forget about God. You don't believe? That's perfectly good. You just meditate."--And meditation does not need any prerequisite belief in God or anything--it is a scientific method. But if in the end of meditation you realize something which you had never dreamt of, then don't blame me. You will come to know something greater than God. You will not see God so that you can photograph him. You will not meet God and shake hands with him. But you will feel an oceanic energy all around you, all over the world, in which you disappear like a dewdrop; and that experience is so tremendously blissful that there is nothing that can surpass it. *last415*

Once I was staying in a village. Two old men came to me. One was a Hindu, another was a Jaina. The Jainas don't believe in the existence of God. Both were friends, almost lifelong friends, both must have been nearabout seventy. And both had quarreled for their whole lives: whether God exists or not? The Hindu insisted that he exists and would quote the Vedas and Upanishads and Gita, and the Jaina would insist that he does not exist and would quote Mahavir and Neminath and Parshwanath and his *tirthankaras.* And they argued and argued to no end, because these questions are so meaningless, so futile, you can go on arguing, ad infinitum; there is no end to it. Nobody can prove absolutely, nobody can disprove absolutely either. The questions are so utterly useless: nothing can be proved definitely this way or that, so the question goes on hanging.

Hearing that I was staying in the guesthouse outside the village, they came to see me. And they said, "Our whole lives have been a conflict. We are friends, in every way we are friendly, but about this question of God we immediately start quarreling. And we have quarreled the whole life. Now you are here: give us a definite answer so this quarrel can be stopped, and we can at least die in ease."

I asked them, "If it is proved definitely that God is, how is it going to change your life?"

They shrugged their shoulders. They said, "We will live as we are living."

"Or, if it is proved," I told them, "that God definitely does not exist, how is it going to change your life?"

They said, "It is not going to change our lives at all, because we both live exactly the same life. We are partners in a business. He believes in God, I don't believe in God, but

as far as our lives are concerned we have the same pattern. His God does not make any difference, my no-God does not make any difference."

Then I said, "This is a futile question."

Which question is futile? One whose answer is not going to make a change in your life. It is useless. People ask, 'Who created the world?' How is it going to change your life? Anybody, A B C D anybody, how is it going to change your life? 'Is there life after death?' How is it going to change your life?

Can't you see theists and atheists all living the same kind of life, the same rotten kind of life? Can't you see the Catholic and the communist living the same kind of life, the same lies, the same falsehood, the same masks? Can't you see the Protestant and the Catholic living the same life? Can't you see the Hindu and the Mohammedan living the same life, with no difference at all? All differences are only verbal. No verbal difference makes any difference in their existence. They have been discussing about useless questions.

But why do people ask useless questions? To avoid going in, they pretend that they are great inquirers. They are interested in God, they are interested in the after-life, they are interested in heaven and hell. And the real thing is that they are not interested in themselves. To avoid that, to avoid seeing this fact, that 'I am not interested in my own being,' they have created all these questions. These questions are their strategies to avoid their central question: Who am I?

True religion consists in the inquiry 'Who am I?' And nobody else can answer it. You will have to go digging deeper and deeper into your being. One day, when you have reached the very source of your life, you will know. That day, the real question and the real answer will have happened simultaneously. *sos202*

I used to know a man who was an atheist. Once I heard that he had become a theist. I could not believe it. So when I came across him I asked him, 'How come you decided to become a theist?'

'Well,' he said, 'I used to be an atheist but I gave it up.'

'Why?' I enquired.

He said, 'No holidays.' *dang08*

Osho's interaction with **Mystics and Disciples**

J. Krishnamurti is enlightened, and he is not orthodox--but he has gone to the other extreme: he is *anti*-orthodox. *Anti* should be underlined....

He hates orthodoxy, he hates all that has passed in the name of religion. Remember the difference: I criticize it but I don't hate it. I don't even hate it! Krishnamurti has a relationship with it--I don't have any relationship with it--and that is where he has missed....

One time it happened, I was in Bombay, he was in Bombay, and he wanted to meet me. One of his chief disciples in India came to me and asked me--he knew me and he used to listen to me--"J. Krishnamurti wants to see you."

I said, "I have no problem--bring him."

But he said, "That is not the Indian way."

I said, "Krishnamurti does not believe in Indian or European or American ways."

He said, "He may not believe in them but everybody else does."

I said, "I am not going to meet everybody else. You say J. Krishnamurti wants to meet me: bring him. If I wanted to meet him, I would go to him, but I don't see the need."

But again and again his emphasis was: "He is older, you are younger"--l must have been only forty at the time, and Krishnamurti was almost double my age.

I said, "That's perfectly true, but I don't see any need to meet him. What am I going to say to him? I have no questions to ask, I have only answers to give. It will look very awkward if I start answering him when he has not asked anything. He will be expecting a question from me. That is impossible--I have never asked. I have only answers, so what can I do?

"And of course he is enlightened, so what is the need?--at the most we can sit silently together. So why unnecessarily take me ten or twelve miles?" And in Bombay ten or twelve miles sometimes means two hours, sometimes three hours. The roads are continuously blocked with all kinds of vehicles. Bombay is perhaps the only city which must have all models of cars. The ancientmost, that God used to drive Adam and Eve out of paradise--that too will be in Bombay. There is no other possibility; it cannot be anywhere else.

I said, "I am not interested in taking three hours, unnecessarily bothering.... And I have had such experiences before: it is absolutely futile. You go and ask him; if he wants to ask me something perhaps I may think about coming just because of his old age. But I have nothing to ask. If he just wants to see me, then he should take the trouble of coming here." Of course Krishnamurti was very angry when he heard it. He gets angry easily. That anger is due to his past; he is angry with the past....

In Bombay he has been speaking for his whole life, and he comes only one time a year, for two or three weeks. In a week he speaks only twice, or at the most thrice; still there are only three thousand people. And the strangest thing is that you will find almost the same people, most of them very old because for forty years they have been listening to him--the same old fogeys.

Strange: for forty years you have been listening to this man, and neither he seems to get anywhere nor you seem to get anywhere. It has become just a habit: it seems that he has to come to Bombay and you have to listen to him, every year. By and by old people go on dying and a few new people replace them, but the number has never gone beyond three thousand. The same is the situation in New Delhi; the same is the situation in Varanasi...because I have been speaking at his school in Varanasi.

At his school there I asked, "How many people come here?"

They said, "Fifteen hundred at the most, but they are always the same people."

What impact! And this man has made an arduous effort....

He is anti-orthodox, anti-tradition, anti-convention; but his whole energy has become involved in this hatred.

It is a hate relationship with the past, but it is a relationship all the same. He has not been able to cut himself totally from the past. Perhaps that would have released his energy; it would have opened his charismatic qualities, but that has not been the case.

The people who become interested in him are mere intellectuals remember, I say *mere* intellectuals--who don't know they have a heart too. These intellectuals become interested in him, but these intellectuals are not the people who are going to be transformed. They are just sophists, arguers; and Krishnamurti is unnecessarily wasting his time with these intellectual people of the world.

Remember, I am not saying intelligent people of the world--that is a different category. I am saying mere intellectuals who love to play with words, logic...it is a kind of gymnastics. And Krishnamurti just goes on feeding their intellect.

He thinks that he is destroying their orthodoxy, that he is destroying their tradition, that he is destroying their personality and helping them to discover their individuality. He is wrong, he is not destroying anything. He is just fulfilling their doubts, supporting their skepticism, making them more articulate--they can argue against anything. You may be able to argue *against* everything in the world, but is your heart *for* anything, just one single thing?

You can be against everything--that won't change you.

Are you *for* something too?

That something is not coming from him.

He just goes on arguing.

And the trouble is--this is why I feel sorry for him--that what he is doing could have been of tremendous help, but it has not helped anybody. I have not come across a single person--and I have met thousands of Krishnamurti-ites, but not a single one of them is transformed. Yes, they are very vocal. You cannot argue with them, you cannot defeat them as far as argument is concerned. Krishnamurti has sharpened their intellect for years and now they are just parrots repeating Krishnamurti.

This is the paradox of Krishnamurti's whole life. He wanted them to be individuals on their own, and what has he succeeded in doing? They are just parrots, intellectual parrots.

This man, Raosaheb Patvardhan, who wanted me to see Krishnamurti, was one of his old colleagues. He came to know me just in 1965 when I spoke in Poona; he lived in Poona. He is no longer alive. I asked Raosaheb Patvardhan--he was a very respected man--"You have been so close to Krishnamurti all your life, but what is the gain? I don't want to hear that tradition is bad, conditioning is bad, and it has to be dropped--I know all that. Put that all aside and just tell me: what have you gained?"

And that old man, who died just six or seven months afterwards, told me, "As far as gaining is concerned, I have never thought about it and nobody ever asked about it."

But I said, "Then what is the point? Whether you are for tradition or you are against tradition, either way you are tethered to tradition. When are you going to open your wings and fly? Somebody is sitting on a tree because he loves the tree; somebody else is sitting on the same tree because he hates the tree, and he will not leave the tree unless he destroys it. One goes on watering it, the other goes on destroying it, but both are confined, tethered, chained to the tree."

I asked him, "When are you going to open your wings and fly? The sky is there. You have both forgotten the sky. And what has the tree to do with it anyway?"...

I don't hate any religion.

I simply state the fact:

Religions are nothing but crimes against humanity.

But I am not saying it with any hate in me. I have no love for them, I have no hate for them: I simply state whatsoever is the fact.

So you will find much similarity between what I am saying and what J. Krishnamurti is saying, but there is a tremendous difference. And the difference is that while I am talking to your intellect, I am working somewhere else...hence the gaps. Hence the discourse

becomes too long! Any idiot can repeat my discourse in one hour--not me, because I have to do something else too.

So while you are waiting for my words, that is the right time:

You are engaged in your head, waiting.

And I am stealing your heart.

I am a thief! *person07*

*Note: Many people who were with Krishnamurti also came to be with Osho, this took place over many years, see also Parts VI to X.

One of India's greatest seers of this age, Raman Maharishi, had only one message to everyone. He was a simple man, not a scholar. He left his house when he was seventeen years old--not even well educated. It was a simple message. To whoever would come to him--and from all over the world people were coming to him--all that he said was, "Sit down in a corner, anywhere...."

He lived on a hill, Arunachal, and he had told his disciples to make caves in the hills; there were many caves. "Go and sit in a cave, and just meditate on, Who am I? All else is just explanations, experiences, efforts to translate those experiences into language. The only real thing is this question, Who am I?"

I have come in contact with many people, but I never came in contact with Raman Maharishi; he died when I was too young. I wanted to go, and I would have reached him, but he was really far away from my place, nearabout fifteen hundred miles. I asked my father many times, "That man is getting old and I am so young. He does not know Hindi, my language; I don't know his language, Tamil. Even if somehow I reach there--which is difficult...."

It was almost a three-day journey from my place to Arunachal...changing so many trains. And with each change of train, the language changes. As you move from the Hindi language territory, which is the biggest in India, you enter the language of Marathi. As you pass from Marathi, you enter the state of the Nizam of Hyderabad, where Urdu is the language. As you go further you enter Telugu-and Malayalam-speaking areas, and finally you reach Raman Maharishi who spoke Tamil....

I could not manage to see Raman, but I met many people who had been his disciples, later on when I was traveling. When I went to Arunachal I met his very intimate disciples, who were very old by then, and I did not find a single person who had understood that man's message.

It was not a question of language, because they all knew Tamil; it was a question of a totally different perspective and understanding. Raman had said, "Look withinwards and find out who you are." And what were these people doing when I went there? They had

made it a chant! They would sit down, chanting, "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?"--just like any other mantra.

There are people who are doing their *japa*, "Rama, Rama, Rama," or "Hari Krishna, Hari Krishna, Hari Krishna...." At Arunachal they were using this same technology for a totally different thing, which Raman could not have meant. And I said to his disciples, "What you are doing is not what he meant. By repeating, 'Who am I?' do you think somebody is going to answer? You will continue to repeat it your whole life and no answer will be coming."

They said, "On the one hand we are doing what we have understood him to mean. On the other hand we cannot say you are wrong, because we have been wasting our whole life chanting, 'Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?'"--in Tamil of course, in their language--"but nothing has happened."

I said, "You can go on chanting for many more lives; nothing is going to happen. It is not a question of chanting 'Who am I?' You are not to utter a single word, you have simply to be silent and listen. At first you will find, just like flies moving around you, thousands of thoughts, desires, dreams--unrelated, irrelevant, meaningless. You are in a crowd, buzzing. Just keep quiet and sit down in this bazaar of your mind."

Bazaar is a beautiful word. English has taken it over from the East, but perhaps they don't know that it comes from 'buzzing': a bazaar is a place which is continuously buzzing. And your mind is the greatest bazaar there is. In each single mind in such a small skull, you are carrying such a big bazaar. And you will be surprised to know that so many people reside in you--so many ideas, so many thoughts, so many desires, so many dreams. Just go on watching and sitting silently in the middle of the bazaar.

If you start *saying*, "Who am I?" you have become part of the bazaar, you have started buzzing. Don't buzz, don't be a buzzer; simply be silent. Let the whole bazaar continue; you remain the center of the cyclone.

Yes, it takes a little patience. It is not predictable at what time the buzzing will stop in you, but one thing can be said certainly: that it stops sometime or other. It depends on you how much of a bazaar you have, for how many years you have carried it, for how many lives you have carried it, how much nourishment you have given to it, and how much patience you have to sit silently in this mad crowd around you--maddening you, pulling you from every side. *person06*

Just in this century, one of the most important men was Meher Baba. He remained silent his whole life. Although he again and again announced that he was going to speak at a certain date, when the date came it was postponed.

His closest disciple, Adi Irani, used to come to see me. All Meher Baba's books are written by Adi Irani. His name is not on those books as the author; the author is Meher Baba.

I asked him, "Why, again and again, do you declare that this year Meher Baba is going to speak? This has been going on for thirty years, and people gather on that date and he does not speak."

He said, "I don't have any explanations."

I said, "My own experience says that perhaps he has forgotten language."

Adi Irani was not aware of Mahavira and his state that had happened after twelve years of silence. Perhaps he was trying, but he was failing again and again. The silence is so much, and the words are so small they cannot contain it. The truth is so big and the language is so trivial.

I told Adi Irani, "Drop the hope that he will ever speak."

And he did not speak; he died without speaking. But with Adi Irani he had a telepathic, non-linguistic communion.

I asked Adi Irani, "Do you feel sometimes suspicious whether what you are saying is exactly what he means?"

He said, "Not for a single moment. It comes with such force; it comes with such inner certainty that even if he says, `That is not right,' I am not going to listen. How it happens I don't know, but just sitting by his side, something starts becoming so solid, so absolutely certain that there is not even a slight doubt about it. I know it is not from me, because I have no idea what I am saying. I could not have said it, left alone by myself.

"Certainly it is coming from him; and it is not coming as language. I am not hearing the words, but I am feeling surrounded by a certain energy, a presence, which becomes words within me. The words are mine, but his presence triggers them. The meaning is his, I am only a hollow bamboo flute. He sings his songs; my only function is not to hinder. Just let him sing his song. I am totally available to him as a vehicle."

And by the way, I would like you to remember that Meher Baba comes from the same heritage as Zarathustra.*

It is the fate of all the mystics to be misunderstood by their own people. Neither Zarathustra was understood by his own people, nor Meher Baba was understood by his own people. It seems something like a law of nature, that you cannot tolerate the idea that someone who comes from you has reached home, and you are still wandering.It hurts the ego. *zara213*

*Note: Zoroastrians, known in India as Parsis

The Gospel of Ramakrishna is a strange man's book. He calls himself 'M'. I know his real name, but he never allowed anyone to know it. His name is Mahendranath. He was a Bengali, a disciple of Ramakrishna.

Mahendranath sat at Ramakrishna's feet for many many years, and went on writing down whatsoever was happening around his master. The book is known as *The Gospel of Ramakrishna,* but written by M. He never wanted to disclose his name, he wanted to remain anonymous. That is the way of a true disciple. He effaced himself utterly.

The day Ramakrishna died, you will be surprised, M died too. There was nothing more for him to live for. I can understand...after Ramakrishna it would have been far more difficult to live than to die. Death was more blissful than to live without his master.

There have been many masters, but there has never been such a disciple as M to report about the master. He does not come into it anywhere. He was just reporting--not about himself and Ramakrishna, but only about Ramakrishna. He no longer exists in front of the master. I love this man and his book, and his tremendous effort to efface himself. It is rare to find a disciple like M. Ramakrishna was far more fortunate in this than Jesus. I know his real name because I have traveled in Bengal, and Ramakrishna was alive at the end of the last century, so I could find out the name of this man Mahendranath. *books16*

Ramakrishna.... His words were not reported correctly, because he was a villager and used the language of a villager. All those words which people think should not be used by any enlightened person have been edited out. I have wandered in Bengal, asking people who are still living how Ramakrishna used to speak. They all said he was terrible. He used to speak as a man should speak--strong, without fear, without any sophistication. *glimps06*

I have been in contact with Ramakrishna's disciples. They feel a little embarrassed that Ramakrishna had to be a disciple to a master, that only then he became enlightened. They simply don't want that part. They would like Ramakrishna himself to be the origin, the source of a new tradition--the Ramakrishna order.

And in Bengal there are thousands of sannyasins who belong to the Ramakrishna order, and there are many more who are not monks but who are deeply devoted to Ramakrishna--but they are all concerned with the *wrong* Ramakrishna. And whenever I said this they were very much shocked.

In the beginning they used to call me to speak at their conferences, and when I started focusing on this point they stopped inviting me--because I was destroying their whole joy. They were not people who wanted to sit silently doing nothing, and the spring comes and the grass grows by itself. They wanted chanting, ritual, dancing, an image of God, a belief in God. *transm43*

Bhuribai is very closely connected with me. I have come to know thousands of men, thousands of women, but Bhuribai was unique among them.

Bhuribai's *mahaparinirvana*--her death attaining the highest liberation--happened just recently. Count her with Meera, Rabiya, Sahajo, Daya--she is qualified to be among these few selected women.

But as she was illiterate, perhaps her name won't ever become known. She was a villager, she belonged to the country people of Rajasthan. But her genius was unique; without knowing scripture she knew the truth.

It was my first camp. Bhuribai was a participant in it. Later she also participated in other camps. Not for meditation, because she had attained meditation. No, she just enjoyed being near me. She asked no question, I gave no answer. She had nothing to ask, there was no need to answer. But she used to come, bringing a fresh breeze along with her.

She became inwardly connected to me in the very first camp. It happened. It wasn't said, it wasn't heard. The real thing happened!

She attended the first lecture...the words and events of the camp that Bhuribai participated in are collected in a book called *The Path of Self-Realization.* It was the first camp; only fifty people participated. It was in Muchala Mahavir, an isolated uninhabited ruin in far Rajasthan. Kalidas Bhatiya, a High Court advocate, was with Bhuribai. He served her. He had left all: law practice, law court. He washed Bhuribai's clothes, he massaged her feet. Bhuribai was aged, some seventy years old.

Bhuribai had come, and Kalidas Bhatiya and ten or fifteen of her devotees came. A few people recognized her. She listened to my talk, but when the time to sit in meditation came, she went to her room. Kalidas Bhatiya was surprised, as they had come for meditation. He ran over there and asked Bhuribai, "You listened so attentively to the talk; now when the time to do it has come, why did you leave?" Then Bhuribai said, "You go, you go! I understood it."

Kalidas was very surprised. If she has understood, then why doesn't she meditate?

He came and asked me, "What's the matter, what's going on? Bhuribai says she understands, so why doesn't she meditate? And when I asked her she said, 'You go, ask Baapji himself"--Bhuribai was seventy years old, but still she called me Baapji, father--"'You go, ask Baapji.' So I have come to you," Kalidas said. "She doesn't say anything, she smiles. And when I started to go, she added, 'You don't understand a thing. I understood it!'"

Then I said, "She is right, because I explained meditation--it is non-doing. And you went and told Bhuribai to come and do meditation. She will just laugh--doing meditation? How to do it, when it is non-doing? I explained also that meditation is just becoming quiet, so she must have thought it's easier to be quiet in her room than in this crowd. She understood well. And the truth is she doesn't need to meditate. She knows silence. Although she doesn't call it meditation, because meditation has become a scholarly word. She's a simple direct village woman, she says, *chup!*--silence!"

When she returned home after the camp, she asked someone to write this sutra on the wall of the hut:

Silence the means, silence the end, in silence, silence permeates.

Silence, the knowing of all knowing: understand it, you become silence.

Silence is the means, silence is the end, in silence only silence permeates. If you would understand, if you want to understand, then only one thing is worth understanding-silence. The moment you know it, you become silent. There is nothing else to do: *Silence, the knowing of all knowing.*

Her disciples told me, "She doesn't listen to us. If you tell Bai, she'll accept what you say. She'll never refuse you, she'll do what you say. You tell her to have her life's experience written down--she can't write because she's unschooled. Still, whatever she has known, have it written down. Now she's old, the time for her to depart is coming now. Have it written down; it will be helpful for people coming later."

I asked, "Bai, why don't you have it written down?"

Then she replied, "Baapji, if you say so, it is good. When I come to the next camp, you yourself can release it. I'll bring it written down."

At the next camp her disciples waited eagerly, with great excitement. She had put the book in a chest and had it sealed. She had a lock put on it and brought the key.

Her disciples lifted the chest on their heads and brought it to me. They asked me to open it. I opened it and took out a booklet, a tiny little booklet of some ten or fifteen pages; and tiny--about three inches long by two inches wide. And black pages without any white!

I said, "Bhuribai, you have written well. Other people write, but they blacken the page only a little bit. You wrote so there's no white left at all." She had written and written and written.

She said, "Only you can understand. They just don't get it. I told them, 'Look. Other people write. They write a little--they are educated, they can write only a little. I am unschooled, so I wrote on and on, wrote out the whole thing. I didn't leave any space.' And how to have someone else write it? So I just went on writing, went on marking and marking and marking--made the whole book totally black! Now you present it."

And I did present it. Her disciples were very surprised.

I said, "This is real scripture. This is the scripture of scriptures. The Sufis have a book, it is a blank book. They call it *The Book of the Books.* But its pages are white. Bhuribai's book has gone beyond this. Its pages are black."

Bhuribai never used to say anything. When someone used to come and ask her, "What should I do?" she would just make the gesture of touching her finger to her lips--"Just remain silent. Nothing else needs to be done."

Her love was amazing. She had her own way, unique! She doesn't have to return to this world. She has gone forever. *In silence, silence permeates.* She has dissolved. The river has diffused into the ocean. She didn't do anything, she just remained silent. And whoever went to her house she served them. She served them in every way--and silently, quietly.

She was an amazing woman. *early08*

You don't know thousands of enlightened people who have lived and died because they had no special talents so that they became visible to the ordinary man. They may have had something unique; for example they may have had the immense quality of being silent, but that would not be noticed much.

I knew an enlightened man who was in Bombay when I was in Bombay and his only talent was to make beautiful statues out of sand. I have never seen such beautiful statues. The whole day he would make them on the beach, and thousands of people would see them and would be amazed. And they had seen Gautam Buddha's statues, Krishna's, Mahavira's, but there was no comparison. And he was not working in marble, just with the sea sand. People would be throwing rupee notes; he was not at all bothered. I have seen others taking the notes away; he was not concerned about that either. He was so absorbed in making those statues. But those statues didn't last. Just an ocean wave would come and the Buddha was gone.

Before his enlightenment he was earning that way, moving from one city to another city and making sand statues. And they were so beautiful that it was impossible not to give something to him. He earned much, enough for one man.

Now he had become enlightened but he had only one talent: to make sand statues. Of course he will not make sand statues that don't indicate towards enlightenment--but that is the only offering he can give. Existence will use that. His statues are more meditative. Just sitting by the side of his sand statues you could feel that he has given a proportion to the statue, a certain shape, a certain face that creates something within you.

I asked him, "Why do you go on making Gautam Buddha and Mahavira? You can earn more--because this country is not Buddhist and Jainas are very few. You can make Rama, you can make Krishna."

But he said, "They will not serve the purpose; they do not point to the moon. They will be beautiful statues--I have made all those statues before--but now I can make only that which is a teaching, even though it will be invisible to millions of people, almost to all."

Whenever I used to come to Bombay...When I came permanently he had died, but before that whenever I used to come I made it a point to go and visit him. He worked on Juhu beach at that time. It is silent there the whole day. People only came in the evening and by that time his statue was ready. The whole day, no disturbance.

I told him, "You can make statues. Why don't you work in marble? They will remain forever."

He said, "Nothing is permanent"--that is a quotation of Buddha--"and these statues represent Gautam Buddha better than any marble statue. A marble statue has a certain permanence and these statues are momentary: just a strong wind and they are gone, an ocean wave and they are gone. A child comes running and stumbles on the statue, and it is gone."

I said, "Don't you feel bad when you have been working the whole day, and the statue was just going to be complete, and then something happens and the whole day's work is gone?"

He said, "No. All of existence is momentary; there is no question of frustration. I enjoyed making it, and if an ocean wave enjoys unmaking it, then two persons enjoyed! I enjoyed making it, the wave enjoyed unmaking it. So in existence there has been a double quantity of joy--why should I be frustrated? The wave has as much power on the sand as I have; perhaps it has more."

When I was talking to him he said, "You are a little strange because nobody talks to me. People simply throw rupees. They enjoy the statue, but nobody enjoys me. But when you come I feel so blissful that there is somebody who enjoys me, who is not concerned only with the statue but with its inner meaning, with why I am making it. I cannot do anything else. My whole life I have been making statues; that is the only art I know. And now I am surrendered to existence; now existence can use me."

These people will remain unrecognized. A dancer may be a buddha, a singer may be a buddha, but these people will not be recognized, for the simple reason that their way of doing things cannot become a teaching. It cannot help people really to come out of their sleep. But they are doing their best; whatever they can do, they are doing.

The very few people who become masters are those who have earned in their many lives a certain articulateness, a certain insight into words, language, the sound of words, the symmetry and the poetry of language. It is a totally different thing. It is not a question of linguistics or grammar, it is more a question of finding in ordinary language some extraordinary music, of creating the quality of great poetry in ordinary prose. They know how to play with words so that you can be helped to go beyond words.

It is not that they have chosen to be masters, and it is not that existence has chosen them to be masters. It is just a coincidence: before enlightenment they had been great teachers

and they became masters because of enlightenment. Now they can change their teaching into mastery--and certainly that is the most difficult part.

Those who remain silent and disappear peacefully with nobody knowing them have an easy way, but a man like me cannot have an easy way. It was not easy when I was a teacher--how can it be easy when I am a master? It is going to be difficult. *mystic14*

Osho's interaction with Aboriginals

Just in the middle of India there is a state, Bastar. It used to be an independent state under British rule, and the king of Bastar was my friend. And he became my friend by a strange coincidence....

We both were traveling in the same train compartment, and we both looked alike. He had a beard exactly the same size as I had at that time, and he used to wear the same kind of long robe with a lunghi wrapped around. So we were sitting in the same compartment looking at each other, thinking, "This is strange." And he was also looking at me and watching, thinking, "What is the matter?"

Finally, he said to me, "We both look so alike. From where are you coming?" I told him. He said, "Strange...and where are you going?"

So we were going to the same place, Gwalior. And we were going to be the guests at the same palace of the Gwalior maharani, the queen of Gwalior. We were both going to participate in an annual conference she used to call a World Conference of All Religions.

He was going to represent the aboriginal idea. They are pagans, they don't have any organized religion or dogma; they don't have any holy scripture, they don't have any priest. And because he was an educated person, he was going to represent pagans.

I was invited by some misunderstanding. The maharani must have read some of my books and thought that I was a religious person. On the first day of the meeting, she became so worried, because at least fifty thousand people were there in the palace grounds....

It is a beautiful palace, and it has a huge ground where fifty thousand people can sit every year. But when I spoke, she was completely shattered. She could not sleep. At twelve o'clock in the night she knocked on my door. I had left her at ten o'clock after the meeting. I could not think who would be knocking on my door, so I opened the door, and it was the queen herself.

She said, "I cannot sleep. You have shattered my whole mind. And now I cannot allow you to speak tomorrow." The conference was going to continue for seven days, I spoke

only one time. And she said, "My son wants to see you, but I have prohibited him." She said, "Whatever you said feels to be true, but it goes against all our beliefs, all our religious feelings."

I said, "Do you think about truth, or do you think about lies and consolations?"

She said, "I can understand, but my young son who is going to be the head of the state is too young, and he will be impressed by you immediately." She requested me, "Just for my sake--even if he comes, don't allow him in."

So I said, "If I am not going to speak, then I don't have to stay here. You have asked me for seven lectures, and just one lecture and you are finished. Let me do my job. Those fifty thousand people will ask for me."

She said, "I know it, because you were the only one they seemed to be interested in, and there was absolute silence. I have never seen such silence in the crowd. The priests go on speaking, who cares? They are telling the same thing again and again, year after year, the same dogmas. For the first time," the queen said to me, "I understood what it means to have pindrop silence. So they will be asking, but it is difficult, because all the other participants are absolutely against you."...

She said, "You are going to create trouble, and I want no trouble."

I said, "Then if you want to keep those people, you don't understand. You will be in trouble."

At that moment the Bastar maharajah also came in. He was staying in the next room in the guest house with me. And he said to me, "You have done a great job, and if you have to leave, I am coming with you."

That's how we became friends. And he invited me to his state. So from Gwalior I went directly to Bastar. It is far away from Gwalior. And he introduced me to the people of Bastar. They are aboriginals, and they live almost naked. They put only a small piece of cloth around them when they come to the main capital, Jagdalpur--otherwise, in the forest, in the mountains they live naked....

And the aboriginal children who don't have any dreams at all.

Freud could not have conceived that there are people who don't have any dreams, because the Christian-Judaic religion is so repressive. People who have been brought up in that culture cannot conceive that there are still aboriginal people around the world, hidden in deep forests, who are absolutely natural beings. Those people have never heard that there is anything to be repressed.

You can ask a woman, even by touching her breast, "What is this?"--and she will not feel embarrassed, she will not feel offended. She will say, "This is just to give milk to my

child," with no idea that "you are being offensive, you are touching my breast." She is not going to scream, and she is not going to any police station; in fact, there is no police station there.

The people are so innocent, that rarely does it happen that somebody kills someone. It has happened perhaps twice in this maharajah's lifetime. Then the person who has killed comes to the capital himself, because only the capital has the police station and the court. He goes to the police station and informs them: "I have killed a man and I need to be punished." Otherwise no one would ever have known that he had killed anybody. Nobody goes into those deep forests. They live in caves; nobody goes there. And they have such beautiful caves.

And they are such beautiful people. You will not find anybody fat, you will not find anybody thin--they all look alike. They live long, and they live very naturally. Even about sex they are very natural, perhaps the only natural people left in India.

And exactly what they do, has to be done all over the world if you want people not to be perverted. Behind all kinds of mental sicknesses is sexual perversion. In Bastar I found for the first time, people totally natural.

After a girl and a boy come of age--that is thirteen and fourteen...They have in their villages, in the middle of the village, a small hall just made of bamboos, as their huts are made. The moment a girl starts having periods, she has to stay in the central hall. By the time a boy is fourteen, sexually potent, he has to live...All the girls and the boys who have become sexually mature, they start living together, sleeping together, with one condition--and that is a beautiful condition--that no boy should sleep with a girl for more than three days. So you have to become acquainted with every girl of the village, and every girl has to become acquainted with every boy of the village.

Before you decide to marry someone, you must know every woman of the village, so there is no question arising afterwards that you start feeling lustful for some woman. You have lived with all the women of your age, and it is your choice after the experiment with all the woman.

And there is no jealousy at all, because from the very beginning everybody is living with every girl. Every boy has the chance to be acquainted with every girl of the village, and every girl has the chance to be acquainted with every boy of the village.

So there is no question of any jealousy, there is no competitive spirit at all. It is just an experiment, an opportunity for every child to know sex with different people, and then find out who suits you, and with whom you were the most happy, with whom you settle harmoniously, with whom you felt your heart. Perhaps this is the only scientific way to find a soul mate.

But these people are called uncivilized, and missionaries are doing a great job of civilizing them: opening schools, hospitals. They don't need hospitals. They are such

healthy people, and these missionaries bring all kinds of diseases to them. They have never heard about gonorrhea, they have never heard about all kinds of perverted diseases. The missionaries bring the diseases, and then the hospital.

The missionaries bring the idea to them that you are poor. They have never thought about it--they are all equal, equally poor. There is no question of comparison, and they are living perfectly well, and healthy, on one meal a day. They are more healthy than anybody else in the world.

Just recently scientists have been experimenting on rats, and they were puzzled. They kept two categories of rats, the same kind. To one category they were giving as much food as they wanted--American rats. And to the other category, the Bastar rats, they were giving food only one time. And they were surprised. The rats who were given whatever they wanted, lived to be only half of the age of the rats who were fed only one time. They were double the age--twice the American fellows!

So Bastar people live longer, although they don't know how long they have lived, because they cannot count. They live up to one hundred years very easily, one hundred and twenty very easily. If you search deeper in the forests, perhaps you can find a person who has lived one hundred and fifty years. They don't know it--you have to figure it out. And they don't look that old either.

Even the oldest person goes on working. Life is hard, but it is beautiful. Every night--particularly when it is fullmoon nights--they dance to abandon. The whole day they have been working hard, and in the night they dance. All the women, all the men together...no question that you have to dance with your wife. People go on changing partners. It is a social phenomenon, it is not a question of possessiveness that you should dance with your own wife. And if she is dancing with somebody else, then you are looking jealous, you are looking murderous.

I have watched their dances. They look so beautiful. There is no question of any lust, because they are fulfilled, sexually fulfilled, physically fulfilled.

They don't have dreams. I have asked many. I have asked the maharajah. He said, "They don't have dreams, but I have because I am an educated person. They destroyed me. I was born in these hills, and I would have loved to remain just as uneducated, as uncultured as these people. Their joy is infectious, their laughter is infectious. But they don't have any dreams."

There is no need for dreams. A dream is a need created by a repressive morality, by a repressive God, by a repressive priesthood. These are the people who have created dreams. And then another priesthood has come into being, the psychoanalyst. They exploit your dreaming. One priesthood has created the dreams, another priesthood...and both were Jews. *celebr06*

I may have told you: I was staying in Central India--there is a small aboriginal tribal land, Bastar. I used to go there often just to see how man was ten or twelve thousand years ago, because they are that far back. They live naked; they eat raw meat.

I used to study how man must have been and how he must have evolved. I was staying.... In those days Bastar was a state, and the king of Bastar was my friend. He was a very courageous man, and he loved me so much that just because of me, he was killed.

The government became afraid because he was a king of a state, and he was too much under my influence. He was allowing me to use all his resthouses in the mountains, in the jungles of Bastar, and they thought that if he wanted...because he was worshipped by the aboriginals as God, just as in the old way every nation in the past worshipped kings as gods. They are still in the past, they are not contemporary people, and if he said anything about me, they would accept it without any question.

The chief minister of Central India was very much against me. He was a Brahmin, and he wanted that I should be prevented from reaching Bastar. He told the king; the king refused. He said, "He is my friend, and I love what he says--and I am not under anybody's power." Finding some excuse, police action was taken and the king was killed...thirty-six bullets; no chance was taken that he would be left alive. His name was Bhanjdeo. Because of him I enjoyed absolute freedom in his state.

I was staying in one of his guesthouses, and I saw a bonfire in the middle of the tribe--the tribe make their beautiful huts in a circle. So I went there--it must have been nine or ten o'clock in the night--and a Christian missionary was teaching them that the real religion, the only real religion, is Christianity.

So I sat just there with the crowd, and the missionary was not aware that somebody else from the outside was present. He had a bucket full of water, and the bonfire was there--it was a cool night. He brought from his bag two statues; one was of Rama, the Hindu god, and one was of Jesus Christ.

And he said, "You can see these statues: one is Rama--the Hindu god you worship--and one is Jesus Christ; he is our god. And I will put them to a test to show you." He put both of them in the bucket of water. Rama drowned, and Jesus remained floating.

And he said, "You can see!--this fellow cannot even save himself; how can he save you? And look at Jesus Christ: while he was alive he used to walk on water; even in his statue he is floating! He can save you."

And many poor aboriginals nodded their heads, "That is true. You can see--there is no question."

I said to myself, "This is something I had never imagined--that these aboriginals are being converted to Christianity in this way." I stood up, I went close, and took both out of the bucket--Rama and Jesus--and as I took them I immediately felt that the Rama statue

was made of steel, painted exactly the same way as Jesus' statue; and Jesus' statue was made of very soft wood, very light wood. So I asked the aborigines, "Have you ever heard in your scriptures about a water test?"

They said, "No."

"Have you heard about a fire test?"

They said, "Yes!"...because in Hindu scriptures, the fire test is a well-known fact. A water test nobody has heard of.

I said, "So you can see now.... " I threw both of them into the bonfire. Jesus immediately started burning! The missionary tried to escape. I said, "Hold this man, don't let him go! Let him see the whole scene. Now Rama is safe even in the fire; Jesus is gone."

The aboriginals were very happy, and they said, "This is the real test, and this man was cheating us; a water test we have never heard of. But we never thought--we are poor people, we don't think--we agreed with him. If you had not been here he would have made us all Christians. This is his way; he has converted many tribes here in the forest to Christianity. This is his only game."

I said,"What do you think?--should we put him also to the fire test?"

They said, "That will be great, but that will be dangerous because he will be caught in it; he will not be able to save himself." And he was in such fear, trembling, that these people...and if I had told them to, they would certainly have put him in the fire!

And he said, "I will never do such a thing again."

"But," I said, "this is absolutely ugly. It is not religion that you are practicing; you are cheating poor people, innocent--and you call it conversion."

Any dignified philosophy does not believe in conversion. Jainism does not believe in it. It simply makes available to you all its treasure, and if you are interested you can join the caravan, but nobody wants you to be converted. *transm25*

One man has been opening schools in India for aboriginal children his whole life. He is a follower of Gandhi. Just by chance he met me, because I had gone into that aboriginal tribe. I was studying those aboriginals from every view, because they are living examples of days when man was not so much burdened with all kinds of morality, religion, civilization, culture, etiquette, manners. They are simple, innocent, still wild, fresh.

This man was going and collecting money from cities, and opening schools and bringing teachers. Just by the way he met me there. I said, "What are you doing? You think you are doing great service to these people?"

He said, "Of course!"

So arrogantly he said, "Of course!" I said, "You are not aware of what you are doing. Schools exist in the cities, better than these: what help have they provided for human beings? And if those schools cannot provide, and colleges and universities cannot provide any help to humanity, what do you think?--*your* small schools are going to help these poor aboriginals?

"All that you will do is, you will destroy their originality. All that you will do is, you will destroy their primitive wildness. They are still free: your schools will create nothing but trouble for them."

The man was shocked, but he waited for a few seconds and then said, "Perhaps you are right, because once in a while I have been thinking that these schools and colleges and universities exist on a far wider scale all over the world. What can my small schools do? But then I thought it was Gandhi's order to me to go to aboriginals and open schools, so I am following my master's order."

I said, "If your master was an idiot, that does not mean that you have to continue following the order. Now, stop--I *order* you! And I tell you why you have been doing all this--just to escape from your own suffering, your own misery. You are a miserable man; anybody can see it from your face. You have never loved anybody, you have never been loved by anybody."

He said, "How did you manage to infer that?--because it is true. I was an orphan, nobody loved me, and I have been brought up in Gandhi's ashram where love was only talked about in prayer; otherwise, love was not a thing to be practiced. There was strict discipline, a kind of regimentation. So nobody has ever loved me, that's true; and you are right, I have never loved anybody because in Gandhi's ashram it was impossible to fall in love. That was the greatest crime.

"I was one of those whom Gandhi praised because I never fell in his eyes. Even his own sons betrayed him. Devadas, his son, fell in love with Rajgopalchary's daughter, and then he was expelled from the ashram; they got married. Gandhi's own personal secretary, Pyarelal, fell in love with a woman and kept the love affair secret for years. When it was exposed it was a scandal, a great scandal."

I said, "What nonsense! But Gandhi's personal secretary...that means, what about others?" And this man was praised because he never came in contact with any woman! Gandhi sent him to the aboriginal tribes and he had been doing what the master had said.

But he said to me, "You have disturbed me. Perhaps it is true: I am just trying to escape from myself, from my wounds, from my own anguish."

So all these people who become interested in saving humanity, in the first place are very egoistic. They are thinking of themselves as saviors. In the second place, they are very sick. *dark01*

Gandhians and Politicians

After Indian Independence in 1947, the National Congress Party was Gandhi's movement, so all politicians and most of the country were Gandhians. When Gandhi died in 1948, his ashram at Wardha was continued by his son Ramdas.

Because I was born into a certain Jaina religious group, they were the first people to surround me. When people started looking at me, asking me questions, feeling that something has happened in me, the first ones were bound to be Jainas because they were my relatives, they were my neighbors. It was obvious that they would be the first. Naturally their questions were concerned with Jainism, with Mahavira....

When I was surrounded with Jainas I had to talk with these people about things which have no importance, nothing. But those were the people and these were their questions. Slowly, slowly others started moving towards me, Jainas became a minority. Out of that minority a few are still here--very few, their percentage has fallen to one percent at the most.

The second group that followed, which was certainly the closest group to the Jainas...Mahatma Gandhi had adopted a Jaina doctrine of nonviolence, so all the Jainas became Gandhians, and all the Gandhians came close to the Jainas. At least on one point they were in agreement. So when Jainas were becoming alert that I am a dangerous man, Gandhians followed. Their great leaders--Vinoba Bhave wanted to meet me; Shankarrao Deo attended a meditation camp; Dada Dharmadhikari attended many meditation camps; Acharya Bhagwat attended many meditation camps. And because these were the thinkers of Gandhism, all over India Gandhians started becoming interested in me.

Again I was surrounded by a certain group with a fixed ideology. The day I criticized Mahatma Gandhi...I was simply stating the facts, not even criticizing him. Somebody had asked, "What do you think about Mahatma Gandhi and his philosophy of nonviolence?"...

I said that Mahatma Gandhi was simply a cunning politician. By adopting nonviolence he was managing many things. All the Jainas became his followers. They found a certain man who was in tune with them; although he was not a Jaina, he was at least nine percent Jaina. I have the percentages about Gandhi: he was born a Hindu, but he was only one percent Hindu. He was born in Gujarat, an area very dominated by Jaina philosophy; nine

percent he was a Jaina. And ninety percent he was a Christian. Thrice in his life he was just on the verge of being converted to Christianity.

I said to them that by nonviolence he managed the Jainas; he also managed the upper-class Hindus who are nonviolent people; he also managed to influence Christian missionaries, Christians, because Jesus Christ's message is of love, and nonviolence is another name of love. And these were not all the benefits of accepting nonviolence. The most important thing is, India has been for two thousand years a slave country. It has forgotten what it means to be independent. It is not yet independent, its mind has become that of a slave....

Indians are very much afraid of fighting. They have never fought. A small group could manage to keep this vast continent in slavery. The ownership changed from one group to another, but India remained in slavery.

Secondly, Gandhi was intelligent enough to see that on the one hand Indians are not people who will fight, and on the other hand, they don't have any weapons to fight with.

Thirdly, the British empire of that day was the greatest power in the world. It was impossible to fight violently with the British empire: you don't have weapons, you don't have trained people to fight, you don't know anything about fighting.

Nonviolence was a political policy. It served many purposes, and served well....

So I said that Gandhi's nonviolence was not a spiritual philosophy, but a political policy. And it is proved by the facts. He had promised before independence that the moment India became free, all armies would be dissolved, all arms would be thrown into the ocean. When asked, "If you do this and somebody attacks, what are you going to do?" he said, "We will receive them as our guest and we will say to them, `We stay here; you also can stay.'"

After independence everything was forgotten. Neither the armies were dissolved, nor the arms were thrown into the ocean; on the contrary, Gandhi himself blessed the first attack on Pakistan. Three Indian Air Force planes came to receive his blessings and he came out of his house and blessed the planes. All nonviolence and all that bullshit talk that he was doing his whole life was forgotten.

The moment I criticized Gandhi...And this was only on one point. I am a man who loves to go deep into everything. If I don't go, I don't go at all. Once I started, I had to condemn Mahatma Gandhi on a thousand and one grounds, and on each point Gandhians disappeared; now I don't think even one percent of those present are Gandhians--not here, even in India, because they cannot be Gandhians if I am right. I have condemned him point by point.

I have not changed, just the people around me went on changing. When Gandhians disappeared then the people who were communists, socialists, who were against

Gandhism thought, "This is a great chance. If he can support us..." But I had not condemned Gandhi to support communism. I had never thought about it, that this would become an opportunity for socialists and communists. And then I had to condemn them. There is no other way to get rid of such people.

So all those political talks were a necessity, to find out exactly who my people are: who are without any prejudice; who have come to me; who have not come to me to hear about Christ, or to hear about Buddha, or to hear about Gandhi, or to hear about Mahavira; who have come directly to listen to me. I have my own message, I have my own manifesto to the world....

I have never been a serious person. But I was surrounded by serious people for many years, and amongst those serious people it is very difficult not to be serious. It is almost like being in a hospital. You have at least to pretend that you are serious. For years I was surrounded by sick people and I had at least to pretend that I was serious.

I am not serious at all because existence is not serious. It is so playful, so full of song and so full of music and so full of subtle laughter. It has no purpose; it is not business-like. It is pure joy, sheer dance, out of overflowing energy. *hari18*

Gandhi's songs of the unity of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, his discourses that both are the same, that there is no difference, are proved all bogus, because his own son, eldest son, Haridas, who was a rebel from his very birth--and I love that man, he was far superior in every way than his father....

He wanted to go to school and Gandhi will not allow because he thought that all education poisons people. So no education for children. He will teach them enough so they can read religious scriptures. But Haridas was insistent that he wants to learn everything the way other boys are learning. Gandhi threatened him that, "If you go to school, then never enter in my house again."

Do you think this is the attitude of a non-violent man? And that too against a small child, and whose demand is not in any way for any crime. He is not saying that he wants to go to a prostitute. He is simply asking to go to school to study just like everybody else. And his argument is perfect. He said, "You have been educated and you are not poisoned, so why you are so worried? I am your son. If you can be educated, if you can attain to the degree of bar at law, then why can't I? Why you are so suspicious?"

But Gandhi said, "I have given you the ultimatum. Either you live in this house with me, then no school, or you go to school, then this house is no more for you."

And I love that boy. He left the house--with grace. He touched his father's feet, asked for his blessings, which Mahatma Gandhi could not give.

I cannot see non-violence and love. In these small acts you can find the real person, not in speeches, public performances.

The boy left. He lived with one of his uncles, studied, many times wanted just to come and see his mother but was refused. He graduated, and just to see how much Gandhi means that Hinduism and Mohammedanism are all one he became a Mohammedan. He was really a colorful man.

He became Mohammedan, he changed his name--meaning still the same. Haridas means servant of God. So he asked the Mohammedan priest to give him a name which means Haridas in Arabic. Abdullah means exactly the same. Abd means God, Abdullah means servant of God. So he became Abdullah Gandhi.

When Gandhi heard about it, he was so much shocked. He was so angry. His wife said, "But why you should be so angry? Every morning, every evening, you say both are the same. That's why he must be trying, that, "If both are same.... Hinduism I have lived for all these years, now let us see what is Mohammedanism."

And Gandhi was angry that, "This is not a matter to laugh. He is disinherited from my property. He is no more my son, and I don't want him to see again." And in India when somebody dies and his funeral pyre is lit with fire, the eldest son puts the fire. So Gandhi made it his will that "Haridas is not my son and I emphasize the fact that after my death he should not put the fire into my funeral."

What anger! What violence!

I have known this man, Haridas Gandhi. He was really a lovely man. And he said, "I simply became a Mohammedan just to see how my father reacts. And he exactly reacted the way I thought, so all that unity of religions, Hindu and Mohammedan, Christian and Buddhism, is all nonsense. It is all politics. That's what I wanted to prove and I have proved it."

The place where I lived, just eighty miles away from there, just a coincidence that Haridas.... It was a junction station. He was coming from one train and Gandhi was passing into another train, so he came close to the compartment of Gandhi just to see his father, and the mother will be there. Gandhi, seeing him coming towards the compartment, closed all the windows and told his wife that, "If you open the window and talk with him, then my connections with you are finished. Then you can go with him."

Kasturbhai, Gandhi's wife, was crying, weeping, but could not open the window. Haridas was knocking on the window. Gandhi was standing there. And this man is thought to be the greatest non-violent saint of the contemporary world. I don't agree.

And this is just one instance. I have gone through his life in very detail and I have found thousands of instances where his real personality surfaces. His public performance is a different thing. *last404*

Babasaheb Ambedkar was a sudra, but caught the eye of a very rich man who, seeing he was so intelligent, sent him to study in England. He became one of the greatest experts of

law in the world and he helped make the constitution of India. He was continuously fighting for the sudras to whom he belonged, and that is one-fourth of the Hindu society. He wanted a separate vote for the sudras--and he was absolutely right.

I don't see why they should belong to the Hindu fold which has tortured them for ten thousand years, forced them to do every sort of ugly work and paid them almost nothing. They are not even allowed to live in the cities, they have to live outside the city. Just before freedom, they were not allowed to move in many streets of the town. In many places they were forced to announce loudly, "I am a sudra and I am passing through here. Those who can hear me, please move out of the way..." because even their shadows falling on you, defile you.

But finding no way, because Mahatma Gandhi was insistent that sudras should not leave the Hindu fold.... That was also a political strategy, because if one-fourth of the Hindus leave the fold, then Hindus will become a minority in their own country. There are Mohammedans, there are Christians, there are Jainas; now if a new big chunk would go out of the Hindu fold, the country of the Hindus would become almost the country of other religions. And if they all got together, Hindus would never be in power.

I don't consider Mahatma Gandhi a religious man either; he belonged to the same category as Doctor Ambedkar. Gandhi went on a fast to death so that Ambedkar had to take back his stand. He had to withdraw the idea that sudras should be given a separate vote. And Gandhi was clever...he started calling sudras *harijans.* Cunning people always play with words. Words don't make any difference--whether you call them sudras, untouchables, or harijans...harijans means, "children of God."

I had a long discussion with Mahatma Gandhi's son, Ramdas. I said, "Don't you see the cunningness? The children of God have been suffering for ten thousand years and those who are not children of God are exploiting them, torturing them, oppressing them, raping their women, completely burning their towns with all living people inside. If these are the children of God, it is better not to be a child of God. That is dangerous."

Gandhi changed the name just to give it a beautiful meaning, but everything inside remained the same. And he went on a fast unto death unless Ambedkar takes his statement back.

If I had been in the place of Ambedkar, I would have told Mahatma Gandhi, "It is your business to live or to die. It is your business if you want to fast--you are free to. Fast unto death or even beyond!"

But Ambedkar was pressurized from all over the country, because if Gandhi died the whole blame would come on Ambedkar. And I would have told Gandhi, "This is a very violent method, and you have been talking about nonviolence. Is this nonviolence?"...

After Gandhi had been fasting for twenty-one days, and his health had started to fall fast, the doctor said, "Do something; otherwise the old man will be gone." Ambedkar was

much pressurized by all the Indian national leaders who said to him, "Go to Mahatma Gandhi. Ask for his forgiveness, offer him a glass of orange juice to break his fast...and renounce your movement; otherwise you will be remembered always as the one who killed the greatest man of this country, the great religious man." And Ambedkar had to do it, although unwillingly.

I would not have done it! I would have accepted the blame, I would have accepted history's condemnation. Who cares when you are dead what is written in history about you? At least you don't know what is written, and you don't read. Let them write anything....

But I would have insisted that this was not a nonviolent method. It was absolutely violent but in a very subtle way. I threaten to kill you--this is violence. And I threaten to kill myself if you don't accept me--is this logical? The standpoint that Gandhi was taking was absolutely illogical, but he supported it by threatening. It is blackmail to say, "I will kill myself."

Ambedkar managed another way. He started converting the sudras to Buddhism. That's why now there are a few lakhs of Buddhists, but they are not in any way religious. It was just a political manoeuver. *bodhi19*

In this context it is necessary to ask if Ambedkar used the right means, or Gandhi? Of the two, who is really non-violent? In my view Gandhi's way was utterly violent, and Ambedkar proved to he nonviolent. Gandhi was determined till the last moment to pressure Ambedkar with his threat to kill himself.

It makes no difference whether I threaten to kill you or to kill myself to make you accept my view. In either case, I am using pressure and violence. *krishn10*

People ask me what non-violence is every day. My answer is that non-violence is knowledge of the self. If you come to know yourself you will know the essence of man. This awareness gives birth to love, and it is impossible for love to inflict pain. This is non-violence. *long06*

Mahatma Gandhi's son Ramdas was very much interested in me for the simple reason that, as he said, "You are the only man who has criticized my father--everybody worshiped him. I could see many times that he was going too far in illogical, superstitious things, but he was a man of great weight. It was better to remain silent--because what happened with my eldest brother, Haridas? He was thrown out of the home, and my mother was told, `If you allow him any entry in the house, remember--you will be the next to be thrown out.'"...

Ramdas was very interested in me because I had been criticizing Gandhi point by point, and no Gandhian had dared to answer me on anything--they could not answer. So when Gandhi died, Ramdas became the head of his ashram, and he used to invite me once in a while. *mess204*

In Mahatma Gandhi's ashram you could not use a mosquito net. His son, Ramdas, was very friendly with me. He had invited me to the ashram, but I said to him, "I cannot stay here with all these mosquitoes. Any intelligent person can understand that a mosquito net is not a luxury, it is not something unspiritual."

And what had Mahatma Gandhi substituted? He had substituted kerosene oil. You put kerosene oil on your face, on your hands, on whatever parts are exposed, put kerosene oil.

Naturally, the mosquitoes are more intelligent than you--they don't come near you, because it stinks! But how can you sleep? You have to choose between mosquitoes or kerosene oil.

I said, "I am not going to choose, I am simply leaving. This seems to be some insane asylum--it is not an ashram."

Gandhi had adopted five basic principles of life from Jainism. The first is: *aswad,* no-taste--you have to eat, but if you taste, you are a materialist.

I am just trying to show you how they are making it difficult and impossible and unnatural. If you eat, you are bound to taste because you have taste buds in your tongue. Those taste buds don't know anything about your spirituality and the other world, they will simply function. *sword09*

The most difficult time was the mealtime, because Gandhi used to give everybody--and he was very particular about it--a chutney made of neem leaves, which are the bitterest in the world. They are very medicinal. They are good, they purify the blood. But one is not eating in order to purify the blood. And every day, purifying the blood--too much purified!...

And I asked--Gandhi had died--when I visited his ashram; his son was in charge. I asked him, "Do you think...is it not pure hypocrisy? Because tastelessness does not mean that you have to make your food bitter--to experience bitterness is also taste, just as to experience sweet. It is such a simple thing, but you never objected to your father."

He said, "Nobody ever thought about it...that bitterness is also a taste."

I said, "It is so simple. Whatever you do, it will be hypocrisy. Taste will be there." *yaahoo24*

I will give you the example of Mahatma Gandhi. In India railway trains have four classes--the air-conditioned, the first class, the second class and the third class. And the country is so poor that even to afford a third class ticket is difficult for almost half of the people of the land. Gandhi started traveling in third class.

I used to have discussions with his son, Ramdas, and I told him, "This is simply crowding the third class, it is already too crowded. This is not helping the poor." And you will be surprised; because Gandhi was traveling in the third class, the whole compartment was booked for him. In a sixty-foot compartment--where at least eighty to ninety persons would have traveled--he alone is traveling. And his biographers will write, "He was so kind to the poor."

He used to drink goat's milk because that is the cheapest, and the poorest of people can afford it. Naturally, everybody who is conditioned with the idea immediately appreciates what a great man he is. But you don't know about his goat! I am a little crazy, because I don't care about Mahatma Gandhi much, but I care certainly about the goat.

I inquired everything about the goat, and I found that his goat was being bathed every day with Lux toilet soap. The food of the goat cost in those days, ten rupees--ten rupees was the salary of a school teacher for one month. But nobody will look into these matters. Only one woman, a very intelligent woman in Mahatma Gandhi's circle, Sarojini Naidu--later on she became the governor of North India--joked once that to keep Mahatma Gandhi poor, we have to destroy treasures. His poverty is very costly.

But it worked. As a politician he became the greatest politician, because the poor people thought "This is the man who is our real representative, because he lives like a poor man in a cottage, he drinks goats' milk, he travels in third class." But they don't know the background--that to maintain his poverty was very costly....

I once said to Ramdas, Mahatma Gandhi's son, that if it is sympathy and kindness and compassion to live like a poor man amongst the poor, then what about other things? If there are a few blind people, should I live with a blindfold? Or if there are unintelligent people--and there are, the whole world is full of the unintelligent--should I also live like the retarded, the stupid, just out of sympathy?

No, this cannot be the criterion of being good, of being virtuous, of being religious. If somebody is sick, that does not mean that the doctor should come and lie down on another bed, so as to help the sick. Everybody can see the nonsense in it. The doctor has to remain healthy so that he can help those who are sick. If he himself becomes sick out of sympathy, then who is going to help? The same is true in the inner growth of man. *mess211*

For twenty years I have criticized Mahatma Gandhi and his philosophy. No Gandhian has answered. Many Gandhians have come to me and they say, "Whatsoever you say is right, but we cannot say it in public, because if we say that whatsoever you say about Mahatma Gandhi is right, we will lose." The public believes in Mahatma Gandhi. so utter nonsense has to be supported because Gandhi was anti-technological. Now this country will remain poor if this country remains anti-technological; this country will never be in a state of wellbeing. And there is no need for technology always to be anti-ecology; there is no need. A technology can be developed which can be in tune with ecology A technology

can be developed which can help people and will not destroy nature--but Gandhi was against technology.

He was against the railway, he was against the post office, he was against electricity, he was against machines of all kinds. They know this is stupid, because if this continues... But they go on saying so, and they go on paying homage to Mahatma Gandhi because they have to get the votes from the people. And the people worship the Mahatma because the Mahatma fits with their ideas of how a mahatma should be.

Mahatma Gandhi fits with the Indian mob; the Indian mob worships him. The politician has to follow the mob. Remember always: in politics the leader follows the followers. He has to! He only pretends that he is leading; deep down he has to follow the followers. Once the followers leave him, he is nowhere. He cannot stand on his own, he has no ground of his own.

Gandhi worshipped poverty. Now if you worship poverty you will remain poor. Poverty has to be hated.

I hate poverty! I cannot say to worship it; that would be a crime. And I don't see any religious quality in just being poor. But Gandhi talked much about poverty and its beauty--it helps the poor man's ego, it buttresses his ego; he feels good. It is a consolation that he is religious, simple--he is poor. He may not have riches but he has some spiritual richness. Poverty in itself is not a spiritual richness; no, not at all. Poverty is ugly and poverty has to be destroyed. And to destroy poverty, technology has to be brought in.

Mahatma Gandhi was against birth control. Now if you are against birth control this country will become poorer and poorer every day. Then there is no possibility. *sos204*

One of the Congress presidents in India, U.N. Dhebar, was attending my camps and there should have been no difficulty, but one day he told me, "Osho, you are the real inheritor of Mahatma Gandhi's ideology, although you have never been with Mahatma Gandhi. You have never been associated with Gandhism, but if you start teaching Gandhism, then it can be saved from dying."

I said, "It would have been better if you had not said this, because I hate to be anybody's successor and I hate to propagate anyone else's philosophy."

And that day I criticized Mahatma Gandhi on many points. I would never have bothered because there are millions of people in the world; I am not going to criticize everybody, there is not time for that. But U.N. Dhebar just pointed me towards Mahatma Gandhi, so he was responsible, he was present.

After the meeting I asked him, "If you have anything to say you can say it to me now or you can say in the next meeting before everybody. I am willing to have an open discussion about it because I think that Gandhism should die if India has to live. If Gandhism continues then India will have to die. And if I have to choose between the two

I would choose that India live--Gandhi is already dead. It does not matter if Gandhism also dies. Who cares?"

He said, "No I cannot discuss it publicly. I understand what you say is right, but you should be more discriminating."

I said, "You are a politician, I am not a politician. A politician has to be discriminatory, but why should I be?"

He said, "I am simply telling you that you have such a great following in the Gandhians that if you say things against Gandhi all these people will leave. They will not leave Gandhism, they will leave you. That's why I am saying you should be more discriminating. When you make any statement you should wait and see whether it is going in favor of you or against you." And he was giving friendly advice. But what he actually meant by discrimination was diplomacy.

I am not a diplomat.

I said, "I will say whatever feels to me to be the right thing, whatever the consequences."

I have lost many followers in these thirty years in the same way. *last601*

Certainly many people have come to me and have had to drop me for small reasons, because those small reasons, to them, were very fundamental.

I had many followers of Mahatma Gandhi around me at a certain time. Even the president of the Congress, the ruling party, U.N. Dhebar, was coming to my camps...Shankar Rao Dev, one-time secretary general of the ruling party, and many imminent Gandhians.

I used to wear hand-spun clothes, and that is something very spiritual to the Gandhians. It was perfectly good in India's freedom struggle as a token of protest against Britain, that we would not use clothes manufactured in Manchester, in Lancashire. And it had a certain logic behind it: before the British rulers came to India, India had such craftsmen that even today there is no technology to create such thin material as was spun and woven by the Indian craftsmen--particularly living in Dacca and around Dacca in Bangladesh. Their clothes were so beautiful that Britain was at a loss as to how to compete with them in the market.

And what was done was so ugly: the hands of those craftsmen were cut; thousands of people lost their hands so that the beautiful clothes coming from Dacca should disappear. This is not human. It was good as a protest, that "We will not use clothes woven by your machinery. You have destroyed our people, for whom it was not only a living but an art, an art that they have inherited for thousands of years, generation to generation."

But now that the country is independent, that protest no longer has any meaning. After the country became independent, it was idiotic to make hand-spun clothes and the

spinning wheel something spiritual. To protest against this, I had to drop those hand-spun clothes. Because now India needs more machinery, more technology; otherwise, the people are going to be hungry, naked, without any roof over their heads.

The moment I started using clothes made by machinery, I was no longer spiritual. All the Gandhians disappeared. U.N. Dhebar, the president of the Congress, told me, "You are unnecessarily losing thousands of followers. Be a little more diplomatic."

I said, "You are telling me to be a diplomat, to be cunning, to be an exploiter, to cheat people? Just to keep them following me I should fulfill their expectations? I am the last one to do that."

And this went on happening in small things, small matters. *upan31*

I know lots of political leaders who always sit with their spinning wheels at hand. They never spin or anything. Just if someone should come visiting, quickly they begin spinning the wheel.

I was a guest at the house of a politician. I was much surprised; now how long can he deceive me! I was there at the house. But his spinning wheel never turned. And whenever anyone arrived, he immediately began preparing his wheel; began drawing out thread.

I asked him, "What is this set up? How long will it take you to spin thread this way? When that man comes in, you stop again because the man has arrived. As the man comes inside the door, you put up the thread. How will you ever spin any thread?"

He replied, "Who is spinning thread? No, this is just a show I have to put on for these idiots. And what do I know about spinning thread? It breaks again and again."

But clever politicians have very small spinning wheels made. They carry them on airplanes too. Those spinning wheels don't work. They buy khadi cloth--Pure khadi...etc. *JyunThaTyun*

I used to stay with one of the presidents of the ruling congress party, U.N. Dhebar. He was very much interested in me. He used to attend my camps, even though all his political friends tried to prevent him, telling him, "Don't go to this man." But he was not a politician, not cunning, a very simple and very authentic man.

It was just by chance, accidentally, that he had become the president. It happens in most cases. He was chosen as the president because he was the most polite--a nice man who would never say no. And Pandit Jawaharlal needed a yes-man. He was the prime minister and he wanted the organization of congress to be ruled either by himself--which would look dictatorial--or by a yes-man. And U.N. Dhebar was such a simple man that he would say yes to whatever Jawaharlal wanted. So it was Jawaharlal who was dictating almost everything.

I was staying once in his house in New Delhi, and he was talking to me and gossiping about all the political leaders, what kind of people we have got; all kinds of idiots he was telling me about....

And then suddenly came a phone call. U.N. Dhebar took the phone and said, "I am very busy and I cannot give you any appointment for at least seven days," and put the phone down.

I said, "You are not busy, you are just gossiping with me."

He said, "This is the trouble in politics. You have to pretend that you are very busy, that you don't have any time--and you have all the time. But you have to show the people that you are a very busy man, not approachable so easily. So I have told him after seven days he should phone again. If I have time, then I will see him. Although I am completely free...because you are here I have canceled all my programs. While you are here in my house, I don't want to waste my time with anybody else. I want to be with you. This is a rare chance, because in the camps I cannot have much time with you. This is a great opportunity. And I have told everybody--the guards--`Don't allow anybody...'"

I said, "This is strange. That man may have some important work."

He said, "Who cares? Nobody cares about anybody." Such a nice person, very cultured, educated, but who cares? *gdead05*

I don't like to waste people's time; I am not a political leader. A political leader is supposed to come late. Again, the same power--you have to wait....

I am not a politician. I am neither a big shot nor a small fry. I am just a human being, neither anything more nor anything less. I have been particular about arriving in time. *dark03*

I have known intimately many presidents of the ruling party, and I don't think any one of them had any high qualities of intelligence. *mess121*

The Gandhians now stay in palaces. But there also they apply novel techniques. I went to see Rashtrapati Bhavan when Rajendrababu was the president. The gate-keeper told me that the president had spread a mat over the viceroy's seat. What is the sense in spreading mats and wearing loin clothes in a palace which is tended by about a thousand servants? These are the symptoms of madness, result of our extremist philosophy. Stay in a hut if you like, or in a palace if you like, but what is the consolation behind faking the look of a hut in a palace? The two things do not harmonise. And that is because of the internal strife. *gandhi01*

The house of the president of India has one hundred rooms with attached bathrooms, one hundred acres of garden. This used to be the viceroy's house and still they have separate guesthouses. What are these hundred rooms doing there? One wonders....

I have once been there because one of the presidents, Zakir Hussain, was interested in me. He was a vice-chancellor of Aligarh University and when he was the vice-chancellor, I spoke there. He was presiding, and he loved what I had said. When he became president and he came to know that I was in Delhi, he invited me to come and he took me around. I asked him, "What purpose are these one hundred rooms serving?"

He said, "They are just useless. In fact to maintain them, one hundred servants are needed. For the maintenance of this big garden of one hundred acres, one hundred rooms--and in front you see two big buildings. They are guesthouses and each guesthouse must have at least twenty-five rooms, not less than that."

I said, "This is absolute wastage. In how many rooms do you sleep?"

He said, "In how many rooms? I sleep in my bed. I'm not a monster that I will spread myself into many rooms...head in one room, and the body in another and the legs in another."

"But then," I said, "these hundred rooms which are simply empty, fully furnished with everything available that a man needs, should be put to some use."

But this is the situation around the world. The emperors have big palaces and still there is no space. They are always making new palaces, new guesthouses. *bodhi18*

One of the prime ministers of India, Lalbahadur Shastri*, was a very good man, as good as a politician can be. I have known so many politicians that I can say perhaps he was the best out of all those criminals. He said, "If you are a little less sincere and a little more diplomatic, you can become the greatest mahatma in the country. But you go on saying the naked truth without bothering that this is going to create more enemies for you. Can't you be a little diplomatic?"

I said, "You are asking me to be diplomatic? That means being a hypocrite; knowing something but saying something else, doing something else. I am going to remain the same. I can drop being religious if it is needed, but I cannot drop being rebellious because to me that is the very soul of religion. I can drop every other thing which is thought to be religious, but I cannot drop rebellion; that is the very soul."... *dark21*

*Note: Lalbahadur Shastri was prime minister of India in 1964, after Nehru

Lalbahadur Shastri, was immensely interested in me. He died with one of my books on his chest. He was reading it and must have fallen asleep, had a heart attack, and died.....

He was very available to me, but even he was not courageous enough to come to see me. He managed a lunch, in a political way, in the house of one of his cabinet ministers.

This man, Karan Singh, was interested in me--he was the king of Kashmir, and because Kashmir became dissolved into India, he was immediately taken into the cabinet.

Naturally he had to be given something; he was the first to join India and give his whole country to the union. He was very much interested in me, so Lalbahadur said, "This would be good. You call him and me for lunch, so just casually we meet and discuss. My going to him will be dangerous to my career." And he confessed it to me that this is how diplomacy works. Nobody knows--just a casual, accidental meeting. And before lunch, after lunch, for almost three hours he was listening to me about every problem that he was facing.

But I told him it would be good if he came to my place and lived a few days with me. Everything could be cleared. He said, "That is impossible. If people come to know that I have gone to you for advice, I am finished. You have so many enemies in the country, in my party, in my cabinet, that I cannot take that risk. And I am simply a weak man--I have been chosen for my weakness." But he was sincere. *last109*

Lalbahadur Shastri was interested in me very much, and promised that although his party and colleagues did not agree with it, he would try his best to implement my ideas. But he died of a heart attack in the U.S.S.R. His secretary reported to me that all the way on the journey he was reading my book, *Seeds of Revolutionary Thought**. And the night he had the heart attack, another of my books, *The Perfect Way,* was in his hands. *unconc27*

*Note: reprinted under title: Seeds of Wisdom

Indira Gandhi came to power because she was living with her father. She was a born politician...

All these years she was a watcher of all the politicians, and she was collecting information about each politician: his weakness, his crimes against the society, his exploitation of others, his corruption...and yet on the outside he would go on keeping a pure white Gandhian face.

She was collecting a file--she showed me the file--against every leader, and that was her power. When Jawaharlal died all these politicians were afraid of Indira because she had the key. She could expose anybody before the public, before the court. She had all the evidence, she had all the letters. They were afraid of her for the simple reason that only she could save them; otherwise they would be exposed. That file was her power.

I have looked into the file. All these people have been exploiting that poor country. They all have bank balances in foreign countries, in Switzerland, in America. They all have connections outside India, from where they get bribes and money and everything, for giving secrets. They are all connected to one country or other; they are agents. They have one face before the masses, the poor masses, and their reality is something totally different. And they were also afraid because Indira was absolutely incorruptible. That was one thing she had learned from Jawaharlal. He was incorruptible because he was not a politician; he was more a poet. *ignor03*

I was talking to Indira Gandhi, and I told her, "India is so poor, you cannot hope to become a world power; there is no possibility. You cannot compete with Russia or

America. It will take you at least three hundred years to come to where America is now. But in these three hundred years America is not going to just sit and wait for you to pick up speed.

"In three hundred years America will be nine hundred years ahead of you. Can't you see this simple thing?"

She said, "I *can* see it."

I said, "If you can see it, then drop all your projects for an atomic energy commission, and atomic energy plants and nuclear weapons. What nonsense are you doing? You cannot compete with the nuclear powers. If there was any hope I would have said, okay, go ahead; let people starve--they have been starving for millions of years, they can starve a few hundred years more. And anyway, starving or not starving, everybody is going to die; let them die, forget about them. You go ahead and compete.

"But you have no power to compete. Then will it not be a wise course that India declares itself an international country? that we drop the boundaries, we drop the whole idea that you have to come with a permit into the country, that you need a passport? No, we just open the whole country for the whole world. Whoever wants to come is welcome. We are so poor that we cannot be more poor.

"But this will be a precedent and this will be a historical moment: one country declaring that it is no longer a nation, that it belongs to the whole world.

"Anyway you cannot win against China, you cannot win against Russia or America. When you cannot win why not take some other course? Declare, 'We are defenseless, we dissolve our defense forces, we send our soldiers to the fields, to the factories. We are no longer in the game of war; we drop out of it.'"

She said, "But then anybody can attack."

I said, "Anybody can attack *now*--what difference does it make? In fact, then to attack India will become difficult because there will be a worldwide condemnation. A country who declares itself defenseless, drops its arms and goes to the fields and the factories, welcomes everybody who wants to come, to invest, to bring industries, to do anything.... It will be almost impossible for anybody to attack India because the whole world will be against that attacker.

"You will have so much sympathy and so many friends that nobody will dare. Right now anybody can attack you. And you have been attacked by China already; China already occupies thousands of miles of land and India has not even the guts to raise the question, 'Please return that land.'"

Indira's father, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, said, "That land is useless, not even grass grows there." I wrote him a letter, saying, "If not even grass grows there and it is useless, why

did you go to war in the first place? You should have told the Chinese, 'You can occupy as much as you can. Not even grass grows. If you can manage to grow something, good, because for us it is useless anyway. We give it to you as a gift.'

"That would have been more gentlemanly--to give it to them as a gift, rather than to be defeated. Why did you go to war? Did you come to know it later on--that no grass grows there, that it is wasteland?

"You can be attacked," I told Indira. "You *have* been attacked, so your arms and your armies don't help. Even the biggest powers have been attacked. We have seen even a powerful nation like Germany defeated, a powerful nation like Japan defeated. We know that for five years Germany went on defeating all big nations, so you don't count.

"If you accept my suggestion you come out on top; you prove really wise in the true sense of the word. And you prove that it is not only a saying that India is a country of wisdom; you will prove by this act that you are certainly wise. Where you cannot win, the best way is to drop the whole idea of any fight."...

I told Indira, "India is in such a condition, you can make it a historical moment, an unprecedented thing, that no country has ever dared.... And you are not going to lose anything because what have you got to lose? You are not going to be attacked by those who want to attack; they can attack right now.

"And once you do this, invite the U.N.O.; say that the U.N.O. can only be in India, nowhere else, because this is the only neutral country, the only country which has dropped all its claims of nationality, of being a different nation. This is the only country which belongs to the whole humanity. Let the U.N.O. be here. Surrender all your arms and all your forces to the U.N.O. and tell them to use them for world peace, world friendship."

She said, "I understand you--you are always right, I am always wrong--but what to do? This is too much--I don't have that much courage to do it. Only a man like you can do such a thing, but a man like you is not interested in politics at all.

"My father was telling you, 'Come into politics.' I have been telling you, 'Come into politics,' and you say that you don't want to get into this dirty game. But without getting into this dirty game you cannot be in this position where I am. And to be in this position I have to consider a thousand and one things, because if I say such a thing, there are people just behind me who will not miss the opportunity, who will simply throw me out of office, saying, 'This woman has gone mad!'

"And this will look like madness because nobody has done it before. They will immediately capture power; they will immediately capture power by saying, 'This woman has to be medically treated,' and nobody will listen to me."

She wanted to come to me. So many times she made a time, and then at the last moment she would inform me, "It is difficult, because the people around me don't allow me even to come to you, because they say, 'Even going to this man will affect your political position in the country.

"'Nobody will bother what transpired between you, what you talked about--nobody will bother about it--just your going to this man is enough to affect your position; even your prime-ministership will be gone.' They are all against you--and I cannot go against them."...

In fact if I was in her place I would have taken the risk even of being called mad. It is worth taking. I would have taken the risk even to be thrown out of office. At least it would have been on record that one person had tried his best to bring some sense to humanity. *misery27*

The first prime minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, had a clash with another disciple of Gandhi's, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. The clash was such that if voting was allowed then Vallabhbhai Patel would have won. He was a real politician....

To avoid this voting, because this was going to be a party decision, Gandhi said, "It will be good to create one post of deputy prime minister, so Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel will be happy that he is, if not the first, at least the second man."...

Jawaharlal was innocent in that way. He was not a politician at all. So without any constitutional basis for it, immediately an amendment was made that there would be a post of deputy prime minister It was created for Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

Once Nehru and Patel both died the post was dissolved, because it was unconstitutional, but it was again revived with Indira and Morarji Desai. The same conflict: Indira was Jawaharlal's daughter, and Morarji Desai is almost a politically adopted son of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. He was his disciple in politics, the chief disciple.

Morarji became aware later on, that it was my suggestion to Indira to throw him out. And I had suggested it just by the way. I was talking for almost an hour to her. She listened, and in the end said only, "Whatever you are saying is right and should be done, but you don't know my situation: my cabinet is not mine, my deputy prime minister is not mine. There is so much conflict and continual fighting in the cabinet; he is trying to throw me out by hook or by crook, any way, and to become the prime minister.

"If I say the things--that you are saying, everybody will be with him, nobody is going to be with me--because the things that you are suggesting are so much against the Indian mind, the Indian tradition, the Indian way of thinking, that nobody is going to support me. If you want, I can propose it before the cabinet, but the next day you will hear that Indira is no more prime minister."

Then just by the way I said, "Then why don't you throw out Morarji Desai first, because he is the man who will manipulate all others. All those others are pygmies. They don't have any national character, they are all provincial people. In certain states, in Bengal or in Andhra or in Maharashtra they are important, but a provincial person cannot fight with you, he has no grounds.

"Only one man can manipulate all those pygmies, and that is Morarji Desai; so first finish him. And they all will be with you if you finish him; because of him nobody out of them can become the second man. So create the situation that this man is blocking the way of everybody, throw him out, and nobody is going to support him."

And exactly that happened: within eight days Morarji Desai was thrown out, and nobody supported him. They were all happy because now they were all equal; nobody was of national importance except Indira. So once Indira was gone, died, or something happened, then those pygmies were bound to have the power; otherwise they could not have it. So Morarji's removal was almost half the journey finished; now Indira was the only problem.

Morarji was not aware of it, but later on he became aware. Indira's secretary, who was listening from the other room, told him. But before the secretary told him, Morarji Desai had asked me to help him. He said that he had been thrown out and it was unfair, unjust; without being given any reason, any cause, he had been just told to resign.

And he said, "The strangest thing is that just eight days before there was no question of any change, there was no conflict between me and her. And another strange thing is I had always thought that the other people would support me against Indira. When I was thrown out, not a single cabinet minister was against it. They rejoiced! They had a party, a celebration!" He said to me, "I need help."

I said, "You have asked the wrong person. I would be the last person in the world to help you. If you were drowning in a river, and I was going along the side, and you shouted 'Help! Help! I am drowning!' I would say, 'Do it quietly. Don't disturb my morning walk.'"

He said, "What! Are you joking?"

I said, "I am not. With politicians I never joke; I am very serious."

Later on he found out that it was my suggestion basically that got stuck in Indira's mind; it was clear mathematics that if she threw this man out then there was nothing to be worried about: all those others were provincial people. Then she could do whatever she wanted to do and nobody could oppose her, because nobody represented India as such. And India is such a big country--thirty states--that if you represent one state, what does it matter? So it stuck in her mind. And Morarji became even more inimical. *ignor15*

Morarji Desai was sometimes chief minister of Bombay, sometimes chief minister of Gujarat, sometimes deputy prime minister of India, and finally he became the prime minister of India. *nomind12*

Once, when I started criticizing Mahatma Gandhi, Morarji Desai wanted that my entry into his province, Gujarat, should be prevented--even my entry--but he could not do a thing about it. *secret10*

I wanted to have a residence and a commune in Kashmir, because it is one of the most beautiful places in the world. But Indira Gandhi, who was immensely interested in me, suggested, "It is not right, you should not go to Kashmir. You will be killed. It is ninety percent Mohammedan." And she was a Kashmiri. She said, "I will not suggest it and I will not help you, because I know they cannot tolerate you for a single day."

They know only one thing, and that is the sword. They know no argument, they know no discussion. They have not come to that human stage where you can discuss problems and come to conclusions openheartedly--discuss, not to prove anything but to discover the truth. *light33*

I tried continuously for twenty years to get into Kashmir. But Kashmir has a strange law: only Kashmiris can live there, not even other Indians. That is strange. But I know ninety percent of Kashmiris are Mohammedan and they are afraid that once Indians are allowed to live there, then Hindus would soon become the majority, because it is part of India. So now it is a game of votes just to prevent the Hindus.

I am not a Hindu, but bureaucrats everywhere are delinquents. They really need to be in mental hospitals. They would not allow me to live there. I even met the chief minister of Kashmir, who was known before as the prime minister of Kashmir.

It was such a great struggle to bring him down from prime ministership to chief ministership. And naturally, in one country how could there be two prime ministers? But he was a very reluctant man, this Sheikh Abdullah. He had to be imprisoned for years. Meanwhile the whole constitution of Kashmir was changed, but that strange clause remained in it. Perhaps all the committee members were Mohammedans and none of them wanted anybody else to enter Kashmir. I tried hard, but there was no way. You cannot enter into the thick skulls of politicians.

I said to the sheikh, "Are you mad? I am not a Hindu; you need not be afraid of me. And my people come from all over the world--they will not influence your politics in any way, for or against."

He said, "One has to be cautious."

I said, "Okay, be cautious and lose me and my people."

Poor Kashmir could have gained so much, but politicians are born deaf. He listened, or at least pretended to, but he did not hear.

I said to him, "You know that I have known you for many years, and I love Kashmir."

He said, "I know you, that's why I am even more afraid. You are not a politician; you belong to a totally different category. We always distrust such people as you." He used this word, distrust--and I was talking to you about trust.

At this moment I cannot forget Masto. It was he who introduced me to Sheikh Abdullah, a very long time before. Later on, when I wanted to enter Kashmir, particularly Pahalgam, I reminded the sheikh of this introduction.

The sheikh said, "I remember that this man was also dangerous, and you are even more so. In fact it is because you were introduced to me by Masta Baba that I cannot allow you to become a permanent resident in this valley."...

Sheikh Abdullah took so much effort, and yet he said to me, "I would have even allowed you to live in Kashmir if you had not been introduced to me by Masta Baba."

I asked the sheikh, "Why?...when you appeared to be such an admirer."

He said, "We are no one's admirer, we admire only ourselves. But because he had a following--particularly among rich people in Kashmir--I had to admire him. I used to receive him at the airport, and give him a send-off, put all my work aside and just run after him. But that man was dangerous. And if he introduced you to me, then you cannot live in Kashmir, at least while I am in power. Yes, you can come and go, but only as a visitor." *glimps38*

Swami Maitreya,* in his past, was a politician, and he had much promise. He had been a colleague of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Jaiprakash Narayan, and Ramdhari Singh Dinkar. For many years he was a Member of Parliament. Somehow he got hooked with me, and all his dreams of becoming a great politician, a great political force, disappeared....

Now Maitreya is completely left alone--no money, no power, no prestige, no political status. Everything gone, he is just a *bhikkhu.* I have made a beggar of him; and he was rising high. He was rising higher and higher. He would have been a Chief Minister somewhere by now, or he may have been in the Central Cabinet. He was very promising. All those dreams disappeared....

When he met me he was an MP, but that accident changed his life. By and by he drifted away, became more and more interested in me and less and less interested in his political career....

I was a guest at another politician's house and he had invited Maitreya also. So because an old politician, a senior politician, had invited him, he must have come by the way, just

to see what the matter was. But once you come in contact with some influence that can take you out of the world of ambition--and if you are a little sensitive and understanding--and he is--he understood the point immediately.... That old politician with whom I was staying remained with me for many years but never understood me. Now he is gone and dead, but he died a politician and he died a member of Parliament. He was one of the longest-standing members in the whole world. He remained a member of Parliament for fifty years. But he never could understand me. He liked me very much, almost to the point of loving me, but understanding was not possible. He was very dull, a dullard.

Maitreya came to me through him, but he is a very sensitive soul. And I say to him that he was not only promising in his political career, he is very promising as a candidate for the ultimate also. *yoga910*

*Note: Swami Maitreya, one of Osho's oldest disciples, who became enlightened, see Part X.

I know one very famous Indian politician, Doctor Govindadas. Maitreya knows him because they both were in parliament together. Doctor Govindadas was in the parliament perhaps the longest time in the whole history of humanity: from 1914 till he died, I think in 1978, he remained continuously, without a single gap, a member of parliament. He was the richest man in the whole state of Madhya Pradesh.

His father was given the title of *raja,* king; although he was not a king, he had so much land, and so many properties--one third of the houses of the whole city of Jabalpur, which is ten times bigger than Portland*[1], belonged to him. He had so much land that the British government thought it perfectly right to give him the title. And he was helping the British government, so he was called Raja Gokuldas, and his house was not called a house, it was called Gokuldas Palace.

Govindadas was Gokuldas' eldest son--a very mediocre mind. It hurts me to say so but what can I do? If he was mediocre it is not my fault. He was very kind and friendly to me and very respectful too. He was very old but he used to come every day whenever he was in Jabalpur. Whenever the parliament was not in session he was in Jabalpur; otherwise he was in New Delhi. Whenever he was in Jabalpur, in the morning from eight to eleven, his limousine was standing in front of my door, every day religiously.

Anybody wanting to meet him between eight and eleven need not go anywhere; he had just to stand outside my gate. What was happening in those three hours? He used to come there with his secretary, his steno. He would ask me a question, I would answer, and the steno would write it in shorthand. Then he published in his own name everything that I said.

Govindadas has published books, two books; not a single word is his. Yes, there are a few words from the secretary. I was puzzled when I saw those books--and he presented them to me. I looked inside...I knew that this was going to happen, it was happening every day--in newspapers he was publishing my answers all over India.

He was president of the Hindi language's most prestigious institution, *Hindi Sahitya Sammelan;* he was the president of that. Once Mahatma Gandhi was president of that, so you can understand the prestige of the institution.

Govindadas was president for almost twenty years, and he was the main proponent in the parliament that Hindi should become the national language. And he made Hindi the national language, at least in the constitution. It is not functioning--English still functions as the national language--but he put it in the constitution.

He was known all over the country. Every newspaper, every news magazine, was publishing his articles--and they were my answers! But I was puzzled, because once in a while there would be a quotation from Tulsidas, Surdas, Kabirdas. I could not believe that he had even the intelligence to put the quotation in the right place, in the right context.

So I asked his steno one day when I was staying in Delhi in Govindadas's house. I asked his steno, "Shrivastava, everything else is perfectly right; I just wonder about these--Surdas, Tulsidas, Kabirdas--how Seth Govindadas manages to put them..."

He said, "Seth Govindadas? I put them in."

I said, "Who told you to put them in?"

He said, "He says that at least something should be put from our side too."

I said, "I am not going to tell anybody, but just to deceive me, these two lines of Kabirdas in the whole question? You have been putting them in and you think I will be deceived?"

He said, "I had to work hard, looking into Kabirdas' collection to find some lines which could fit somewhere in your question."

I said, "You are a fool; you should have asked me. When your master can steal the whole article, you, being his steno, should at least learn this much politics. You could have said to me, `Just give me two or three quotations so that I can fit them in.' In future don't bother yourself."

He was a poor man, and where would he find Kabirdas, and something very relevant to me? So I used to give quotations to Shrivastava and say, "These are the lines you fit in so Govindadas remains happy."

Why did I want him to remain happy? He was helpful to me.... I was continually out of town without any leave from the university. Govindadas' limousine standing in front of my door was enough. The vice-chancellor was afraid of me because Govindadas was a powerful man; the vice-chancellor could be immediately transferred, removed--just a hint from me was enough. The professors were afraid. They were really puzzled why every day Govindadas was hypnotized; he spent three hours with me every day.

And he started bringing other politicians. He introduced me to every chief minister, every cabinet minister in the central government, because they all were his guests in Jabalpur. Jawaharlal used to be his guest in Jabalpur. He introduced me to almost all the politicians; I think Maitreya must have come to me through Seth Govindadas. He even arranged for a small group of important members to meet me in parliament house itself. Maitreya certainly must have been there.

Govindadas was helpful, so I said, "There is no problem. And it does not matter whose name goes on the articles. The question reaches to thousands of people. The answer reaches to thousands of people. *That* is important; my name or Govindadas's name, it does not matter. What matters is the matter."

This man remained continuously in contact with me for almost ten years, and when I told him, "We are strangers," he said, "What are you saying? We have known each other for ten years."

I said, "We don't know each other. I know your name, Govindadas; it has been given by your father. The doctorate you have received from the university. I know how much value that doctorate has, and why you have been given that doctorate--because it was you who proposed the vice-chancellor. Now the vice-chancellor has to pay you back with the doctorate. The vice-chancellor is your man, and if he manages to give you a doctorate there is no wonder in it. Your D.Litt is absolutely bogus."

First I used to hear.... He had written almost one hundred dramas. He was in competition with George Bernard Shaw because George Bernard Shaw was the great drama writer and he had written one hundred dramas. So Seth Govindadas was also a great drama writer of Hindi language--a hundred dramas. And he was not capable of writing a single drama!

He was not capable of even writing a single speech--his speeches were written by that poor Shrivastava. Govindadas has published one hundred dramas. By and by I came to know those people who had written them--for money--poor people, poor teachers, professors. So I told Govindadas, "I know what your D.Litt is: one hundred dramas, and none is written by you. Now I can say it authoritatively, because you go on publishing articles, and now you have published two books without even telling me, `I am going to put your answers in these books.' And they are nothing but my answers--there is nothing else."

So I said to him, "Doctor Govindadas, I also have such a doctor in my village--Doctor Sunderlal*[2]. I have given him the doctorate. He has not written one hundred dramas, neither have you. Just the way you believe you are a doctor, he believes he is a doctor. And I don't think there is much difference of quality in your minds, because *Seth* is a title..."

Before he became a doctor he was known all over the country as Seth Govindadas. *Seth* is a title, it comes from an ancient Sanskrit word, *shreshth. Shreshth* means the superior

one; from *Shreshth* it became *Shreshthi* and from *Shreshthi* it became *Seth*. In Rajasthani *Sethi, sethia*--it went on changing. But it is a title.

So when Govindadas became a doctor he started writing "Doctor Seth Govindadas." It was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who told him, "Govindadas, two titles are never written in front of a name. Either you write "Seth," then you can write "D.Litt" behind, but if you write "Doctor" in front then you cannot write "Seth."

So he asked me what to do. I said, "There is no problem. You write "Doctor (Seth) Govindadas."

So he said, "Great!" And that's how later on he did it for the rest of his life: "Doctor (Seth) Govindadas." He could not leave out that *Seth* either. And when Jawaharlal saw those brackets, he said, "Who has suggested these brackets to you? Can't you leave out that *Seth, or put it at the end?"*

He said, "I cannot leave it out. It is one of my great friends who has suggested it to me, and he cannot be wrong. The brackets are perfectly right."

Jawaharlal said, "To me there is no problem. You write whatsoever you want, but two titles in front simply make you a laughingstock."

Govindadas again asked me what to do. I said, "You don't be bothered by Jawaharlal; the brackets are meaningless. The brackets simply mean "underground": doctor aboveground and Seth underground--and you are both. Tell Jawaharlal clearly, `I am both. If people don't write two titles in front, the simple reason is they don't have them. There is no other reason; they don't have them. I have got two titles so I have to write them.'"

What is the difference? But so much attachment to names, titles, professions, religions--and this is all your identity. And behind all this brown bag is lost your original face. *dark06*

*[1] Note: Portland, capital of the state of Oregon, where this discourse is given

*[2] Note: Dr Sunderlal, see Part III and VIII

I used to know a very famous politician, Seth Govindadas. He had a very ambitious mind and wanted to become not less than prime minister of India. He and the man who became the first prime minister of India were both friends, and very intimate friends. Both had been together in jails, both had come from very rich families. In one of his speeches the father of Jawaharlal Nehru, Motilal, said, "I have two sons. One is Jawaharlal, the other is Govindadas."

Naturally, he was thinking of becoming the prime minister. If he cannot become the first prime minister, then his must be the second chance after Jawaharlal. But he could not manage even to become a cabinet minister. He could not manage to become even a governor, a chief minister of a state. He had tried everything, but basically he was not a

politician. He was very simple, almost a simpleton. So the desire was there, burning his heart.

He had two sons, and he tried hard that they should become what he had missed. And he had all the political connections, so he helped his first son become a deputy minister. He was hoping that the son soon would become minister, then move to the cabinet of the central government and then become prime minister.

If he had not been able to become the prime minister himself, at least he can claim to be the father of a prime minister, which is far better. But the son died as a deputy minister in a state council. He was only thirty-six when he died.

But ambition is such a thing that this old man tried to commit suicide, because with the death of the son all his ambitions had failed again. I told him, "You have another son. Give him a try. You have all the best connections in the country, from the lowest to the highest. It is just very easy for you." And suddenly I could see his eyes shine again, as if life returned to him. He said "Yes, I had never thought about it. I was thinking simply to die, because what is the point of living? I missed, my son has died." So he managed that his second son enter into the same post; he became the deputy minister. But neither of his sons had the ability to be politicians. They were his sons, just as stupid as he was, perhaps a little more.

And you will be surprised that the second son also died. The man was now seventy-five or seventy-eight, and this was too much of a shock. Again he started talking about suicide. His wife phoned me and said, "You come. Last time you had done something and he dropped the idea of suicide. Now you do something because again he is talking of suicide." I said, "Don't be worried. People who talk of suicide never commit suicide. People who commit suicide are those who never talk about it. But I will come."

I went. He was sitting again in the same posture, and I said to him, "If you want to commit suicide, commit! Why do you harass the whole family by talking about it?" He said, "Everybody, the mayor of the city, the chief minister, all have come to console me. Indira Gandhi's telegram has come." He was sitting with a pile of telegrams from all the ministers and governors--India has thirty states and chief ministers--and he was showing them to everybody who was coming. I told him, "You don't seem to be interested in the death of the son. You are more interested in these telegrams."

Just one man had not sent him a telegram, and about that he was feeling very much hurt. He was one of his old colleagues, but then later on they became enemies in politics. He joined another party, and became a chief minister. Only Govindadas had not, so he was continuously telling everybody, "Only Dwarka Prasad Mishra...his telegram has not come. And I have made the man." And it was true, if you think that Dwarka Prasad lived in Govindadas' house and was financially supported by him. But it was not true that he had made the man. That man was capable to reach the post, any post, on his own. He was a very ambitious, very cunning, very clever man. He used him, he used all his friendships with all the great politicians.

And I said, "You are so much interested in telegrams, and you are not interested in the death of your son. Can you understand that you have lived your whole life in ambition? You failed, your first son died, your second son died, but your ambition--it continues. You are ready to commit suicide but you are not ready to drop the ambition. As if ambition is far more valuable than life!" And I said, "If you just want to project your ambition on somebody, then why not your son-in-law?" He said, "You are a genius, certainly! I never thought about my son-in-law." He had only one daughter and two sons. And because he was so rich the daughter was living with him, and the son-in-law also.

I said, "He lives with you. He is just like a son to you. Make arrangements, make him deputy minister in the cabinet somewhere and see whether he dies or not. Then we will think.... Why did these two sons die? It seems they were not capable of withstanding the political pressures, challenges, worries. They were both young and there was no need to die so soon. There was no reason except that politics proved poisonous to them. Let us try this one." And he tried. And this time things went well. The man became deputy minister and Seth Govindadas died!

And the moment he died, his son-in-law was thrown out of the ministry, because he was just taken in because of Govindadas's pressure, that he would commit suicide. All the politicians had known him for his whole life. He had been in the freedom struggle and he was known as father of the parliament. He was the only man in the whole world except Winston Churchill who had been a member of parliament so long, continuously from 1916 to 1978, without a break, so he was known as the father of Indian parliament. Everybody knew him and everybody was obliged to him in many ways. But the moment he died, the son-in-law was thrown out.

I said, "This is far better, because. if you were thrown out before, he would have tried to commit suicide again." And he was not capable of committing suicide, either, because still ambition was there, some hope from some corner. *last316*

I was very close to a chief minister. His sons had been my colleagues in the university, and because of them I had become acquainted with the old man. He was an old freedom fighter and he told me one day...he was very sick, and there was a danger that he might die. Doctors were not certain whether he would survive or not.

But the old man said, "Make sure that whether I am sick or healthy, that I remain the chief minister. I want to die as chief minister. It will be too hard for me to die if my chief ministership is gone."

I said, "What does it matter to a man who is going to die whether he is chief minister or not?"

He said, "It matters, it matters much. My whole life I have struggled to reach this post, and I want to die at the highest peak of my success, with government honors, seven-day holidays, national flags down everywhere in respect. I don't want to die just like any ordinary man. I am not afraid of death," that old man said to me, "but I am afraid that

while I am sick, my colleagues--who deep down are all my enemies--must be trying to pull my legs; and while I am not able to fight with them, somebody may try to take over the chief ministership."

His deputy chief minister was also known to me, because when I was a student he was vice-chancellor of that university. I said, "Don't be worried. I will go to the deputy chief minister, who is the real danger to you, and who is trying not to miss the opportunity while you are sick. He wants to be declared by the president of the country to be the acting chief minister. That will be the first step.

"Then the second step will be that because you are too old and too sick, you are not able to function, you are not in a state to function...then he will manage to be declared not only as acting chief minister but really as chief minister. I will go to him, you don't be worried."

And that's what was going on in the house of the deputy chief minister. The whole cabinet was there--they were all trying to manipulate the situation. How to convince the president of the country that the old chief minister is too old and too sick, and the deputy chief minister is a far more intelligent politician, a better organizer, and he should be given the chance immediately.

I told the deputy chief minister, "That old man is almost on the verge of death, and I want you just to wait at least one week--not more than that. I have talked to his doctor; he says, `I cannot say it to them, but I don't think he will survive more than a week.' And his only desire, his last desire, is to die as the chief minister. So what? And you have always been a colleague, a friend, a follower of that old man. He has appointed you as the deputy chief minister. Just wait for seven days. You will not lose anything, but his last wish will be fulfilled."

He thought for a moment, and said, "Okay. Then seven days--exactly."

I said, "Do you mean I have to kill him in seven days? I will try. But you should not be so ugly and so harsh with your own boss. Just one day more or one day less, but he is going to die--that much is certain. Now don't force me to kill him to stay just within the seven days exactly. If he dies in eight days, just one day of waiting will not disturb anything."

He said, "I have told you seven days means seven days. And just because you have come, I cannot refuse. I have always loved you as my student." Fortunately, the old man died on the fourth day. It was such a relief! Otherwise I would have had to do something, because his last wish had to be fulfilled....

But how poor these people are! And what is their ultimate achievement? They have just learned how to climb ladders, and then they are sitting on the ladders which lead nowhere. And they don't want to come down because they don't want to be nobodies.

These are the most irreligious people in the world. That's why I'm so much against politicians. I am against the priests and the politicians because these two are the most irreligious people in the world. And they have a deep conspiracy, they support each other--for centuries they have been supporting each other. One has political power, the other has the power of numbers. And both together can manage to keep the whole of mankind in slavery; they have kept it up to now. The authentic religious man has to rebel against these two, and their conspiracy against humanity. *rebel28*

One man came to me--and I know the person; certainly he is not a bad man, but that does not mean that he is a good man. He is simply a coward. He wants everything that bad people have, but he is cowardly. He wants all the riches, he wants prestige and power, he wants to become a president or a prime minister, but he is not ready to go through all the gutters that you have to pass before you become a president. It is a long, winding way through gutters and gutters, and it becomes more and more dirty the deeper you get into it. He does not want to do that. He wants simply to become a president because he's a good man.

He wants to be the richest man, but he does not know that the rich man has earned through tedious effort, all kinds of cunningness, has been doing every type of cheating. All that makes him afraid, he does not want to go to jail. If you are afraid of jail then forget about being rich. Richness means a certain boldness, a daredevil courage, a readiness to fight, to compete without bothering whether the means are right or wrong. The rich man, the powerful man, the successful man...for them the end makes every means right--whether you have to cut throats, kill people, does not matter. Your goal is absolutely to succeed, and you are ready to pay everything for it.

Now, this man wanted all these things and also wanted to remain good, also wanted to remain virtuous, also wanted never to be cunning, never to be deceiving. You are asking too much.... *upan36*

One of my friends was contesting an election, a political election, so he came to me for blessing. I said, "I will not give the blessing because I am not your enemy, I am a friend. I can only bless that you may not get elected, because that will be the first step towards madness." But he wouldn't listen to me. He was elected, he became a member. Next year he came again for my blessing and he said, "Now I am trying to be a deputy minister."

I asked him, "You were saying that if you could become a member of parliament you would be very happy, but I don't see that you are happy. You are more depressed and more sad than you ever were before."

He said, "Now this is the only problem: I am worried. There is much competition. Only if I can become a deputy minister will everything be okay."

He became a deputy minister. When I was passing through the capital he came to see me again and he said, "I think you were right, because now the problem is how to become the

minister. And I think this is the goal. I am not going to change it. Once I become the minister it is finished."

He has become the minister now, and he came to me a few days ago and he said, "Just one blessing more. I must become chief minister." And he is getting more and more worried, more and more puzzled, because more problems have to be faced, more competition, more ugly politics. And he is a good man, not a bad man.

I told him, "Unless you become the supremost God you are not going to be satisfied." But he cannot look back and cannot understand the logic of the mind, the logic of the achieving mind. It can never be satisfied, the way it behaves creates more and more discontent. The more you have the more discontent you will feel, because more arenas become open for you in which to compete, to achieve. A poor man is more satisfied because he cannot think that he can achieve much. Once he starts achieving something he thinks more is possible. The more you achieve the more becomes possible, and it goes on and on forever.

A meditator needs a nonachieving mind, but a nonachieving mind is possible only if you can be content with purposelessness. Just try to understand the whole cosmic play and be a part in it. Don't be serious, because a play can never be serious. And even if the play needs you to be serious, be playfully serious, don't be really serious. Then this very moment becomes rich. Then this very moment you can move into the ultimate.

The ultimate is not in the future, it is the present, hidden here and now. So don't ask about purpose--there is none, and I say it is beautiful that there is none. If there was purpose then your God would be just a managing director or a big business man, an industrialist, or something like that. *vedant11*

Osho's interaction with the Rich and the Royal

All over the world there are socialist parties, and their only function is to prevent people from becoming communist. They are being paid by the capitalists--as far as India is concerned I am absolutely certain. I know, because the same man offered me money also....

The head of India's biggest super-rich family was Jugal Kishore Birla*. He was giving monthly salaries to Jaiprakash Narayan, who was the head of the Socialist Party of India. Seeing my meetings, where fifty thousand or one hundred thousand people would attend, he was immensely interested.

And I used to stay in Delhi with one of the members of parliament from my constituency, Dr. Seth Govindadas. Both Seth Govindadas and Jugal Kishore Birla belong to the same caste, of *Marwaris*--they are the Jews of India--so he had found a medium to reach me. He asked Govinddas, "A meeting is absolutely necessary. You arrange it."

Govinddas said to me, when I was staying with him in Delhi for a few days, "It will be immensely helpful for your work."

I said, "In what way can Jugal Kishore Birla help my work? My work is to destroy Birlas, and Tatas, and Sahus"--the three great super-rich families of India--"how can he help me?"

He said, "But there is nothing wrong in meeting the man." I said, "Okay."

So I met the man, and he immediately made an offer to me: "I will give you a blank check, as I have given to Mahatma Gandhi." And he had been supporting the freedom movement, and had a very clear vision of the future, that sooner or later these people would be the presidents, the prime ministers, so whatever he was giving them was an investment. Then he would take the advantage--and he *was* taking advantage, after the freedom of India. People who had been on a monthly salary from him...he had purchased their souls.

He told me, "Jaiprakash Narayan is on my payroll."

I said, "If you can give me a blank check without any conditions, I will be grateful to you. But I don't accept any conditions. I cannot sell myself."

He said, "Conditions are bound to be there; otherwise why should I give you a blank check? I am a businessman."

I said, "You may be a businessman, I am not."

He said, "But my conditions are very simple: preach Hinduism to the world. And the second condition is, create a great movement in India to protect the cows from being slaughtered."

I simply got up and I said, "Throw your blank check to the dogs! I am going." Govindadas was very much embarrassed, because they all felt great respect for his money and his support.

And I told him, "You have asked me to come, and you have insulted me! Nothing can be more insulting than offering money as a bribe, trying to purchase a man. You cannot purchase me--nobody can purchase me. I am going to speak against Hinduism my whole life! You have strengthened my idea; you have reminded me that I have to take care of Hinduism. And I am going to fight with all those people who are trying to stop cow slaughter."

That's how I came to be the arch-enemy of the Shankaracharya of Puri, because he is the head of the movement to stop cow slaughter.

So I know from the very man himself, Jugal Kishore Birla, that the head of the Socialist Party and perhaps other leaders were on his payroll.

Why was he paying the socialists? What is the function of the socialist? The function is to divide the proletariat, to create barriers so the proletariat, the poor people, the labor unions, don't go to the communists. *fire06*

*Note: there are 4 big industrial houses/families in India: Birla, Sahu, Tata, Bajaj

I have told you that the richest man in India, Jugal Kisore Birla, had offered to give me a blank checkbook if I was ready to spread Hinduism to the world at large, and create a movement in India to force the government to ban cow slaughter. When I refused him he said, "Young man, you think twice because Jawaharlal gets money from me, Jaiprakash Narayan gets money from me, Ram Manohar Lohia gets money from me, Ashok Mehta gets money from me." All these were the topmost leaders.

He said, "And every month I am giving them money, as much as they need. Even to Ashok Mehta who is the president of the socialist party of India, which is against the rich people--even he is my man." He said, "I give to all party presidents, important people; whoever comes to power he will be my man. Let them talk what they talk; talking does not matter--I have purchased them."

I told Indira about Jaiprakash, just in that conversation in which I talked about Morarji--to throw him out. She was shocked! She could not believe it because she called him uncle; he was almost like a brother to Jawaharlal. He had been Jawaharlal's secretary for many years and their relationship was very close. And Indira was brought up in front of his eyes. When she was just a small child she used to call him "Kaka"--uncle.

And when I said, "Jugal Kisore himself has told me, and I don't think that old man was telling a lie. In fact, how does Jaiprakash maintain himself?--because he does not belong to any party. He does not have any group of supporters; he has renounced politics. He does not earn a single pai. How does he manage to have two secretaries, one typist? How does he manage to travel in airplanes continually? Money must be coming from somewhere, and he has no visible source. My feeling is that Jugal Kisore was not lying."

Indira mentioned this to Jaiprakash: "Do you get a salary every month from the Birla house?" And that was the thing that hit him hard; that was when he decided that Indira could no longer be tolerated. He willingly became a partner of Morarji Desai's and all the people--it always happens whenever you are in power that you manage to create enemies--all the enemies were together. But Jaiprakash was the key. Morarji is not capable of gathering anybody--he is simply retarded--but Jaiprakash was an intelligent man.

He managed to overturn the government and to show his last renunciation: that although he had overturned the government, he was not going to be the prime minister. He wanted to prove that he was higher than Jawaharlal. That was his only, his deepest longing--to be higher than Jawaharlal. So he placed Morarji Desai in the prime ministership just to show to history: "Somebody was trying to place *me* as premier, but I don't care about these premierships--l can create my own premiers." But it was all ego.

I used to speak in Patna--Maitreya will be aware of the fact--and because Jaiprakash also belonged to Patna, his wife used to come to attend my meetings. I was puzzled. I enquired of my host, "The wife comes, but I never see Jaiprakash."

He laughed, he said, "I asked the same question of Prakashwati, Jaiprakash's wife. She said, 'He comes but he sits in the car outside and listens from there. He cannot gather courage to come in and let it be seen by people that he has come to listen to somebody.'"

The ego is so subtle and so slippery. And the politician is sick because of his ego. *ignor15*

The first time I spoke in Bombay was on Mahavira's birthday. At least twenty to thirty thousand Jainas were present....

I had come for the first time to this city. The man who invited me was a very rare man, rare in the sense that there was not a single important person in India who was not respectful towards that old man. And the reason was that that old man...his name was Chiranjilal Badjate and he was the manager for Jamnalal Bajaj. Jamnalal Bajaj had invited Mahatma Gandhi from Sabarmati, Gujarat to his own place in Wardha, and had made a beautiful ashram for him there.

He gave Gandhi a blank check; whatever he wanted to spend, whatever he wanted to do with the money, he could do. He never asked, "Where does the money go? What happens to it?" And because Mahatma Gandhi was in Wardha, all the great freedom fighters in India, writers, poets, were going to see Gandhi, to meet Gandhi. And for them Jamnalal Bajaj had made a special guest house for five hundred people to stay together at one time. Chiranjilal was his manager, so he was the link between Mahatma Gandhi and Jamnalal Bajaj, Jawaharlal Nehru, Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya. All these people were respectful towards the old man.

He was the man who invited me to Bombay.

I had spoken at a Jaina conference, and as I came down from the stage--it was a cold night, he was covering himself with a blanket--he threw the blanket on the ground, took hold of me and asked me to sit down, just to sit down for five minutes with him.

But I said, "Your blanket will become dirty."

He said, "Forget about the blanket--you just sit down--because I don't have anything else." And I had no idea who this man was. He introduced himself; then too I had no idea, just his name.

He said, "I am inviting you to Bombay for a conference, and you cannot say no." Tears were in his eyes; he said, "In my whole I have heard life all the great orators of this country, but I have never felt such deep harmony as I have felt with you, although what you were saying was against my conditioning. I am Mahatma Gandhi's follower. I am the manager for Jamnalal, and I have lived my whole life according to Mahatma Gandhi's principles--and you were speaking *against* them. But still somehow I felt you are right and I have been wrong."

And he must have been seventy years old, but with great courage to say, "My seventy years were wrong"; and he had listened to me only for ten minutes. "And you cannot say no. This conference is absolutely important because I want you to be introduced to my friends in Bombay and then to my friends all over India."

So I said, "I will come."

I knew nobody in Bombay, and somehow.... Because he was an old man with thick glasses, in the night perhaps he could not see me perfectly well. He described me to the organizers of the conference here, but somehow he told them that I used a Gandhi cap. Just seventy years continuously seeing Gandhi caps, Gandhi caps--he had not seen anybody else without a Gandhi cap--so it must have been somehow completely fixed in his mind.

I was standing at the door; all the passengers had left. At least twenty-five people were running from this side to that side. They would look at me from up and down, from down and up, and just as they saw my head they would rush on. I said, "What is wrong with my head? Up to the head they look as if things are going right, and the moment they see my head they are simply gone!" But finally, I was the only passenger left, and those were the only people left who had come to receive anybody.

One of them came to me and asked, "Have you not put on your Gandhi cap today?"

I said, "Now I understand what the problem is. But who told you that I have ever used a Gandhi cap?"

And Chiranjilal had got caught somewhere in the traffic. He was coming running!--a seventy year-old man. He said, "Yes! This is the man, but where is the cap?"

I said, "You created this whole trouble. I am standing here for half an hour these people are running all over the platform looking for the Gandhi cap. If you had told me I would have put on a Gandhi cap! You never mentioned it."

He said, "My God, just old age, and I must be getting senile--just seeing these Gandhi caps day and night...even in dreams I see people with Gandhi caps! Even in my dreams I don't see people without Gandhi caps, so just forgive me."

This man, a simple man, a loving man who had known all the great thinkers of this century in India, leaders in different professions, but he could feel immediately some synchronicity, as if the parts of a jigsaw-puzzle had all fallen together in one piece and the puzzle had disappeared. He had lived with Mahatma Gandhi for twenty, thirty years and it had not happened.

There are people who can speak beautifully about the unknown, but if you are a little alert you can see that their words are empty and they don't touch your heart, they don't stir your being.

And there are mystics who are complete, whose journey has come to an end. *upan13*

Gwalior's palace is a very big palace, and has acres and acres of greenery around it, and small bungalows, and it is all in a walled garden. Almost half of the city belongs to the palace. And just behind the palace is a huge mountain where they run a school for all the princes of the country and even outside the country. That school belongs to the palace. It was created just for Gwalior's sons and daughters in the beginning. Then it became a royal school for all the royal states of India. *celebr06*

I was staying in the palace of the Maharani of Gwalior, who had invited me. It is one of the most beautiful palaces in India and perhaps in the world, with miles and miles of beautiful gardens around it. It has everything: lakes, gardens, fountains, and many small cottages for guests. The main palace is all marble. She had chosen a very beautiful cottage for me to stay in, just half on the lake, half on the ground.

Every day, for seven days, they were having religious discourses. There was a big congregation because it was a palatial function; nearabout twenty thousand people were there. Her son heard me and was immensely impressed. She was also impressed, and the next morning she came to see me and she would not sit on the chair. I told her, "You are old." She said, "No, I cannot do that. Please don't stop me sitting at your feet. And first I have to confess one thing: that I have prevented my son from coming to you. Forgive me. I was afraid because he seemed too much excited by last night, and he is continuously talking about you and what you said.

"I became afraid he may get too impressed by you. And we are a traditional family, royal family, and he is my successor. I cannot allow him to be impressed by you, although I myself am impressed, but I am mature enough that I can intellectually be convinced by you, yet I will go on doing whatever I was doing. That has been our tradition, and I cannot betray that tradition."

I said, "You can betray your intelligence, and you cannot betray some dead ancestor thousands of years old who has made rules and regulations for you? But you are ready to

betray your intelligence.... And you say you are impressed, and still you prevent your son from meeting me?"

She said, "I am sorry, but I will not allow him. And he cannot go against my wishes because he knows I can deprive him of the inheritance and the inheritance can go to his younger brother."

With this threat he had been prevented. Later on, after five, six years, he met me in Delhi--he had become a member of parliament--and he said, "I have been trying hard since you stayed in my house, but my mother--if she comes to know that I met you in Delhi, she has threatened that she will deprive me, and it is too much a risk. She is one of the richest queens in India, and I will have to wait till I succeed her, and then my first thing is to come to you and be with you. All sorts of nonsense has been told to me; all kinds of religious teachers and saints go on coming to the house, but you were the first man I became interested in. They are all boring, but I have to listen to them because of the inheritance."

I said, "You are also a coward. If you had really the mind of a seeker, you would have said to your mother, 'Keep your inheritance yourself. I renounce it.'"

He said, "Yes, I don't have that much guts, but it has left a wound in me that my mother is threatening me. And she is also impressed by you. She does not say that you are wrong, she says that a young person should not come in contact with such a person: 'He can be dangerous. You are immature. You first become mature.'"

I said, "So that you can become a hypocrite, in other words; so you can intellectually say it is right, but I am going to do what I am expected to do." *last214*

One man was asking me--I was in Calcutta, and he was one of the richest men of India, Sahu Shanti Prasad; he had the greatest palace in Calcutta. We were walking in his big garden...because he has, in the middle of Calcutta, at least a hundred acre green garden. The palace once used to belong to the viceroy of India, when Calcutta was the capital. When the capital shifted to New Delhi, the palace was sold. Now the president of India lives in the same kind of palace in New Delhi, with a one hundred acre garden.

So we both were walking and he asked me, "I always wanted to ask you what happens after death."

I said, "Are you alive or not?"

He said, "What kind of question is this? I am alive."

I said, "You are alive. Do you know what life is?"

He said, "That I cannot answer. Honestly, I don't know."

I said, "When you are alive, even then you don't know what life is. How can you know death when you are not dead yet? So wait. While you are alive, try to know life; and soon you will be dead, then in your grave contemplate about death. Nobody will be bothering you. But why are you concerned what happens after death? Why are you not concerned what happens before death? That should be the real concern. When death comes we will face it, we will see it, we will see what it is. I am not dead so how can I say? You will have to ask somebody who is dead what happens. I am alive. I can tell you what life is, and I can tell you how to know what life is."

"But," he said, "all the religious teachers I go to listen to talk about death; nobody talks about life."

They are not interested in life, in fact; they want you all not to be interested in life. Their business depends on your interest in death. And about death, the most beautiful thing is that you can create any kind of fiction and nobody can argue against it. Neither you can prove it, nor can anybody disprove it. And if you are a believer, then of course all your scriptures are in support of the priest, the monk, the rabbi, and he can quote those scriptures.

I would like you to remember: Live, and try to know what life is. *unconc29*

The Nizam of Hyderabad in India had five hundred wives--just in this century. This is so stupid and ugly. Women are treated like cattle.

And that Nizam of Hyderabad was an old man, but he went on marrying young girls. Perhaps he was the richest man in the world, because in his state is the biggest mine of diamonds. All great diamonds have come from Hyderabad--the Kohinoor and others. He himself had so many diamonds that once a year they had to be put into sunlight and given air. They were not counted because counting was impossible, he had so many.

His whole palace had basements which were filled with diamonds, and they would be taken out and spread on all the terraces of his temple. I have seen the terraces; the palace is one of the biggest palaces in India. He had all the money, he had all the power. He was old, but he could purchase any woman. He could give enough money to any man and purchase his daughter. I don't think he even remembered the names of his five hundred wives, and I don't think that all the wives had seen him. Perhaps the early ones may have seen him.

And he was not worth seeing anyway, an ugly man, and so superstitious that you will not believe it--in the night he used to put one of his feet in a bucket full of salt, the whole night. The reason was that he was very much afraid of ghosts. And Mohammedans believe that if one of your feet is in salt, ghosts don't come close to you.

When I went there he was dead, but I asked his son, "Have you put the bucket in his grave?--because ghosts in the palace are not many, but in the graveyard there are ghosts and ghosts and nobody else, and in the dark night that old man.... "

The son said, "You are right! We forgot completely about the bucket of salt."

I said, "It is not too late." Mohammedans don't make marble graves or anything, just mud graves--to show humbleness. So I said, "Just arrange with the gravedigger to put one of his feet into a bucket of salt."

He said, "I will do it. I myself sleep with a bucket because ghosts are very dangerous; and certainly in the graveyard there are only ghosts and nobody else." *transm32*

I know many famous hunters in India. The king of Bhavanagar in his palace has hundreds of lions' heads hanging all around the walls. I have been with him when he went hunting. He said, "But why are you interested? You are not for violence, you are against hunting."

I said, "I simply want to see how, with your powerful automatic rifle, you face a lion who has no weapons." And it was significant that I went because there I saw that even with guns man is so powerless.

First a stage was made up high in the trees--and *you* have the gun! A stage is made for the king and for the friends who had come with him, far away. The lion cannot climb up the tree that far. Then all the branches of the tree below the platform were cut, so even if some crazy lion tries, he has no support anywhere. Then a cow was tied underneath the tree.

I was seeing the whole scene; silently I watched the whole scene. Of course when the lion smells that a cow is nearby, he comes; that cow is an invitation card. And the poor lion cannot see that far above in the darkness there is platform, and his death.

But they don't shoot the lion before he jumps on the cow and starts eating her. They wait, because when a lion is eating he does not want to be disturbed by anything, he is total in his act. The cow could have been saved. I said to the king, "The cow could have been saved. When the lion was coming closer, you could have used your rifle."

He said, "You don't know hunting. Even sitting on this platform I am shivering with fear, although I have killed hundreds of lions. Just to see the lion is enough to freeze you!"

And lions are very agile people. If you hit the lion--and you *can* miss, then you lose the game--the lion will jump into a bush, into a trench. He has to start eating the cow, because that is the habit of lions: while they are eating they don't want to be disturbed. And they become so absorbed in eating that it is easier for you to kill them.

I asked the king on the way, "If this is how you have collected those hundreds of heads of lions, please remove them--they are all proofs of your cowardliness. Have you ever thought," I asked him, "that you call hunting a *game*, when the other party has no weapons and is not even aware of you, that you are hiding above in the trees? You call it a game? Is it fair?

"You should be on the ground; you should be without a gun, because the lions cannot use guns. Then even a single head would have been enough to prove that you are a brave man. These hundreds of heads, they don't prove anything except cowardice. If this is the way you have collected them--that's why I wanted to come with you to see.... " *dless23*

One of my friends was a colonel in the army, and his wife was my student in the university. She introduced me to the colonel, and after Jabalpur, where I was a teacher, they were transferred to Poona, so I used to come here and always used to have at least one meal in their house.

The colonel was very much influenced by me, and he had a big regiment in Jabalpur, so he invited me one day.

His wife said, "Do you understand what you are doing?"

He said, "He is a nice fellow."

The wife said, "That's true, he is a nice fellow, but he will teach disobedience to your regiment."

He said, "Are you going to teach my regiment disobedience?"

I said, "Certainly!"

He said, "Then the program is canceled. My God! If my wife had not told me..."

I said, "I want to teach all the armies of the world disobedience. If they disobey, then let the presidents and prime ministers have wrestling matches, boxing matches. They can enjoy, and we will enjoy on television--but there is no need for millions of people to be killed continuously." *christ04*

I used to stay in the house of a very unique man, Sohanlal Dugar. He was unique in many ways. I loved the man--he was very colorful. He was old--he died seven years ago. When he met me first, at that time he was seventy years old, but he lived to ninety.

He met me in Jaipur, that was his home town, and he invited me to Calcutta because that was his business place; from there he controlled the whole silver market, not only of India but of the whole of Asia. He was called the Silver King. I had heard about him, but I had no idea who the person was. When he came to me for the first time in Jaipur, he touched my feet--an old man dressed in the Rajasthani way with a yellow turban, very ancient-looking in every way--and took out bundles of notes from the pockets of his coat and wanted to give them to me.

I said, "But right now I don't need them. You just give me your address; whenever I need I will enquire and if you are still in possession of wealth and in the mood to give, you can give. But right now I don't have any need, so why unnecessarily give me trouble? I am

going now to travel for thirty-six hours, and I will have to take care of these notes. I cannot even sleep, anybody may take them. So please keep them." He just started crying, tears pouring from his eyes. I said, "But I have not said anything that hurts you so much."

He said, "Nothing else hurts me more. I am a poor man because I have only money and nothing else. I want to do something for you--l feel so much for you--but I am a poor man; except money, I have nothing. And if you refuse my money, then you refuse me because I don't have anything else. So you take this money. If you want to burn it, burn it here right now. If you want to throw it away, throw it away right now--that is your business. But remember: never again refuse money from me, because that means you are refusing me. And I have nothing else to offer." His tears were so sincere and authentic, and what he said was so meaningful, that I said, "Okay. You give me this money, and take out...you have more in your pockets."

He said, "That's right. That's the man I have been in search of." And he took it all out. He showed me his pockets, inside out, and said, "Now, right now, I don't have anything else, but this is the man I have been in search of!" And he invited me to Calcutta. *ignor02*

I used to stay with a very rich man in Calcutta, Sohanlal Dugar. He was an all-India fame, rich man, and he was always sad. His wife told me, "He listens to you, he reads to you, you stay with us but he is always sad. And sad for strange reasons that I cannot understand."

Sohanlal said, "You will never understand. I have lost five crore rupees and you want me to laugh?"

I said, "If that is the situation, then let him be sad."

But the wife said, "You don't understand the full situation. In a deal in which he has not invested a single rupee, he was hoping to get ten crores and he has got only five crores. So he is sulking for those five crores that he has lost."

I said, "This is idiotic." But this is how human mind functions. Just in his imagination he has ten crores, now he has got only five crores, five crores are missing.

But it is really amazing to watch people's minds: how they work and how they make themselves miserable and they go on weaving their misery deeper and deeper and more complex and more complex, to a point from where they cannot get out. And it is all their imagination. *last509*

One of the richest men in India told me that he feels very guilty. The country is dying in poverty and his riches go on growing. And he is not courageous enough to stop this growing of riches; deep down he still wants more. On the one hand he can see the country is suffering from poverty, on the other hand is his desire to have more and more; between these two he is crushed. *nansen08*

Osho's interaction with the Poor and the Law

I would like India to understand me, but it is almost impossible. For thirty years I have been moving in India like a whirlwind, destroying my health, trying to tell people, "It is you who are responsible for your poverty." And they were throwing shoes at me, stones at me; I was poisoned twice. Attempts on my life were made.

Still I want that one day they should awake. But there is not much possibility. *dless13*

I became completely fed up with these idiots who don't understand and are not ready even for a dialogue. I had challenged all the Hindu leaders, Buddhist leaders, Jaina leaders, that I want an open dialogue. But nobody is ready to discuss because they know what they are saying is simply illogical, it is meaningless. And they are going to create a country of poor people. Right now, fifty percent of Indians are ready to become another Ethiopia any day.

But I don't feel responsible because for thirty years I have been talking to these people, talking to their leaders, talking to their religious leaders.

Indira Gandhi was in touch with me and she was convinced of whatever I was saying, and she told me, "You are right, but we cannot do anything because if we do anything then the Hindu votes are gone out of our hands, Mohammedan votes are gone out of hands, Christian votes are gone out of our hands. I will be finished." She asked me, "Do you want me to be finished?"

I said, "If I was in your place, either I would do something or I would simply resign, because there is no point--if I cannot do what is right, then what is the need for me to remain as prime minister of the country? Then allow somebody else who can do something."...

I told Indira, "You give me all the power, you simply retire. Within ten years I can change this whole country." But who wants to give up power? *last205*

I was in India, and I spoke on every problem that that country is facing--and more or less every country is facing. But no politician was ready to listen, for the simple reason that whatever I was saying was against their vested interest. No religious leader was ready to listen. It went against their profession, their business....

No politician had the guts even to have contact with me, because if the public knew that the prime minister or the president had some connection with me, it would have been dangerous to his political future.

They knew what I was saying was true, and if they had listened to me, the country would not have been facing all the kinds of evil that it is facing today.

What are the problems in India in particular? They are the problems of the whole world in general.

Fifty percent of India's population is just starving. Soon India will be a bigger Ethiopia--Ethiopia is a small country. Fifty percent of Indians means four hundred million people. And if fifty percent of the country is dying, the remaining fifty percent cannot live in the country of the dead. There is every possibility they will revolt, every possibility they will turn communist--every possibility.

When a person has nothing to lose, he can do anything, commit any crime. And when fifty percent of the country is dying, it will not leave others to live in peace, in comfort.

For thirty years I have been saying that abortions should be legal. But it was against religions, so every religious person was against me, saying I am teaching things which go against religions. Now they should ask their religions to provide food, shelter, clothes, employment, for fifty percent of the people of the country. They should catch hold of their religious leaders!

I was continuously telling people to use birth control methods. But the politicians and the religious leaders were both condemning me, saying that I was trying to destroy the morality of the country, that if people start using the pill, the morality of the country will be destroyed, because India is a very strictly monogamous country....

There are still people in India today who have sixteen children, eighteen children. From the very moment the girl becomes capable of being pregnant--her whole life until menopause--she goes on reproducing. She is just a productive machine. Naturally, she cannot have any individuality of her own. Her whole time is taken up either by pregnancy or by bringing up children. And before one child is even six month old, she is again pregnant. Women have been treated like cattle.

These are simple facts, not much intelligence is needed to understand. But nobody was ready to listen; they were more interested in their morality....

Of course whatever I was saying was going against them. But if they had heard me, the country would not have been in such a state, because when I started speaking the population of the country was half what it is now. And still they are continuously producing children....

They were all against me. You will be surprised--the politicians were telling people that I was too young, I didn't understand the complexities of morality, religion, spirituality. One of the topmost political leaders was Kaka Kalelkar--he was ninety years old. He condemned me because I was too young.

I asked him in a public meeting, and gave him an open challenge: "I am ready to discuss the problems before the masses, from the same platform, and if my being young makes my argument wrong, then your being senile makes your argument wrong. But arguments are not to be decided by the age of the person. Arguments have to be decided by the counter-arguments. I am saying that the country is growing so fast that soon you will all be beggars. You give the alternative!"

In fact, I told him that if he had any sense of dignity, now was the time he should commit suicide, "Because what is the need? And what are you doing? Unnecessarily, a ninety-year-old man..." All his colleagues were dead, all his contemporaries were dead, his children were old, the eldest was seventy. "So what are you doing here except becoming an unnecessary burden, continuously sick, continuously in bed? And still you won't leave, you won't create some space for a new person to take over."

That was even more shocking to these presidents and prime ministers of India. I was saying two things: birth control--but that is only half the story. The second is death control, which nobody in the whole world has been talking about, because that is the logical end. If you stop people from being born, that is one part of reducing the population. The second part should be that those who are too old, a burden to themselves, a burden to others, and who are simply suffering--relieve them. And there is no need for them to jump into the ocean, or to hang themselves from a tree.

The government should provide facilities in every hospital so that these people can come and you can give them a peaceful death--just an injection which takes them into deeper and deeper sleep, into eternity. And make at least their death beautiful--you could not make their life beautiful. Life is a long affair; to make a person's life for ninety years a beautiful phenomenon is difficult. But death comes within seconds. So at least for twenty-four hours, let him do whatever he always wanted to do. Let him enjoy everything that he wanted to enjoy. And for twenty-four hours before his death let him learn how to be silent, how to relax, so that death does not come only as death, but also comes as a deep meditation. So not only will we be helping the population to be reduced, we will be helping old people to die with dignity, with smiles on their faces, and with a deep serenity within them which will change their whole future course of consciousness.

But naturally they all were against me, saying that I am preaching suicide, that I am talking against the law.

The medical profession was against me, because the doctors have been given an idea hundreds of years old. Hippocrates has created the oath for the doctor. And every doctor--even today, when he passes the examination--has to take the oath that he will always serve life, that he will try in every way to prevent a person dying. That oath is now

stupid. But Hippocrates is far more important to them than the whole humanity on the verge of death. The oath should be that a doctor should help the person to live beautifully, and to die beautifully. Life and death should not be separated as enemies; they are one phenomenon. The oath is half. The full oath should be that a physician should serve the man in life and death both. The best he can do for life he will do. The best he can do for death he will do.

But no doctor--I was speaking in medical clubs, medical colleges, universities--no doctor was ready to accept the idea because of the fear that some doctor may take advantage of it and may kill someone. I said to those people that if somebody wants to take advantage, do you think Hippocrates can prevent him? His oath can prevent him? He can still take advantage. The patient knows nothing of what is being done to him, what medicine is being given to him, what injections are being given to him. If the doctor wants to take advantage, he can take it now; nobody can prevent him. In fact, the oath protects him. But if you understand the whole situation, he cannot kill a young man; otherwise he will be behind bars. He can help a man to die only when the man has given him his authority and the man's family has made its farewell to the man. Taking advantage will be impossible.

But people are addicted to the past. India has been becoming poorer and poorer and poorer; and poverty is the source of all evil....

Whatever I could do...I had no power, I could only persuade people, convince people. But the people are so conditioned--they hear, but they don't listen. Seeing the situation I simply dropped the idea of transforming the Indian mind.... *dless16*

In India Mohammedans are the second biggest community after Hindus, but they are very poor. I was continuously wondering what is the reason that all the Mohammedans in the whole country.... And India has the biggest number of Mohammedans than any country, although it is not a Mohammedan country, but it has the biggest number of Mohammedans than any other country. Why are they all poor?

And as I looked into their scriptures, I found the reason. The reason was that they have been prohibited by Prophet Mohammed that: 'interest is a sin, so never give money on interest', one thing; and 'Never take money on interest'. This is the reason they are poor, because they cannot take money on interest and they cannot give money on interest. And the whole economy functions on interest. You take money from the bank on interest, you take loan from the government on interest, but they cannot take it. It is sin.

Now, a stupid idea keeps them poor. Am I responsible for it? Should I go and serve them?

If they are hungry and poor, this is one reason.

The second reason, Mohammed has given them the opportunity that they can marry four women. If one woman marries four men, that will be very helpful in reducing the world population. One woman can marry as many men as she wants, there is no harm. It will

not create more poverty because she can give only birth to one child. How many husbands she has makes no difference.

But one man and four women is a dangerous thing. Now that man can have four children every year. So Mohammedans are having more children than anybody in India. Naturally, every man goes on dividing his poverty into so many children, they all end up almost like beggars. *last320*

Recently I was in Bihar. Thousands of famines have happened in Bihar since the time of Buddha, but the people of Bihar have done nothing. There is a lot of water underground in Bihar, but they do not dig wells. Every year they are waiting for the famine and begging for help to go on living. They do nothing! When the famine comes, they accept it and beg. When there is famine, the leaders of the whole country begin to ask for donations and help. When the famine is over, nobody bothers. The same situation continues, there will be no change. *educa08*

I have visited areas where people were so hungry--starving; they had no food. I enquired, "You don't have any food, how do you manage to sleep?"--because without food you cannot sleep. In fact sleep is needed for one of the most basic reasons: to digest food. So all other activity is dropped and your whole energy goes into digestion. But when you don't have any food in the stomach, sleep becomes difficult.

I have been fasting, so I know. Before the fasting day, the whole night you go on tossing and turning, thinking of the next day and the delicious foods. And when you are hungry anything looks delicious. But you cannot sleep. I asked, "How do you manage to sleep?"

They said, "We drink a lot of water to fill the belly, to deceive the body, and then sleep comes." They know perfectly well they are deceiving; water is not nourishment. The body is asking for food, and they are giving water because only water is available. But at least something is in the stomach, it is not empty. *dark09*

I have known people who have gone to sleep tying a brick on their stomach so they don't feel that their stomach is empty. Such poverty exists in many parts of this country. Would these people have become buddhas?--no. Enlightenment has nothing to do with poverty, fasting, discipline, religious rituals.

There is only a single way to enlightenment and that is creating more and more awareness about your acts, about your thoughts, about your emotions. *bodhi17*

And in India, the people who have houses...you cannot conceive what kind of houses they are. Those who have not, in a way their position is clear. But those who have houses--they are not worth calling houses at all. I have been traveling in villages...not a single house will have a bathroom, not a single house will have an outhouse, a latrine. No, you have to go out by the side of the river or the tank, or wherever water is available you go there. People are doing everything there--and people are drinking the same water. I had to stop going into villages, it was so ugly, so inhuman.

And what is a house in India? Just a shed which you would not make even for a cow. They are living with their cows and their bulls and their other animals in the same house. And the families are joined, so in one house you may have thirty people, forty people, with all the animals. Every house is Noah's ark. All the species...and such a smell! So much stink that even thinking of it I feel immensely sorry for people.

But that is not the case only in India, it is all over the third world. In Africa, in China--it is all over the third world. *unconc26*

I have been travelling in this country, I have been born in this country; I know poor people. Sometimes when they come to me, they come for some other reasons. They come: their son is not getting employment, so, `Osho, bless.' They come because their wife is ill; they come because somebody is not having a child, `So bless.' They come for some other reasons, not for religious reasons. A poor person cannot have religious reasons really; he is starving. His problem is not religious, his problem is physical. Only a rich person can have religious problems. Religion is a by-product of affluence; it is a luxury. *plove04*

Machines can become a great liberation to man, but they have to be used rightly. If you don't use them rightly they can be dangerous; they can pollute all of nature, they can destroy the whole balance--the ecology can be disturbed by them. But if you use them consciously, meditatively, then all slavery can disappear from the world, because machines can do the work that man has been doing for ages. It can provide food, clothes, shelter.

Hence I am all for science, I am not against science. And I am all for religion too, because I can see a possibility of a great synthesis arising in the future. It has to arise now. If it does not arise, then man is doomed and finished and man has no future, no hope. The world can be made rich outwardly with technology and science, and the inner world can be made rich by meditation, by prayer, by love, by joy. We can create a new human being, fulfilled both within and without. *dh0605*

I went to a meeting*. It was a meeting of the untouchables. The very conception of an untouchable fills my heart with tears. On reaching there also, I was very unhappy and sad. What is it that man has done with man? And persons erecting uncrossable walls between man and man are also called religious! What greater fall of religion could be than this? And if this is religion, what is irreligion? It appears that the dens of irreligion have stolen the flags of religion; and the scriptures of satan have become the scriptures of God.

Religion is not separatist. It should unite. Religion is not dualistic; it is monistic. Religion lies not in erecting the walls but in demolishing them. But the so-called religions have been creating only divisions and erecting only walls. Their power has been active only in breaking up and dividing men. Surely, this has not been done without reason. In fact, without dividing man against man, neither can there be unions nor can there be exploitation. If manhood is similar and one, the main basis; of exploitation is finished; for

exploitation inequality is unavoidable. Sects and castes are essential. For the same reason, religions in many forms have been supporters of inequality, sects and castes. A sectless and casteless society is automatically opposed to exploitation. To accept equality of men is to discard exploitation.

Then, without creating differences between man and man there can be no unions and religious sects. Division creates fear, jealousy and hatred and finally enmity. Enmity gives birth to religious sects; they are born of enmity and not friendship; not love, but hatred is their foundation stone. Unions are formed out of fear of enmity. Unions provide power. Power becomes strength for exploitation and also realization of the thirst for authority. On expansion, the same develops into a desire for monarchies. In the same way, religions secretly become politics. Religion moves in front and politics follows it. Religion remains only a cover and politics becomes the life. In fact, where there is union, there are religious sects, there then is no religion; there is only politics. Religion is deep application; that is not a union. In the name of separate religious unions, politics alone keeps on making moves. In the absence of union there can be religion, but there cannot be religions nor can there be worshippers, priests and their profession. God has also been converted into a profession. Several interests have got connected even with him. What can be more unseemly and irreligious than that? But the power of propaganda is unlimited and by constant propaganda even absolute untruths become truths. Then what wonder if the worshippers and priests who are themselves victims of exploitation should be supporters of the scheme of exploitation? Religions have served as strong pillars for the scheme of social exploitation. Having woven a net of imaginary principles, they have proved the exploiters as religious people and the exploited as the sinners. The exploited ones have been told that their suffering is the result of their bad deeds. Truly, religions have given lot of opium to the people.

An old untouchable asked me after everyone else: "Can I go to the temples?"

I said: "To the temples? But what for? God himself never goes to the temples of priests."

There is no other temple of God except Nature. All the rest of temples and mosques are an invention of the priests. There is not even a distant relation of these temples with God. God and priests have never been on talking terms. Temple is the creation of priests and priest is the creation of satan. They are disciples of satan. For this very reason, their scriptures and religious sects have been centres of putting man against man. They have talked of love but have spread the poison of hatred. Even then man is not beware of the priests; and whenever he thinks of God, he gets involved with the priests. The basic reason for the thinking of relations between man and God is only this. Priests have all along been busy in murdering God. Excepting them, there is no other murderer of God. If you have to choose God you cannot choose the priest. Both of them cannot be worshipped at the same time. As soon as the priest enters the temple, God goes out of it. In order to establish relation with God, it is necessary to get rid of the priest. That is the only obstacle between the devotee and God. Love does not tolerate any one in between. Nor does prayer tolerate any obstacle. **Note: this text is from the early 1960s.* *earthn06*

And *all* that you believe is nothing but a lie repeated for thousands of years.

How do you know that somebody is a brahmin? How do you know that somebody is a sudra? How do you know that somebody is a *vaishya* or somebody is a *kshatriya?* And the sudra cannot move upwards, and the brahmin is at the top...what makes you think that? I have seen very idiotic brahmins, and I have seen very intelligent sudras....

Nobody is lower, nobody is higher, but if for thousands of years...Manu has been the cause of the whole calamity. He preached these four castes, and they are still being followed. And even the sudra believes in them, it is not only the brahmin who believes in them.

I have been trying to convince sudras who used to come to see me: "You can come and sit on a chair."

They would say, "No."

They would sit just by the door, outside on the steps: "We are sudras, we cannot come in."

Even they have become convinced. If the brahmin is convinced one can understand, because he is gaining superiority by the conviction. But what is the sudra gaining?

In one place they were celebrating the birthday of a great saint, Raidas, who was a shoemaker, a *chamar*. I was just visiting there, so I said, "I will also be coming."

But they said, "No, how can you come there? Only sudras will be there."

But I insisted. The family I was staying with said, "It is creating trouble for us. If you go we have to go with you. You are our guest and we cannot let you go alone. We don't want to go there because if somebody sees that we are mixing with sudras, our whole life will be ruined!"

I said, "You don't need to come with me. I am going there."

But you will be surprised, the sudras wouldn't allow me to enter the area. They said, "No. We are sudras and we cannot commit this sin of bringing you down amongst ourselves. No, God will never forgive us."

I said, "This is strange."

They are so convinced. It is a lie, because in the whole world there is no caste system except in the Hindu world. So it is not something natural. *sword19*

I have been talking to these sudras, untouchables. At first they could not believe that anybody from a higher caste would come into their small village outside the city; but

when I started visiting them, slowly, slowly they became accustomed to it--that this man seems to be strange.

And I told them, "Your slavery, your oppression, your exploitation, is because you are clinging to such small securities. When society cannot give you your individuality and your freedom, that society is not yours. Leave it! Declare that you do not belong to such an ugly society! Who is preventing you?

"And stop doing all these dirty jobs. Let the brahmins and the higher castes clean the toilets, and then they will know that just sitting and reading the scriptures is not virtue; it is not purity."

Brahmins have not done anything except be parasites on society; but they are the most respected people, because they are educated, they are well-versed in religious scriptures. Just to be born into a brahmin family is enough; no other quality is needed: people will touch your feet. Just being a brahmin by birth, you have all the qualifications to be worshiped. And this has continued for at least five thousand years.

Talking to the sudras, I became aware they have become so accustomed to a certain security that they have forgotten the alternative of freedom. And whenever I tried to convince them, sooner or later the question was asked, "What about responsibilities? If we are free, then we will be responsible. Right now we are not responsible for anything. We live safe and secure, although in utter humiliation"--but to that they have become accustomed and immune. *spirit10*

It has been experimentally proved that if a child is not brought up by loving people--the mother, the father, the other small children in the family--if the child is not brought up by loving people, you can give him every nourishment but somehow his body goes on shrinking. You are giving everything necessary--medical needs are fulfilled, much care is being taken--but the child goes on shrinking.

Is it a disease? Yes, to the medical mind everything is a disease; something must be wrong. They will go on researching the facts, why it is happening. But it is not a disease.

The child's will to live has not even arisen. It needs loving warmth, joyful faces, dancing children, the warmth of the mother's body--a certain milieu which makes him feel that life has tremendous treasures to be explored, that there is so much joy, dance, play; that life is not just a desert, that there are immense possibilities.

He should be able to see those possibilities in the eyes around him, in the bodies around him. Only then will the will to live spring up--it is almost like a spring. Otherwise, he will shrink and die--not with any physical disease, he will simply shrink and die.

I have been to orphanages; one of my friends, Rekhchand Parekh, in Chanda Maharashtra, used to run an orphanage--nearabout one hundred to one hundred and ten orphans were there. And orphans would come, two days old, three days old; people

would just leave them in front of the orphanage. He wanted me to come to see the orphanage. I said, "Sometime later on I will see it, because I know whatever is there will make me unnecessarily sad."

But he insisted, so one time I went, and what I saw.... They were taking every care, he was pouring his money on those children, but they were all ready to die just any moment. Doctors were there, nurses were there, medical facilities were there, food was there, everything was there. He had given his own beautiful bungalow--he had moved to a smaller bungalow--a beautiful garden and everything was there; but the will to live was not there.

I told him, "These children will go on dying slowly."

He said, "You are telling me? I have been running this orphanage for twelve years; hundreds have died. We have tried every possible way to keep them alive, but nothing seems to work. They go on shrinking and one day simply they are no longer there."

If there was a disease the doctor could help, but there was no disease; simply, the child had no desire to live. When I said this to him, it became clear to him. He immediately, that very day, gave the orphanage to the government, and he said, "I have been trying to help these children for twelve years; now I know it is not possible. What they need I cannot give, so it is better that the government takes it over."

He said to me, "I had come to this point many times, but I am not an articulate man so I could not figure out what it was. But in a vague way I was feeling that something was missing and that goes on killing them." *misery28*

In my university there used to be a student of mine who was the son of a beggar. Just accidentally I found it out. That beggar used to stand at the railway station, and I was continually coming and going, coming and going. It was almost a routine thing that whenever I came I would give him one rupee, and whenever I went I would give him one rupee. And he was very happy because nobody else was giving one rupee. And in a month I would pass at least eight or ten times, so he was getting good earnings from me. We became friends.

But one day when I came to the station, I found the beggar was not there. The train was late so I looked around to find where he was, because his rupee...otherwise this would be a kind of betrayal--that he was not present and I just escaped with his rupee. So I tried to find him. I found him in the goods shed, talking to this boy who was my student. And they both became very shocked; I was puzzled.

I said, "What is the matter? I have been looking for you--the train is late and you were not in your place. You just take your rupee and relieve me because I am unnecessarily worried. And always remember, at that time you should be there. And what are you doing with my student?"

He said, "Now I cannot hide it from you. He is my son: I am teaching him. But please don't tell anybody that he is my son. He is respected, and people think that he belongs to a rich family"--and he had kept him like a rich man's son. His earning was good; in India, beggars earn more than professors.

I said, "No, I will not tell anybody. There is no need to say anything to anybody; and there is no harm."

He said, "I am living just for him. He is my hope. What I could not do in my life he will do. Perhaps I may not be able to see it--him living in his own home, having his own car, his wife, children, a good salary, or a good business. Perhaps I may not be able to live that long, but I pray to God to give me a little more life.

"I just want to see him--I will never go close to his house, I will not disturb his life. Nobody will ever know that he is the son of a beggar. And the woman who was his mother was also a beggar; we were never married. She has died, with the same hope. We both were working hard to keep him in a boarding school. Meeting him in hiding.... He comes here once in a while to meet me--in this goods shed we meet because nobody comes here.

"I can suffer as much as my fate decides but only one hope is enough to keep me tolerating every suffering, every humiliation, every insult. My son is now in the final M.A.; next year perhaps he will be in a good job. It is a question of only a few years until he will be having his own house--l never had one; he will be having his own wife--l never had one. He will be having his own children--and although I have him, I cannot claim to be his father because I was never married."

Now this man...I asked him, "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?"

He said, "Suicide? What are you saying? I am thinking only of life, more life."

Through him I became acquainted with many beggars. And I asked all of them, whenever we were alone, "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?" And they were shocked the same way: "Why have you asked this question? Why should we think of committing suicide? We want to live--we have not lived yet."

One beggar told me, "I have been putting my money in a bank hoping that one day I will drop this begging and just live a relaxed life. Once in a while I would like to give something to a beggar. People have insulted me so much; even in their giving they insult. It is not given with compassion, it is not given with love: it is given just to get rid of you--you are a nuisance. And we know, so we create a nuisance because nobody gives out of compassion. They give to us if they want to get rid of a nuisance.

"So we never beg from a single person if he is walking on the road alone, because he will say 'go to hell!' We beg when there are people around before whom he cannot misbehave because he is a respectable man, known to be kind and compassionate; now this is the

time to show the compassion. We see in their faces that they are boiling with anger that we have caught them in the wrong place--but for us that is the right place." *misery28*

Begging is a business where there is continuous competition--you don't know which is the beggar who owns you. When I came to know this, it was a great surprise. Because I was traveling continually, I was coming and going to the railway station so many times, an old beggar had become accustomed--in fact, he had started taking it for granted--that whenever I came back from a journey, or went for a journey, he was entitled to have one rupee each time.

In the beginning he used to be grateful. When I, for the first time, gave him one rupee, he could not believe it--Indians don't give rupees to beggars. But slowly, slowly, everything becomes taken for granted. Now it was not a question of gratitude, it was a routine. And I could see from his eyes that if I don't give him the rupee he will be angry--I am depriving him of one rupee.

I never deprived him, but one day I was surprised: the old man was gone, and a young man was sitting in his place and he said, "Don't forget that one rupee."

I said, "How did you come to know about the one rupee?"

He said, "You don't know...I got married to that old beggar's daughter."

Still I could not understand, "If you got married, where is the old man?"

He said, "He has given the whole area of the railway station as a dowry to me, and he has given me all the names--and your name is the first name. You have been giving him one rupee each time, whether you enter the railway station or you come out."

I said, "This is a revelation, that beggars have their territories." They own it. They can give it as a dowry to their sons-in-law. I said, "This is great! Where is the old man?"

He said, "He has found another place near a hospital, because the beggar who used to sit there has died. And he looks old, but he is a very strong man. Nobody wants to fight with him." Beggars are also in continual conflict to own the clients, customers.... *mess203*

Once in India I was traveling from Indore to Khandwa. Khandwa was a big junction, and I had to wait there for one hour. I was alone in my air-conditioned compartment. A beggar knocked on the window, and I indicated to him to come in.

He came in. He said, "My mother has died, and I don't have even enough money to bury her." I gave him one rupee. In those days that was even enough to get wood and burn your mother. The man looked surprised.

He was a professional beggar. I knew it, because I passed through Khandwa many times, and it was always his mother who was dying. I could have asked, "What a great mother you have got. Is your mother a Jesus Christ?" But I never said anything to him.

That day, thinking me mad or something, he came again. He said, "My father has died."

I said, "Great! Take one rupee more."

The man could not believe that so soon...just five minutes before his mother had died, now his father has died. And that gave him courage enough to come again after five minutes.

I said, "Has your wife died?"

He said, "How do you know? Yes."

I said, "Here is one rupee more. How many relatives do you have? Because it is unnecessarily disturbing me--these people will go on dying and you will have to come again and again. You just tell me the whole number, as if the whole family has died. How many relatives do you have?"

The poor man could not imagine more than ten. I said, "Okay, you take ten rupees. And now, get lost."

He said, "Before I accept your ten rupees--three I have already taken--I want to know, do you believe me? So quickly my mother dies, my father dies, my wife dies, and now you are giving me an advance for my whole family." He felt guilty that he was cheating. He said, "No, although I am a beggar, I cannot cheat you. You still trust me?"

I said, "You have done nothing wrong. I have money, you are poor; any excuse will do. And don't you think that I am also immensely interested in your family?--because your mother has died many times before. I have been passing through this railway station so many times, and it was always your mother. How many mothers did you have?"

He said, "I want one thing to be clear; otherwise I will carry this wound in my heart forever. How could you trust me?"

I said, "I thought perhaps you went on forgetting that it is the same man you are asking for money: `My mother has died, my father has died, my wife has died.' Perhaps you were thinking you were asking different people"--because he came with different clothes. One time he came with a cap, another time with a basket, the third time with a coat on--just so that he was not recognized as the same man.

I said, "I was wondering if perhaps you could not recognize me as the same man. And as far as trust is concerned, I trust you still. It has nothing to do with your trustworthiness; I

trust you because I cannot distrust. It is my incapacity, it has nothing to do with your worthiness or unworthiness."

He returned the thirteen rupees. I tried hard to refuse but he said, "No. I will not take these rupees knowing perfectly well that you are aware that I am cheating and still you trust me. You have given me the dignity of being a human being for the first time in my whole life. And I am not going to beg again--without saying a word, you have changed me."

You say you could not stop the tears because I said I trust you, and you feel unworthy. That's a great step, to feel that you are unworthy. It is a quantum leap. Those tears will take it away, wash you completely clean of your unworthiness. But as far as I am concerned, whether you are worthy or unworthy makes no difference to me: I trust you. *dless06*

I have been to many prisons.

It happened that in Madhya Pradesh when I was a professor there, one old man, Mangaldas Pakvasa, was governor of Madhya Pradesh. He was very much interested in me, so much so that although I went on telling him, "Kaka"--he was known to everybody as Kaka, uncle--"I don't believe in God," he said, "Whether you believe it or not, just when you reach, tell God something for this Mangaldas Pakvasa, because I am an old sinner. Being in politics, you know, I have done everything that I should not have done. Now I am getting old."

"But," I said, "you will be dying first, Kaka. Can't you see a simple thing: you will be reaching first. So if you want, you can help *me*, but I cannot help you; I am not going that early!"

"But," he said, "I suspect that I will never be going to heaven. Governors and prime ministers and presidents--I don't think any of them are going there. This whole company is going to hell!"

He was a very simple and good man. Because he was governor, I had immense dimensions open for me. I asked him, "You give me a general permission: if I want to visit any jail I should be allowed."

He said, "That is no problem." And the biggest jail was in Jabalpur itself; it was the central jail of the whole state--three thousand diehard criminals. So I used to go almost every Sunday; while he remained governor I continued to go there. And what I saw--this was the climate, and in other jails also. I went in smaller jails also but the climate was essentially the same.

The climate was that it is not crime that brings you to jail, it is being caught, so if you know right ways to do wrong things.... It is not a question of doing right things; the question is doing wrong things in a right way. And every prisoner learns the right way of

doing wrong things in jail. In fact I have talked with prisoners and they said, "We are eager to get out."

I said, "For what?"

They said, "You are a friend, and we don't hide anything from you: we want to get out as soon as possible because we have learned so much, we want to practice. Just the practicals were missing, it was all theoretical knowledge. For practicals you need the society." *dark04*

In the university, one of the students, who was my colleague for two years, murdered somebody. He was caught and jailed. Years after, when I became a professor, the governor was very much interested in me, so he wanted me to go to the central jail every Sunday to talk to the prisoners, to help them to meditate. And there I met that young man who had murdered somebody. He was trying to hide in the crowd of other prisoners, but I went directly inside the crowd.

The superintendent was preventing me, saying, "These are dangerous people. You should not go amongst them."

I said, "They may be dangerous--they cannot be dangerous to me. I have not done any harm to anybody." And I got hold of the boy and I told him, "This is not good that you should hide. I have specially come to see you. When the governor asked me, I remembered only you, that I will be able to see you again."

He said, "I was feeling so ashamed. I betrayed you, your love, your friendship. I am not ashamed of the murder--the man I murdered needed it! I am ashamed that I betrayed your love and your trust."

I said, "Forget about it. You have not betrayed anything. I love you as much as I loved you before--perhaps more, because you had to pass through such a torturous ordeal."

I went there every Sunday, and after six or seven weeks the superintendent told me, "There has been a strange change in the man you always meet before you talk to everybody. Before, he was the most dangerous person here. He was always creating trouble, always problems; he was always beating, hurting somebody. But during these seven weeks, something has happened to him. He is meditating. Others only meditate when you come, every Sunday, but he meditates every day."

Within a year, he was a totally different man, and the superintendent recommended that he should be released; otherwise it was a life sentence.

He asked me, "I am recommending him to be released. If you can put a word into the governor's ear it will help immensely; otherwise, he will not believe that a man who has been sentenced for his whole life can be released. He has served almost six, seven years, but that is nothing."

I told the governor that I had a friend there, and told him the whole story. I said, "The superintendent wants him to be released. I would love that he is released, because that will create a great incentive and encouragement in the other prisoners. And you yourself would love to see that man. This whole year he has been meditating--whenever he had time he was meditating."

He was released, and I asked him, "What has happened in your meditations?" He said, "Now I feel perhaps it was good that I murdered. If I had not murdered, I would have never come so close to you. In my meditations I was so close to you, I could hear your heartbeat. And strangely, the meditations transformed all my energy. That which was violence became love, that was anger became compassion; and I was not even concerned that for the whole of my life I have to live in the jail

"In fact I was happy to have no worries of life, no responsibilities of life. Just do your work the whole day, and meditate. I was reading your books, meditating, and slowly, slowly, a group of meditators was formed. We were reading together, discussing together. Out of jail I feel a little lost, because for this one year it has become almost a temple to me. And on the outside, it is just the ugly marketplace I had left before."

Love has a chemical quality to transform people's energies. It changes the person you love; it changes you simultaneously. *zara113*

Osho visits a jail and addresses the prisoners:

Brethren! Do not be under the delusion that you alone are in fetters; those outside this prison, who are apparently free, are also in chains, though their shackles are of a different kind. Their desires are their chains; their ignorance is their imprisonment. Man's bondage is of man's own making. Man himself labours at making the walls and bars for his prison. Though what I say may surprise you, the truth is that most of us spend our lives creating prison-houses for ourselves.

Thinking from another angle about this, I would say, lack of religion means lack of freedom. Most of us do not live in religion means lack of freedom. Most of us do not live in religion, but in the lack of it; of course, we are not conscious of this fact. Those that do not travel in the direction of self-enlightenment, gradually go deeper and deeper in the abyss of darkness, and this darkness can be destructive.

He who has no thirst for the Truth can not be free. Truth leads to freedom; nay, more correctly, Truth is freedom. And please remember that he who is not free is not for, but against God. In the soil of consciousness that is not free, the plants of divinity can not grow. For these plants to grow, to bloom and to bear fruits, the soil needed is of freedom; the manure needed is of a simple, unpretentious life, the water needed is of purity; and the seed required is of living silence. But above all, there should be the care of the gardener by the name of Awareness.

He who shows the courage to fulfil the above conditions, finds himself free of all bondage. From within his self, the latent fire of God burns bright, because the ashes of dependence have been blown away. And in that fire, misery and dissatisfaction, pain and turmoil, all are burnt out completely. The ashes left thereafter, act as a fertiliser for the blossoming of flowers of ever-lasting joy and bliss.

I invite you to participate in a wonderful search. The moment your heart echoes this invitation of mine, you will be transformed into a new being who hears the call divine; then you won't heed any call from lesser or baser sources. The calls from the low are heard only so long as the call from the high is disregarded. The call from the high or from the above, is a challenging call! The ways of the beast exist only because the sight is not turned towards God. Only they are tied to the mundane and the terrestrial, who do not dream of soaring to celestial heights. Raise your sights to the firmament, and see how vast, how immense and limitless is the sky; and also how near it is to you! Isn't it the height of folly--a sort of insult to your intelligence--that you remain earth-bound worms crawling in muck, despite your having the wings to fly to the most distant horizons, and the spirit that can encompass the sky?

This spirit is mysterious; it can be as small or as large as it chooses to be. It can be smaller than the tiniest atom, the more immense than the skies. It can be a dog, and it can be also a god; it is its own creation. Therefore, those who concentrate on the lowly, become lowly. Whereas, those who yearn to soar in the infinite realms, become the Infinite.

I appeal to you: If you would fall in love, let it be with God! And if you must be in bonds, let the bonds be of the limitless firmament! And if you must be in a prison-house, let nothing less than the cosmos be your jail! And if you must confine yourself to any limits, let these be the frontiers of freedom! And if you must seek manacles, then seek the ties of love, because love means freedom absolute! *lead01*

How can a poor man have character? Life closes in on him from all sides and suffocates him so that he is compelled to say goodbye to character. Nevertheless, the politicians go on saying that poverty cannot be eradicated unless corruption is eradicated.

This is putting the cart before the horse. So I say let us drop the talk of character and characterlessness for the present and put all our energy towards eradicating poverty. And when poverty disappears, corruption will disappear on its own. Poverty has to go first. It will not go with the departure of characterlessness, just because the latter is simply not going to disappear. But with the departure of poverty and degradation, the level of character will begin to rise.

A magistrate visited me the other day. By the way, he told me that he did not accept bribes. I asked him to let me know the limit within which he refused bribes. He was startled and said that he could not understand what I meant. I said, "Would you accept if I offer a bribe of five *paise?"* He said, "What are you talking about? Five *paise?* Never!" "And if I give you five *rupees?" I* asked again. He again said no. And I asked, "And what

about five hundred?" He repeated his no, but this time his no was not that emphatic. When I raised the assumed figure of a bribe to five thousand *rupees*, he queried about the purpose of my asking these questions, but he did not say no this time. And finally as I raised the sum to five hundred thousand he said that he would have to think about it.

What does lack of character mean? You are a man of character if you refuse a bribe of five *paise* and you become characterless on accepting a hundred thousand *rupees?* No, every man has his limit. *social05*

I know professional witnesses.... I used to live in a city where the high court of the state was. I had a friend, and I was surprised that he was always moving around the courts; I thought perhaps he was employed there.

I used to go to the university by way of the court. One day I stopped the car and called him and asked, "What kind of job have you got?--because mostly I see you outside the court."

He said, "I don't have any job. I am a professional witness."

I said, "What is that?"

He said, "You don't know what a professional witness is? I witness for anybody. So outside I find a client, a customer who wants a witness. He has done something wrong; I can witness and prove that he has not done it."

I said, "But you must be taking the oath...."

He laughed, he said, "I have taken the oath so many times it does not matter anymore. And even the judges know me, the advocates know me, the criminals know me. When the advocates find that it is very difficult to save a criminal, they seek my help. I am an eyewitness for anything. And I have become so expert in all these ten years that I earn more than the advocates."

There is no point in the oath. Who cares about a book when there are scientific instruments available which are absolutely certain? And more sophisticated mechanisms can be invented. The man can be hypnotized, and in hypnosis he cannot lie; he will have to say the truth. *bond32*

I used to stay in Calcutta in the house of the chief justice of the high court. His wife told me, "My husband only listens to you. Just tell him that at least in the house he should not be the chief justice of the high court. Even in bed he's the chief justice of the high court. The moment he enters the house, the children stop playing, everybody starts looking busy. The moment he leaves the house, it feels like a great burden is relieved, everybody is happy and smiling. And this does not look good, this is not right. But he only knows how to order...obedience."

That night I said to the chief justice, "You have forgotten that you are a man too, you have forgotten that you love a woman. A chief justice has nothing to do with a woman. A chief justice has nothing to do with love. You have forgotten that you have children. A chief justice has nothing to do with children.

"Your being the chief justice is only a profession. But you have forgotten yourself. When you come from the court, you should leave everything in the court. Come home as a human being. You may not be aware how your family is suffering. They feel joyous when you are not in the home, and they feel afraid when you are in the home. This is not a good character certificate for you."

He said, "But I never thought about it, and nobody told me. Perhaps it is right."

And that night he apologized to the children, to the servants, to his wife. He said to them, "From tomorrow you will find me just a man. The house is not a court, but I had simply forgotten. I became so identified with my profession that I was lost in it. I tortured you all, and I have tortured myself too.

"I was wondering why my children don't love me, why my wife does not love me, why everybody looks afraid. I was wondering what is the matter, that everything falls silent, servants who were sitting idly or playing cards just start looking busy. Now I know, it was my fault." I visited the family twice more and it was a totally different family. *socrat14*

Once I used to live in a town. The police commissioner was my friend; we were friends from the university student days. He used to come to me, and he would say, "I am so miserable. Help me to come out of it." I would say, "You talk about coming out of it, but I don't see that you really want to come out of it. In the first place, why have you chosen to work in this police department? You must be miserable, and you want others also to be miserable."

One day I asked three of my disciples to go around the town and dance in different parts of the town and be happy. They said, "For what?" I said, "You simply go."

Within one hour, of course, they were caught by the police. I called the police commissioner; I said, "Why have you caught these people of mine?" He said, "These people seem to be mad." I asked him, "Have they done anything wrong? Have they harmed anybody?" He said, "No, nothing. Really, they have not done anything wrong." "Then why have you caught them?" He said, "But they were dancing on the streets! And they were laughing."

"But if they have not done anything harmful to anybody, why should you interfere? Why should you come in? They have not attacked anybody, they have not entered anybody's territory. They were just dancing. Innocent people, laughing."

He said, "You are right, but it is dangerous."

"Why is it dangerous? To be happy is dangerous? To be ecstatic is dangerous?"

He got the point; he immediately released them. He came running to me; he said, "You may be right. I cannot allow myself to be happy--and I cannot allow anybody else to be happy."

These are your politicians, these are your police commissioners, these are your magistrates. the juries, your leaders, your so-called saints, your priests, your popes--these are the people. They all have a great investment in your misery. They depend on your misery. If you are miserable they are happy.

Only a miserable person will go to the temple to pray. A happy person will go to a temple? For what? A happy person is so happy that he feels God everywhere! That's what happiness is all about. He's so ecstatically in love with existence that wherever he looks he finds God. Everywhere is his temple. And wherever he bows down, suddenly he finds God's feet, nothing else. *ecstas09*

I have been dragged into a court because I used to live outside a city where there was a Mohammedan cemetery, and people used to come there to meditate. The Mohammedans came to me again and again, saying that "This is not good; your disciples are disturbing our sleeping ones."

I said, "Why? How can they disturb?"

They said, "They go on saying, `Hoo, hoo.' Even a dead person feels like getting out of the grave to find out, `Who is this fellow?' "

I said, "We cannot change it. And moreover it is really the last part of *Allah-Hoo.* It is a Mohammedan mantra!"

They said, "You are very clever, but we have never heard of *Allah-Hoo. Allah* is okay, but *Hoo?"*

I said, "You can do anything you want to do. If your ghosts come out of their graves, it is *our* problem, we live here. We will enjoy, we will entertain them; you don't be worried."

They said, "This man is difficult we are going to the court."

I said, "That is perfectly good, you go anywhere!"

Even the judge said, "This is not a crime. Nowhere in any law book, in any constitution, any statute, is it written that saying *`Hoo'* is a crime. And don't drag me into something with that man, because I know him."

But they insisted. They said, "If you don't take action, there is going to be a Hindu-Mohammedan riot."

The judge said, "But he is not Hindu, so why bring Hindus into it?"

They said, "Whoever he is...but if near our cemetery anybody says *`Hoo'* there is going to be difficulty. Then don't tell us that we are breaking the law." So the judge summoned me. I went there with at least one hundred disciples. First we did *"Hoo"* in the court. The judge was absolutely afraid, he said, "Wait! I cannot say that this is insulting the court, because there is no precedent, nobody has insulted anybody by saying *`Hoo.'* It is perfectly right but you frighten me! Perhaps those poor Mohammedans are right that the way you shout for one hour, even dead people will come alive. And it is natural for them to protect their dead; otherwise the dead will think that perhaps the Judgment Day has come...You can do your meditation somewhere else" because where I used to live there was a great lake, and mountains.

He said, "You can move anywhere. There is nothing that anybody can do against you. But why unnecessarily create trouble?" *yaahoo07*

There have been dozens of cases against me all over India in different courts for the same simple reason: somebody's religious feeling is hurt. Why do you go on carrying such religious feelings that get hurt so easily? These are not religions; these are their securities, their consolations. And because I have said something which takes away the consolation, the security...that's what hurts.

It is as if I have taken away the protection which was hiding their wound. I have not created the wound, I have simply made them aware of it. They should be grateful to me, not angry, because if the wound is opened to the sun, to the air, there is a possibility of its being healed. But the very recognition is lacking that they are living in an imaginary security. *tahui35*

My whole life I have been fighting in courts on the same point that people's religious feelings are hurt. I have been telling the judges, "If I am true and somebody's feelings are hurt, do you think I have to be punished for it? That man needs psychological treatment. If his religious feelings are so weak, that shows that they are only beliefs. He does not know what religion is. And if truth hurts people, what do you suggest? Should I start lying?" And the judges would look all around--what to do? They cannot say I should start lying, so they are puzzled....

Hundreds of cases have been dismissed. But the society goes on rewarding a person who consoles you. It does not matter that he is consoling you by a lie. *gdead07*

The first time I appeared in an Indian court, I refused to take the oath. The magistrate was shocked. He said, "Why are you refusing?"

I said, "There are many reasons. First, on what book do you want me to put my hand? *The Bible?* Even the contemporaries of Jesus did not believe him, and the man was put on the cross. He was considered a greater criminal than any other criminal by his whole contemporary world. And you want me to put my hand on his book?"

He said, "No, you can put your hand on Bhagavad Gita."

I said, "Then you are going from bad to worse, because this man Krishna has stolen sixteen hundred wives from people, married women, and he himself was not a man of his word or promise. He has broken his promises, he has gone against his own word, and you want me to put my hand on his book? Then I will have to wash my hands!"

The magistrate said, "Then forget about the books. You simply say yourself that whatever you say will be true."

I said, "You don't understand even simple logic. If I am a man of lies, what is the problem for me to say that whatever I say will be true? It is still going to be a lie. Either you accept me as a man of truth...but don't ask for an oath."

This is the world that we have created--where in the name of justice all kinds of injustices will be done, where in the name of truth all kinds of fictions will be invented, imposed, conditioned. *mani15*

A friend said to me *"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could transform the world?"*

I replied, "It would be very nice, but where is this world? I look for it but cannot find it. I seek the world and only see the reflection of myself. Leave the world alone. Let us transform ourselves instead. When we do that, the world will be transformed. What else is the world but that deep inner connection we are all a part of, that we all share? *long04*

Once I was sitting on the bank of a river and a man started drowning. He shouted for help. I ran, but by the time I reached close to the river to jump, another man who was closer, just near the bank, had already jumped. So I stopped myself; there was no need. But then the other man started drowning--I had to save both!

I asked the second man, "Why did you jump if you don't know how to swim?"

He said, "I completely forgot! The moment I heard him shout, 'Save me!'--I completely forgot that I don't know how to swim. I simply jumped, it was a mechanical response."

This is not the way to help! I said, "If I had not been here, you both would have drowned! There was every possibility of the other person reaching the shore alone, without you.... Because you don't know how to swim and you would have caught hold of the other person and you both would have depended on each other, there is more possibility that you both would have drowned. And you created unnecessary trouble for me--first I had to save you, because you were closer to the bank, and that man had to wait a little longer."

But this is happening in life every day: you start helping others without ever becoming aware that you yourself are in need.

Be altruistic only when your own self is fulfilled. *dh0507*

But try to understand: your own light is not burning and you start helping others. Your own inner being is in total darkness and you start helping others. You yourself are suffering and you become a servant of the people. You have not passed through the inner rebellion and you become a revolutionary. This is simply absurd, but this idea arises in everybody's mind. It seems so simple to help others. In fact, people who really need to change themselves always become interested in changing others. That becomes an occupation, and they can forget themselves.

This is what I have watched. I have seen so many social workers, *sarvodayis,* and I have never seen a single person who has any inner light to help anybody. But they are trying hard to help everybody. They are madly after transforming the society and the people and people's minds, and they have completely forgotten that they have not done the same to themselves. But they become occupied.

Once an old revolutionary and social worker was staying with me. I asked him, "You are completely absorbed in your work. Have you ever thought if what you really want happens, if by a miracle, overnight, all that you want happens, what you will do the next morning? Have you ever thought about it?"

He laughed--a very empty laughter--but then he became a little sad. He said, "If it is possible, I will be at a loss as to what to do then. If the world is exactly as I want it, then I will be at a loss for what to do. I may even commit suicide."

These people are occupied; this is their obsession. And they have chosen such an obsession which can never be fulfilled. So you can go on changing others, life after life. Who are you?

This is also a sort of ego: that others are hard upon each other, that they are stepping on each other. Just the idea that others are hard gives you a feeling that you are very soft. No, you are not. This may be your way of ambition: to help people, to help them to become soft, to help them to become more kind, compassionate....

Remember well that a social servant, a revolutionary, is asking for the impossible--but it keeps him occupied. And when you are occupied with others' problems, you tend to forget your own problems. First, settle those problems, because that is your first, basic responsibility. *belov208*

People think that a good man, a religious man, is one who serves the poor. Then a reversal happens: you start serving the poor and you think you have become a good man--that's not necessarily so. You can serve the poor man your whole life and you may not have any glimpse of God.

I have seen many public servants--in India there are many because the country is poor--but they are all politicians. They serve people but they have their motivations. I have seen many christian missionaries in India; they also serve, but they have their motivations. They are bound to have their motivations because they don't have any prayer in their

heart, they don't have any meditation. They have not contacted Jesus at all. They have been trained--they have been trained to be missionaries. Their whole motive is how to convert the poor to Christianity. They make hospitals, they distribute food, they distribute medicines, they open schools. They do many things--good things--but deep down the hidden motive is how to convert these people to Christianity. And all these things are just bribes.

You will be surprised that in India not a single rich man has become Christian. Only the very downtrodden, the very oppressed, the very poor uneducated--they have become Christians. Why?--can't your missionaries do anything to bring Jesus to other people? No--because their whole approach is of bribery. You can bribe a poor man. You can tell him that his children will be well-educated--become Christian. And of course they see it And I am not saying that they should not become Christian; I am not against it. I say it is good! Become Christian--at least your body will be taken care of. Hindus are not bothering about your body at all; become Christian. But this has nothing to do with religion. *sale22*

A friend came to see me. His wife was also with him. This friend was known for his charity. His wife said, "Perhaps you aren't acquainted with my husband, he is very charitable, he has given one hundred thousand rupees in charity."

Immediately the husband put his hand on his wife's saying, "Not one hundred thousand, but one hundred and ten thousand."

This is not charity, this is calculation. This is trade. Every cent is kept track of. If he should ever meet God, he will grab him by the throat saying, "I have given one hundred and ten thousand; tell me what you are giving in exchange." He gave it because the scriptures say if you give one here, there you will receive a millionfold. Who is going to pass up such a deal? A millionfold! Did you hear the interest rate? Have you seen business like this? Even gamblers are not such great gamblers! Gambling you don't get a millionfold. It is pure gambling. Give one hundred thousand in the hope that it will be returned a millionfold. This is just an extension of your greed.

And calculating one hundred thousand...the value of these rupees is not yet gone. Before the rupees were kept in the safe; now in place of the safe, a record is kept of how much has been renounced. But the dream is not broken. *mahag107*

Whenever you do something good, do it out of love--not out of duty.

I used to go to many clubs to speak. In one Rotary Club they had a motto, which was placed just in front of me, `We serve.' I had not gone to speak to them about service, but I said, "Now I have forgotten what I had come for. I am going to speak about this motto that is in front of me in golden letters, `We serve.' If you are aware of your service, it is not service; it is a very cunning way of enslaving the other person. To me, duty is a four-letter, ugly word--obscene."

Never do anything out of the idea of duty, because it means you are forcing yourself, it means you are fulfilling a certain demand from the other side, it means you are following a certain discipline taught by the society to you.

Only act out of love.

Then only your act is beautiful and is a blessing. *mess221*

Osho writes to a friend:

Rest is the supreme goal, work is the medium. Total relaxation, with complete freedom from effort, is the supreme goal. Then life is a play, and then even effort becomes play.

Poetry, philosophy, religion are the fruits of repose. This has not been available to everyone but technology and science will make it so in the near future. That is why I am in favour of technology.

Those who attribute intrinsic value to labour oppose the use of machines--they have to. For me, labour has no such intrinsic value: on the contrary, I see it as a burden. As long as work is a prerequisite for rest it cannot be blissful. When work flows out of a state of rest voluntarily then it is blissful. So I cannot call rest a sin.

Nor do I support sacrifice. I do not want anyone to live for anybody else, or one generation to sacrifice itself for another. Such sacrifices turn out to be very costly--those who make them expect an inhuman return. This is why fathers expect the impossible from their sons. If each father lives for his son who will live for himself? For every son is a potential father. No, I want everyone to live for himself--for his own happiness, his own state of rest.

When a father is happy he does much more for his son--and easily, because it comes out of his happiness. Then there is neither sacrifice nor renunciation; what he does comes naturally out of his being a father--and a happy father at that. Then he has no inhuman expectations of his son and where there is no pressure from expectations, expectations are fulfilled--out of the son being a son.

In short, I teach each person to be selfish. Altruistic teachings have taught man nothing but suicide. and a suicidal man is always homicidal; the unhappy sow their sorrow amongst others.

I am also against the sacrifice of the present for the future, because what is is always present; if you live in it totally the future will be born out of it--and when it comes it too will be the present. For he who has the habit of sacrificing the present for the future the future never comes because whatever comes is again always sacrificed for that which has not yet come.

Finally, you ask why I too work for others and for the future. First of all, I do not work. Whatever I do flows out of my state of rest. I do not swim, I just float. No one can ever do anything for another but if something *happens* to others out of what I am, that is something else, and there too I am not the doer.

As for the future--for me, the present is everything. And the past too is also a present--that has passed away; and the future too--that is a present that is yet to come. *Life is always here and now* so I do not bother about past and future. And it is amazing that ever since I stopped worrying about them they have begun to worry about me! *teacup02*

Osho Resigns from the University

In June 1966 a Hindi quarterly magazine Jyoti Sikha (Life Awakening) is published by Jivan Jagruti Kendra (JJK) of Bombay, which is also the main official publisher of Osho's books.

On 1st August 1966 Osho resigns from the University.

Osho writes to a friend:

I was out of station. Have returned only day before yesterday. I have become free of the University, hence *now travels are my only life.*

What is truth? *A total experience of isness, of being, of one's life is the truth.*

The more unconscious the experience of 'Isness' the more untrue the life is.

'I am'--experience this with very deep intensity each moment.

Let every breath be filled with this.

Ultimately the 'I' too is to disappear, only the 'am' remains.

It is in that moment that 'that which is' is known and lived.

*Is dialogue possible in silence?

In fact, dialogue is possible only in silence. The words say less and obstruct more.

Deep down everything is connected.

In silence, it is on this level of connectedness that feelings get transmitted.

Words are a very poor substitute of the silent expression.

The truth just cannot be said in words.

It can only be expressed through silent inner voice.

And the advice that you have started giving, I am very happy about it.

Always keep giving such advice.

After all I know nothing about the world!

I get very much overwhelmed by your worry and love for me hidden in this advice.

Pranam ke Rajneesh, 5-8-66 *letter05*

The day I resigned my post of professor in a university I burned all my certificates. A friend used to live with me; he said, "What are you doing? If you have resigned.... I don't agree that you have done the right thing, but burning your certificates is absolutely unnecessary. You may need them some day; keep them. What is wrong in keeping them? You have such a big library--they won't take up much space, just a small file will be enough. And if you cannot keep them, I will keep them; you just give them to me. Some day you may need them."

I said, "I am finished with all this stupidity. I want to burn all the bridges. And I will never need them because I never look back and I never go back. I am finished with it. It was all nonsense and I have been in it enough."

But I had not compromised with any vested interest; that's why I had to resign: because I was not teaching what I was supposed to teach. In fact I was doing just the opposite. So many complaints against me reached the Vice-Chancellor that finally he gathered courage to call me. He never used to call me because to call me was an encounter! Finally he called me and he said, "Just look--all these complaints are here."

I said, "There is no need to bother about the complaints--here is my resignation."

He said, "What are you saying? I am not saying that you should resign!"

I said, "You are not saying it, but I am resigning because I can only do the things that I want to do. If any imposition on me is there, if any kind of pressure is put on me, I am not going to be here even for a single moment. This is my resignation and I will never enter this building again."

He could not believe it! I left his office; he came running after me. When I was getting into my car he said, "Wait! What is the hurry? Ponder over it!"

I said, "I never ponder over anything. I was doing the right thing. And if there are complaints--and of course I know there are complaints--there must be, because I am not teaching what your stupid syllabus binds me to teach, I am teaching something else. I am not talking about philosophy, I am talking against philosophy, because to me the whole project of philosophy is a sheer stupid exercise in futility. It has not given a single conclusion to humanity. It has been a long, long unnecessary journey and wastage. It is time we should drop the very subject completely. Either a person should be a scientist or he should be a mystic; there is no other way. A scientist experiments with objects and the mystic experiments with his subjectivity. Both are scientists in a way: one is of the outer, the other is of the inner. And the philosopher is nowhere; he is in a limbo. He is neither man nor woman, he is neither here nor there. He is impotent, hence he has not been able to contribute anything. So I cannot teach philosophy--I will go on sabotaging it. I was just waiting--whenever you called me I had to resign immediately."

It was very difficult to get out of it because all my friends came to persuade me, the professors came to persuade me, all my relatives tried to persuade me: "What are you doing?" Even the Education Minister phoned me: "Don't do such a thing. I know that your ways are a little strange, but we will tolerate. You continue. Don't take any note of the complaints. Complaints have been coming to me too, but I am not taking any notice of them. We don't want to lose you."

I said, "That is not the point. Once I have finished with something I am finished with it. Now no pressure can bring me back." *inzen15*

I was teaching in the university, and without taking any leave from the university I was traveling all over the country, because leave was only twenty days per year and I was traveling twenty days per month.

The vice-chancellor called me and he said, "I don't want to lose you. You are part of our beautiful university; without you...nobody is going to replace you. But just take a little care--everybody thinks you are here and in the newspapers we hear that you have been lecturing in Madras, in Calcutta, in Amritsar, in Srinagar. It makes me embarrassed. People bring those news cuttings to me, saying, `Look, he is in Srinagar.'"

I immediately wrote my resignation and gave it to him. He said, "What are you doing? I am not asking for your resignation."

I said, "You are not asking, but this is what I am doing with totality."

He said, "I was always afraid...that's why I was not mentioning it to you. Please take it back."

I said, "Now that is impossible, you will have to accept it. As far as my work is concerned, I have completed it in this university. You cannot call a single student who can complain against me. What people do in thirty days, I can do in one week, so the work has not suffered. What concern is it for you, where I am?"

He said, "It is not my concern. You just take your resignation back; otherwise the whole university, particularly the students, will kill me!"

I said, "There is no harm in it. You need to be killed, it is time. You are seventy-five."

He said, "You are a strange fellow."

I said, "I have been here nine years in this university. Have you come to know *now* that I am a strange fellow?"

In the evening he came back to my home and said, "You just take it back; I have not told anybody. This resignation will hurt me."

I said, "I don't want to hurt you. What you said was true. You cannot give me that much leave--it is almost the whole year I am wandering around the country. But you cannot tell me that I am not teaching. I am teaching your people and I am teaching all around the country. I am teaching twenty-four hours a day."

He said, "I understand. You take the resignation back."

I said, "That is impossible, I never take anything back. And I am not angry at you--in fact, I wanted to get rid of this teaching job. When I can teach fifty thousand people, why should I bother with twenty people? It is a sheer wastage. You have helped me, you should feel good about it; you should have done it before!"

When my father heard about it, he came from his village to the university city and he said, "I know, with you nothing can be changed. I have not come to say to take your resignation back, because your vice-chancellor has written to me, saying, `Come and try to convince him to take his resignation back,' but I know you more--he does not know you. So I cannot say anything about it. I have come only to say that if at any time you need money I will be always available, as long as I am alive."

I said, "I will not need money. I have never contributed anything to the family except trouble. And you have enough financial problems."

He said, "If you have said you are not going to take any money, there is no point in arguing with you. I will do something on my own without asking you."

I said, "That is up to you."

What he did was, he made a beautiful house with all the facilities that I would need; he put money in a bank account so that in case I wanted, I could come back. He created a beautiful garden around the house--he knew my likings. And I was not even aware of it. I became aware of it when he died. When he died, my brothers informed me, "This property is in your name and we all want to come to the ashram. So you have to sign a letter giving authority so that it can be sold and the bank account can be closed."

I said, "I don't possess anything and I have told my father not to do any such thing, but he never asked me." So I had my secretary give an affidavit on my account, saying that I don't write, don't sign anything, and she is allowed to do all kinds of transactions for me. The officials of that village knew me perfectly well, so they did not create any trouble. The house was sold, the account was closed. *hari04*

It happened that in the university where I was teaching for almost nine years, there was a long row between two university buildings. One building was for the arts faculty and the other building was for the science faculty. And between these two buildings there was a long row of very beautiful trees. They give deep shadow, and in the summer there are so many flowers--red flowers--that the trees seem to be on fire. And when there are hundreds of these trees, it looks as if the whole forest is on fire. So many flowers come to them simultaneously that you cannot see the leaves anymore, just flowers--such beautiful flowers.

And there were at least two dozen trees between the two buildings, and just a small road joining the two buildings. And the idea must have been to cover that small road with these lush, green, beautiful trees so that they will cover the whole road--the small road between the two buildings--and will keep the shade even in the hottest summer.

But no one knows what happened. When I had joined that university all the trees were alive. And I had chosen one tree, which was the most beautiful, to park my car under. Nobody was parking their car there, because a parking lot was available on the other side of the building. I was even told that this was not the place to park.

I said, "Unless you show me any ordinance from the university that I cannot park my car under this tree, I am going to park my car under this tree. Even if I have to leave the university, I will leave, but I will park here as long as I am part of the university."

So the vice-chancellor understood, "It is unnecessary to quarrel with this man. He may resign just for this reason, and there is no harm, let him park." And it was just outside his office--he could see me and my car from his window. And my idea to park the car there had some reasons. Because I was mostly out of town without any leave, I had told my chauffeur, "Every day, before the vice-chancellor comes to the university--he comes nearabout twelve--at eleven thirty you park my car under the tree. That will keep him thinking that I am in the university. And just as he leaves you can bring the car back home."

It was because of his window that I had chosen that tree, but he was not aware of the fact that it was really the window, not the tree, because my insistence was that, "I love this tree and I will keep my car under this tree as long as I am in this university." And he used to look out of his window and remained happy, thinking that I was in the university.

Slowly slowly, some kind of disease happened to those trees, so that all the trees died, except the tree I was parking my car under. The vice-chancellor was very much surprised. All the trees completely died. They were without leaves, barren, and the new leaves never

came. One day I was parking the car. He came to the window and he called me, waved to me and said, "It is very strange. I am sorry I was preventing you from parking your car. But it is not only me, many people feel that it is just because of you and your car that this tree has remained alive. Because all the trees have died, not a single exception, just *your* tree." And it had become known as *my* tree. Nobody else dared to park his car or anything; everybody knew that it was *my* tree....

And the vice-chancellor himself said, "I am sorry that I was preventing you. If you had listened to me, this tree also would have died. And this tree is the only tree that I can see from my window."

I myself did not think that it had anything to do with me. Then I left the university and after two years I went again, just to meet the vice-chancellor and my friends, colleagues. I was passing through the city and I thought...And as I went there I saw that my tree had also died. Then I also became a little suspicious--perhaps the vice-chancellor and those other people were right.

And he reminded me...As I reached his office he said, "I knew it would happen. The day you resigned I looked at the tree and I felt it, that it was going to happen. And within three months--just three months--the tree died."

And I had left the tree absolutely young, luscious green, full of flowers. Perhaps there was something that was happening in the being of the tree, some love, some trust, some opening, some friendliness. Modern researchers say that trees are more sensitive than human beings, they go through the whole range of emotions: fear, love, anger, compassion. They go through all these emotions far more deeply than human beings.

It is really a question of being open. The master is only an excuse. Use the master as an excuse, so that you can learn the language of trust, the language of openness, the language of communion with existence, and you will find your life will become inwardly rich, every day more and more. And you will find a grace in your being that you were never aware was possible. *chit06*

I had renounced my professorship and become a beggar...although I never begged. But the truth is I am a beggar, but a special type of beggar who does not beg.

You will have to find a word for it. I don't think a word exists in any language that can explain my situation, simply because I have not been here before--in this way, this style. Neither has anybody else been this way, with this style: having nothing and living as if you own the whole universe. *glimps47*

I have not touched any note for thirty-five years. It is the dirtiest thing. Not that I am against money but it is the most dirty thing. All kinds of people...somebody may have cancer, somebody may have tuberculosis, somebody may have AIDS...and who knows what he has been doing with his notes? Anything is possible, because people are so

perverted, they can do anything with the bank notes. I said, "I am not going to touch them"--and I stopped touching them. *ignor23*

But how do you earn your living?

I don't buy anything. I talk to you and if you feel that this man must not starve, then you do something. If you stop doing, then I will die. And I will be content with it.

How will you be content with it?

How will I be content? Because I am content with everything. And this contentment is not a forced contentment, this is not a deadness. I am content with everything. *early12*

After Osho's resignation in 1966 the controversy around him intensifies. As well as attacking orthodox religions, Gandhi, Socialism and Communism, he 'turns the wheel of dharma' with his revolutionary insights into love, sex, death, and meditation.

Osho's impressions on Love and marriage

If you love a person, how can you destroy his or her freedom? If you trust a person, you trust her or his freedom too.

One day it happened that a man came to me who was really in a mess, very miserable. And he said, 'I will commit suicide.'

I said, 'Why?'

He said, 'I trusted my wife and she has betrayed me. I had trusted her absolutely and she has been in love with some other man. And I never came to know about it until just now! I have got hold of a few letters. So then I inquired, and then I insisted, and now she has confessed that she has been in love all the time. I will commit suicide' he said.

I said, 'You say you trusted her?'

He said, 'Yes, I trusted her and she betrayed me.'

What do you mean by trust?--some wrong notion about trust; trust also seems to be political.

'You trusted her so that she would not betray you. Your trust was a trick. Now you want to make her feel guilty. This is not trust.'

He was very puzzled. He said, 'What do you mean by trust then, if this is not trust? I trusted her unconditionally.'

I said, 'If I were in your place, trust would mean to me that I trust her freedom, and I trust her intelligence, and I trust her loving capacity. If she falls in love with somebody else, I trust that too. She is intelligent, she can choose. She is free, she can love. I trust her understanding.'

What do you mean by trust? When you trust her intelligence, her understanding, her awareness, you trust it. And if she finds that she would like to move into love with somebody else, it is perfectly okay. Even if you feel pain, that is your problem; it is not her problem. And if you feel pain, that is not because of love, that is because of jealousy.

What kind of trust is this, that you say it has been betrayed? My understanding of trust is that it cannot be betrayed. By its very nature, by its very definition, trust cannot be betrayed. It is impossible to betray trust. If trust can be betrayed, then it is not trust. Think over it.

If I love a woman, I trust her intelligence infinitely. And, if in some moments she wants to be loving to somebody else, it is perfectly good. I have always trusted her intelligence. She must be feeling like that. She is free. She is not my other half, she is independent. And when two persons are independent individuals, only then there is love. Love can flow only between two freedoms. *tvis204*

I have seen couples who have lived together for thirty or forty years; still, they seem to be as immature as they were on their first day together. Still the same complaint: "She doesn't understand what I am saying." Forty years being together and you have not been able to figure out some way that your wife can understand exactly what you are saying, and you can understand exactly what she is saying.

But I think there is no possibility for it to happen except through meditation, because meditation gives you the qualities of silence, awareness, a patient listening, a capacity to put yourself in the other's position.

It is possible with me: I am not concerned with the trivia of your life.

You are here basically to listen and understand.

You are here to grow spiritually. *enligh16*

I was talking to a friend yesterday. There is a conflict between him and his wife. As is natural, he thought if he had married another woman there would not have been this state of affairs. Now this man has no experience of another woman. She exists only in imagination. The wife also feels the same way. She feels she has made a wrong choice. Another man would have made a better husband. In this case also, there is no experience

of the other man. He is purely imaginary. Now we cannot have the experience of all the women in the world or all the men in the world, therefore, the illusion persists.

I told my friend, "It is not a question of this woman or that woman. It is a question of your different natures. There is conflict in your dispositions. And it is the arrangement between a man and a woman that society has prescribed that is to be blamed for this, for it is an arrangement of ownership. Wherever we make permanent relationships, strife is bound to be, for the mind is most impermanent and relationships very permanent. *way109*

I was traveling for twenty years in this country. I was staying in thousands of homes, and I saw it continuously: when the husband is not in the house, the wife seems to be very cheerful, very happy. The moment the husband enters the house she has a headache, and she lies down on the bed. And I was watching, because I was just staying in the house. Just a moment before, everything was okay--as if the husband has not entered but a headache has entered.

Slowly slowly, I understood the logic. There is a great investment in it. And remember, I am not saying that she is simply pretending. If you pretend too long it can become a reality, it can become an autohypnosis. I'm not saying that she is *not* suffering from a headache, remember. She may be suffering: just the face of the husband is enough to trigger the process! It has happened so many times that now it has become an automatic process. So I am not saying that she is deceiving the husband; she is deceived by her own investments.

You have a certain image and you don't want it to be changed, and criticism means again a disturbance. *dh0210*

One of my friends was continually complaining to me about his wife; "She is always sad, long faced and I am so worried to enter the house...I try to waste my time in this club and that club but finally I have to go back home and there she is."

I said to him, "Do one thing just as an experiment. Because she has been serious and she has been nagging, I cannot imagine that you enter the house smiling."

He said, "Do you think I can manage that? The moment I see her something freezes inside me--smile?"

I said, "Just as an experiment. Today you do one thing: take beautiful roses--it is the season; and the best ice-cream available in the city--tutti frutti; and go smiling, singing a song!"

He said, "If you say so I will do it, but I don't think it is going to make any difference."

I said, "I will come behind you, and see whether there is any difference or not."

The poor fellow tried hard. Many times on the way he laughed. I said, "Why are you laughing?"

He said, "I am laughing at what I am doing! I wanted you to tell me to divorce her and you have suggested I act as if I am going on a honeymoon!"

I said, "Just imagine it is a honeymoon...but try your best."

He opened the door and his wife was standing there. He smiled and then he laughed at himself because to smile...And that woman was standing almost like a stone. He presented the flowers and the ice-cream, and then I entered.

The woman could not believe what was happening. When the man had gone to the bathroom she asked me, "What is the matter? He has never brought anything, he has never smiled, he has never taken me out, he has never made me feel that I am loved, that I am respected. What magic has happened?"

I said, "Nothing; both of you have just been doing wrong. Now when he comes out of the bathroom you give him a good hug."

She said, "A hug?"

I said, "Give him one! You have given him so many things, now give him a good hug, kiss him.... "

She said, "My God.... "

I said, "He is your husband, you have decided to live together. Either live joyously or say goodbye joyously. There is no reason...it is such a small life. Why waste two person's lives unnecessarily?"

At that very moment the man came from the bathroom. The woman hesitated a little but I pushed her, so she hugged the man and the man became so afraid he fell on the floor! He had never imagined that she was going to hug him.

I had to help him up. I said, "What happened?"

He said, "It's just that I have never imagined that this woman can hug and kiss--but she can! And when she smiled she looked so beautiful."

Two persons living together in love should make it a point that their relationship is continuously growing, bringing more flowers every season, creating more joys. Just sitting together silently is enough.... *sermon13*

One of my friends was retiring; he was a big industrialist, and he was retiring because of my advice. I said, "You have so much and you don't have a son; you have two daughters

and they are married in rich families. Now why unnecessarily bother about all kinds of worries--of business, and income tax, and this and that? You can close everything; you have enough. Even if you live one thousand years, it will do."

He said, "That's true. The real problem is not the business, the real problem is I will be left alone with my wife. I can retire right now if you promise me one thing, that you will live with us.

I said, "This is strange. Are you retiring or am I retiring?"

He said, "That is the condition. Do you think I am interested in all these troubles? It is just to escape from my wife."

The wife was a great social worker. She used to run an orphanage, a house for widows, and a hospital particularly for people who are beggars and cannot pay for their treatment. I also asked her in the evening, "Do you really enjoy all this, from the morning till the evening?"

She said, "Enjoy? It is a kind of austerity, a self-imposed torture."

I said, "Why should you impose this torture on yourself?" She said, "Just to avoid your friend. If we are left alone, that is the worst experience in life."

And this is a love marriage, not an arranged marriage. They married each other against the whole family, the whole society, because they belonged to different religions, different castes; but their imprints gave them signals that this is the right woman, this is the right man. And all this happens unconsciously. That's why you cannot answer why you have fallen in love with a certain woman, or with a certain man. It is not a conscious decision. It has been decided by your unconscious imprint. *golden06*

Particularly people in India go on using women as if they are just servants. Their whole work consists of taking care of the children and the kitchen and the house, as if that's their whole life.

Have you respected your wife as a human being?

Then, if anger arises, it is natural. If she feels frustrated--because her life is running out and she has not known any joy, she has not known any bliss, she has not known anything that can give meaning and significance to her life....

Have you just sat by her side sometimes, silently, just holding her hand, not saying a word, just feeling her, and letting her feel you? No, that is not done in India at all.

Wives and husbands have only one kind of communication: quarreling. I have been acquainted with thousands of Indian families, I have stayed with thousands of Indian families. While I was traveling all over the country I was staying with so many families

that I have come to know almost all kinds of families, but very rarely have I seen husbands and wives respectful to each other. Using each other, exploiting each other, reducing each other to things, but never respecting each other's divinity--then this hell is created. *secret16*

One of the great Hindu saints, Tulsidas, who is worshipped and read all over India by every Hindu, has a strange statement: *Dhol gamar pashu aur nari. Ye sab tadan ke adhikari.* He is categorizing women with drums--*dhol* means drum, *gamar* means idiots, *pashu* means animals, and *nari* means woman. All these four are constantly to be beaten. The dhol, the drum, will not work if you don't beat it. So for thousands of years Indian women have been beaten. It has been taken for granted, there is no question.

I have come across situations where a husband was beating his wife and I could not tolerate it and I entered their house, and I was amazed: more than the husband, the wife was against me, saying, "He is my husband, you cannot interfere in our affairs. If he is beating me, it is perfectly okay."

So deep has the conditioning gone. *hari02*

In Indian villages I have seen with my own eyes...In India you cannot marry a widow. It is really the same logic because if people start marrying widows then who cares about virginity? In a strange way widows look more beautiful. Perhaps they have to look more beautiful, otherwise who is going to be interested in them? Virgins are inexperienced, look childish; widows are experienced, well polished, more attractive. But in an Indian village, if you marry a widow, the whole village--which is still a tribe--boycotts you, and the boycott is total. You cannot take water from the village well, you cannot purchase anything from any village shop; nobody will welcome you into his home.

The village will simply forget about you as if you don't exist. You cannot live; it is impossible. If you cannot purchase anything and nobody speaks to you, if you cannot even get water from the well, life has become impossible. What kind of freedom...? *shanti25*

One man--he was one of my students in the University--told me that he would like to marry a widow. In India that is a problem. Nobody wants to marry a widow. So there are people who think that to marry a widow is a great sacrifice.

I said, "You can marry, but once you have married she will not be a widow. Then what will you do? Then the whole charm will disappear because the charm is in her being a widow."

He laughed--he thought I was joking. And he got married. And after six months he said, "You were right. I'm no more interested in her. My interest was basically in her widowhood. I wanted to show to the public that I am a great servant of people, that I am serving people even through my love. I am sacrificing my love for a widow. I am going

against the society, I am going against the tradition. I am doing something great. But now the marriage has happened and the widow has come, now there is no point."

I said,"You do one thing. You commit suicide. She will be a widow again, and somebody else will have a chance to serve her again. If you are really a public servant, do this." Since then I have not seen him. *isay208*

I am absolutely in favor of liberation--liberation for both man and woman--because it is a simple law: the enslaver also becomes a slave of his own slaves.

Man has enslaved woman, but he has also become a slave. That's why you cannot find a husband who is not really henpecked--at least I have not found one yet. I have been searching for a husband who is not henpecked. *rebel29*

Once I was on a journey and someone asked me which word in a man's vocabulary was the most valuable. My reply was, "Love". The man was surprised. He said he had expected me to answer "soul" or "God". I laughed and said, "Love is God."

Raising on the ray of love one can enter the enlightened kingdom of God. It is better to say that love is God than to say that truth is God, because the harmony, the beauty, the vitality and the bliss that are part of love are not part of truth. Truth is to be known; love is to be felt as well as known. The growth and perfection of love lead to the ultimate merger with God.

The greatest poverty of all is the absence of love. The man who has not developed the capacity to love lives in a private hell of his own. A man who is filled with love is in heaven. You can look at man as a wonderful and unique plant, a plant that is capable of producing both nectar and poison. If a man lives by hate he reaps a harvest of poison; if he lives by love he gathers blossoms laden with nectar.

If I mold my life and live it with the well-being of all men in mind, that is love. Love results from the awareness that you are not separate, not different from anything else in existence. I am in you; you are in me. This love is religious.

The doors of love only open for the person who is prepared to let his ego go. To surrender one's ego for someone else is love; to surrender one's ego for all is divine love.

Love is not sexual passion. Those who mistake sex for love remain empty of love. Sex is only a passing manifestation of love. It is part of nature's mechanism, a method of procreation. Love exists on a higher plane, and as love grows, sex dissipates. The energy that has been manifested in sex is transformed into love.

Love is the creative refinement of sex energy. And so, when love reaches perfection, the absence of sex automatically follows. A life of love, an abstinence from physical pleasures is called brahmacharya, and anyone who wishes to be free from sex must

develop his capacity to love. Freedom from sex cannot be achieved through supression. Liberation from sex is only possible through love.

I have said that love is God. This is the ultimate truth. But let me say as well that love also exists within the family unit. This is the first step on the journey to love, and the ultimate can never happen if the beginning has been absent. Love is responsible for the existence of the family and when the family unit moves apart and its members spread out into society, love increases and grows. When a man's family has finally grown to incorporate all of mankind, his love becomes one with God.

Without love man is an individual, an ego. He has no family; he has no link with other people. This is gradual death. Life, on the other hand, is interrelation.

Love surpasses the duality of the ego. This alone is truth. The man who thirsts for truth must first develop his capacity to love--to the point where the difference between the lover and the beloved disappears and only love remains.

When the light of love is freed from the duality of lover and the beloved, when it is freed from the haze of seer and seen, when only the light of pure love shines brightly, that is freedom and liberation.

I urge all men to strive for that supreme freedom. *long06*

Osho's controversial discourse series:

From Sex to Superconsciousness

Osho is invited to Bombay to give series of five talks on 'Love', in the prestigious Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium. In the first discourse on 28 August 1968, Osho explains that love and meditation are the transformation of sexual energy, and that if sex is suppressed it cannot be transformed. Osho emphasises transcendence of sexual energy. Many people are outraged and the owners of the Auditorium cancel the series.

On 28 September Osho returns to complete the talks to a very large audience at the famous Gwalia Tank Maidan. The series is published under the title From Sex to Superconsciousness, which becomes his most-read book. The press sensationalize and distort his teachings, and libel him the 'sex-guru'.

Some quotes from the first discourse on 'Love':

If you want a shower of love in your life, renounce this conflict with sex. Accept sex with joy. Acknowledge its sacredness. Receive it gratefully and embrace it more and more

deeply. You will be surprised that sex can reveal such sacredness; it will reveal its sacredness to the degree of your acceptance....

My conjecture is that man had his first luminous glimpse of samadhi during the experience of intercourse. Only in the moments of coitus did man realize that it was possible to feel such profound love, to experience such illuminating bliss. And those who meditated on this truth in the right frame of mind, those who meditated on the phenomenon of sex, of intercourse, came to the conclusion that in the moments of climax the mind becomes empty of thoughts. All thoughts drain out at that moment. And this emptiness of mind, this void, this vacuum, this freezing of the mind, is the cause of the shower of divine joy....

If you want to know the elemental truth about love, the first requisite is to accept the sacredness of sex, to accept the divinity of sex in the same way you accept God's existence--with an open heart. And the more fully you accept sex with an open heart and mind, the freer you will be of it. But the more you suppress it the more you will become bound to it....

When such a harmony exists between two people I call it love. And when it exists between one man and the masses, I call it communion with God. If you can become immersed with me in such an experience, so that all barriers melt, so that an osmosis takes place at the spiritual level, then that is love. And if such a unity happens between me and everyone else and I lose my identity in the All, then that attainment, that merging, is with God, with the Almighty, with the Omniscient, with the Universal Consciousness, with the Supreme or whatsoever you want to call it. And so, I say that love is the first step and that God is the last step--the finest and the final destination. *super01*

Osho concludes his first discourse:

I wondered what I could say about love! Love is so difficult to describe. Love is just there. You could probably see it in my eyes if you came up and looked into them. I wonder if you can feel it as my arms spread in an embrace.

Love.

What is love?

If love is not felt in my eyes, in my arms, in my silence, then it can never be realized from my words.

I am grateful for your patient hearing. And finally, I bow to the Supreme seated in all of us.

Please accept my respects. *super01*

I was told to speak on "Love." But I felt that as long as we were hampered by certain incorrect suppositions about sex and lust, we would never be able to understand or appreciate love. As long as such misleading beliefs are deep-rooted, whatever we say about love will be incomplete, will be wasted, will be untrue. So, to focus on that, I talked about lust and sex in that particular meeting. I said that the sex energy itself could be transformed into love....

Sex can become love. But how can one who hates sex ever become filled with love? How can one transform sex when one is its enemy? And so, I stressed the necessity of understanding lust, of knowing sex. The other day, I pointed out that sex had to be transformed....

When I ended my talk that day, I was surprised to see that all the officials who had been on the platform, the friends who had organized the meeting, had vanished into thin air. I did not see one of them when I walked down the aisle to leave....

Not even the main organizer was present to thank me. Whatsoever white caps there were, whatsoever khadi-clad people there were, were not on the dais; they had already fled long before the completion of the talk. Leaders are a very weak species indeed. And swift too. They run away before their followers do.

But some courageous people did approach me--some spirited men and women: some old, some young. They all said I had told them things no one had ever said before. They said their eyes had been opened, that they felt much lighter inside. There was the look of gratitude in their eyes, in their tears of joy. I was asked by them to complete the series of talks. Those honest people were ready to understand life; they asked if I would elaborate on the subject, and this was one of the reasons for my return to Bombay.

A big crowd had assembled, even as I came out of the Bhavan, and people congratulated me on what I had said. Then, even though the leaders had fled, I felt that the public was with me. And there and then I decided to expound fully on the topic. That is why I selected this subject.

Another reason was that those who had run away from the dais had begun to tell people everywhere that I had said such blasphemous things that religion was sure to be destroyed, that I had said things that would make people irreligious! And so, to reply to them I felt I must elaborate on my point of view. I felt they should realize that people are not going to become irreligious by hearing talks on sex, but that, on the contrary, people are irreligious because they haven't understood sex up to now....

If mankind becomes more debased, if a total perversion occurs, if mankind goes completely neurotic because of its ignorance of sex, the blame will be not with those who reflect and meditate on the subject of sex, but at the door of the so-called preachers of morals and religion. They have tried to keep man encased in ignorance for thousands of years. But for these oppressive leaders, mankind would have been freed from sexuality

long ago. Sex is normal, but the invention of sexuality can be traced to these gurus. This handicap can never be overcome so long as ignorance about sex exists.

I am not in favor of ignorance at any level of life. I am always ready to welcome the truth at any cost, at any danger. I felt that if one stray ray of truth could spread so much agitation among people then it was fitting to discuss the full spectrum, so as to clear up the question of whether knowledge of sex makes man religious or irreligious. This is the background; this is why I have selected this subject. Without this, it would not have occurred to me to choose this subject; without this, I would not have talked on this topic at all. And so, those who created this opportunity and led me, indirectly, to select this subject for these lectures deserve some thanks. Therefore, if you have a mind to thank me for choosing this topic, please do not do so; instead, congratulate those who are propagating misleading things about me. They have forced me to pick this subject. *super05*

I say there is not, nor can there be, any God but life itself. I also say that to love life is one's sadhana, one's path to God. The true religion is to avail one's self of life. To realize the ultimate truth that exists in life is the first auspicious step towards achieving total deliverance. The one who misses life is the one who is sure to miss everything else.

However, the tendency of religion is exactly the opposite: cast life away, renounce the world. Religion does not advise the contemplation of life; it does not help you to lead your life; it does not tell you that you will only find life as you live it, but it says that if your life is miserable it is because your perception of life is impure. Life can shower happiness on you if you only know the proper way to live it.

I call religion the art of living. Religion is not a way to undermine life, it is a medium for delving deeply into the mysteries of existence. Religion is not turning one's back on life, it is facing life squarely. Religion is not escaping from life; religion is embracing life fully. Religion is the total realization of life....

During these few days, I shall discuss the religion of life, the religion of the living faith--and a certain elemental principle the common man is never encouraged to discover, nor even told about. In the past, the utmost was done to throw a blanket over this primary rule of life, to suppress this basic truth. And the result of this grave mistake has grown into a universal disease.

What is the basic drive of the average man?

God?

No.

The soul?

No.

Truth?

No.

What is at the core of man? What is the basic urge in the depths of the common man--in the life of the average man, of the man who never meditates, never searches his soul, never undertakes any religious pilgrimages?

Devotion?

No.

Prayer?

No.

Liberation?

No.

Nirvana?

Absolutely not.

If we look for the basic urge in the common man, if we search for the force behind this life, we will find neither devotion nor God, neither prayer nor the thirst for knowledge. We will find something different there--something that is being pushed into the darkness, that is never faced consciously, that is never evaluated. And what is that something? What will you find if you dissect and analyze the core of the average man?

Leave man aside for the moment. If we look at the animal or vegetable kingdom, what will we find at the core of anything? If we observe the activity of a plant, what do we find? Where is its growth leading? Its whole energy is directed toward producing a new seed. Its entire being is occupied with forming a new seed. What is a bird doing? What is an animal doing? If we closely observe the activities of nature, we will find that there is only one process, only one wholehearted process going on. And that process is one of continuous creation, of procreation, of creating new and different self-forms. Flowers have seeds; fruits have seeds. And what is the seed's destiny? The seed is destined to grow into a new plant, into a new flower, into a new fruit, into a new seed--and so the cycle repeats itself. The process of procreation is eternal. Life is a force that is continuously regenerating itself. Life is a creativity, a process of self-creation.

The same is true of man. And we have christened the process "passion," "sex." We have also termed it "lust." This labeling amounts to name-calling; it is a kind of abuse. And this very disparagement itself has polluted the atmosphere.

Then, what is lust? What is passion? What is the force called "sex"?...

We have deliberately condemned the urge to procreate for thousands of years. Instead of accepting it, we have abused it. We have relegated it to the lowest possible place. We have concealed it and pretended it is not there, as if there were no place for it in life, no room for it in the scheme of things.

The truth is that there is nothing more vital than this urge. And it should be given its rightful place. Man has not freed himself from it by covering it up and by trampling it; on the contrary, he has entangled himself in it even more. This repression has yielded the opposite result from the one expected....

Have you never observed that the mind is pulled towards and hypnotized by the very thing it is trying to avoid? The people who taught man to be against sex are fully responsible for making him so aware of sex. The over-sexuality that exists in man can be blamed on perverted teachings.

Today we are afraid to discuss sex. Why are we so mortally afraid of this subject? It is because of a presupposition that man may become sexual just by talking about sex. This view is totally wrong. There is, after all, a vast difference between sex and sexuality. Our society will only be free of the ghost of sex when we develop the courage to talk about sex in a rational and healthy manner.

It is only by understanding sex in all its aspects that we will be able to transcend sex. You cannot free yourself from a problem by shutting your eyes to it....

We have tried to curb and annihilate our inborn urges in vain; no attempts are made to transform them, to elevate them. We have forced ourselves to control that energy in a wrong way. That energy is bubbling in us like molten lava; it is always pushing from inside: if we are not careful, it may topple us at any moment. And do you know what happens when it gets the slightest opening?...

What is this fire?

It is not an enemy, it is a friend.

What is the nature of this fire?

I want to tell you that once you know this fire it will no longer be an enemy, it will become a friend. If you understand this fire, it will not burn you. It will warm your homes, it will cook for you, and it will also become your lifelong friend....

The sex inside man, his libido, is even more vital than electricity. A minute atom of matter annihilated an entire hundred thousand people in the city of Hiroshima, but an atom of man's energy can create a new life, a new person! Sex is more powerful than an atom bomb. Have you ever thought about the infinite possibilities of this force, about

how we can transform it to better mankind? An embryo can become a Gandhi, a Mahavir, a Buddha, a Christ. An Einstein can evolve from it; a Newton can be manifest in it. An infinitely small atom of sex energy has a towering person like Gandhi manifest in it!

But we are not inclined to even try to understand sex. We have to summon immense courage even to talk about it in public. What kind of fear is it that plagues us, so that we are not prepared to understand the force out of which the whole world is born? What is this fear? Why does sex alarm us so? *super02*

Tomorrow, I intend to speak to you about how the experience of *kama,* of lust, can be sublimated into that of *rama,* of light. I wish you to listen attentively, so there will be no misinterpretation. And whatever questions come to mind, please ask them honestly. Send them to me in writing so that I can speak to you about them simply and directly in the next few days. It is not necessary to hide any questions that arise in your minds; there is no reason to hide the truth. It is pointless to try to run away from it. Truth is truth whether we shut our eyes to it or not. Only those who have the courage to face the truth are religious men. Those who are weak and cowardly, those who are not even manly enough to face the facts of life, can never be helped to become religious.

In the coming days, I invite you to consider my topic. It is one on which your aged seers and sages cannot be expected to talk. And perhaps you are not used to hearing such discourses either. Your minds may react in fear, but I urge you to be patient and to listen attentively. It is quite possible the understanding of sex may lead you to the temple of your soul. That is my desire.

May God fulfill that desire. *super02*

For these three days I have elaborated on a few principles only. I would now like to recapitulate one point and then conclude today's talk.

I want to say that those who lead us away from the truths of life are the enemies of mankind. Those who tell you never to think about sex are your enemies; they have not allowed you to think about it, to reflect on it. Otherwise, how is it possible that we have not yet developed a rational attitude towards the subject?

Furthermore, the people who say that sex has no relation to religion are entirely incorrect, because it is the energy of sex, in a transformed and sublimated form, that enters the realm of religion. The sublimation of this vital energy lifts man to realms about which we know very little. The transformation of his sex energy raises man to a world where there is no death, no sorrow, to a world where there is nothing but joy, pure joy. And anyone who possesses that energy, that life-force, can uplift himself to that realm of joyous, truthful consciousness, to *satchitanand.*

But we have been wasting this energy. We are like buckets with holes in the bottom, and we are using these buckets to draw water from the well. But all the water drains out in the process and what we end up with is an empty bucket. We are like boats with holes in the

bottom: we row only to sink. Such a boat can never reach the other shore; it is destined to sink in midstream. All this leaking is due to the wrong diversion of the flow of sex energy.

Those who show nude photos, write obscene books and produce sexy films are not responsible for these leakages of energy. The responsibility for these kinds of perversions lies with those who have put barriers in the way of our understanding of sex. It is because of these people that naked pictures are in demand, that pornographic books are on sale, that nude films are made, and we see the sordid and absurd results every day. The ones who are responsible are those we call saintly and ascetic. But if you look deeply into it, you will see that they are the real advertising agents for obscenity....

But in order to succeed in producing a new man, it is a question of ultimate concern and a matter of dire necessity that we accept sex, that we come to know sex fully, that we understand it and that we transcend it.

I have explained a few things to you during the last three days, and tomorrow I will endeavor to answer your questions. Your questions should be put forth honestly; the attitude with which you have been asking about the soul and God will not do. This is a question of living, of life, and only if your inquiries are direct and honest can we delve deeply into the subject. The truth is always ready to be discovered; we require only a true, honest and conscientious curiosity to come to know it. But, unfortunately, that we lack. *super04*

I trust and believe that what we have discussed will guide you on the proper road toward breaking those barriers that stand in the way of the evolution of an authentic man. A path is visible; the gradual transformation of your lust is possible. Your sex can become your samadhi. *super05*

Traditional attitude to sex

I am firmly against the traditional teachings of enmity for, and suppression of, sex. It is because of the old teachings that sexuality has not only grown in man but has also become perverted. What is the remedy? Is there no other alternative? *super03*

I want to draw your attention to the fact that sex is the aspect of life that is the most responsible for immorality. It has always been the most basic and influential cause of perversion, debauchery and dullness in man. And so religious leaders never want to talk about it. *super05*

When old traditional sannyasins come to me they always say, "What to do with sex? It goes on hammering in the mind, and it hammers *more* than before. And we have renounced, so what to do now?" The more you renounce, without understanding, just by the willpower, the more you will be in trouble. Understanding is needed; will is not needed. Will is part of the ego.

And if you try to will something, you are already divided in two--you start fighting. If you say,"I will not be interested in women," why are you saying it? If you are not really interested--finished. What is the point of saying it? Why do you go in public to take a vow in some temple before some guru in a public ceremony? What is the point? If you are no longer interested you are no longer interested. Finished. Why make a show of it? Why be an exhibitionist? No, the need is different. You are not finished yet; in fact, you are deeply attracted. *yoga609*

Whenever I meet prostitutes, they never speak of sex. They inquire about the soul, and about God. I also meet many ascetics and monks, and whenever we are alone they ask about nothing but sex. I was surprised to learn that ascetics, who are always preaching against sex, seem to be captivated by it. They are curious about it and disturbed by it; they have this mental complex about it, yet they sermonize about religion and about the animal instincts in man. And sex is so natural. *super02*

I was, by mistake, invited to attend a sadhu convention, in Delhi. The subject was 'Protest against vulgar posters'. I told them that they were mahatmas and should not bother about those posters. Why do they search, notice and look at those vulgar posters at all? The question is not why bad posters are exhibited, but the problem is why do people like to see such posters. I told them they were responsible for the posters. By repressive, unnatural strictures they had made people more conscious about sex. The law of reverse effect was being brought into operation. You teach people to run away from women and they will look at them with squinted eyes. They will read obscene literature between the covers of Geeta. It is inevitable because of the extremist teachings.

You might have read that recently a foreign actress was called to perform a naked belly dance in Sydney. But only two persons came to the show out of the population of two million. The organisers were in trouble; probably the girl caught cold because of the empty theatre.... You arrange such a show in Bombay, and do you think only two people will attend it? Not even two men will stay at home. And do not think that only bad people will come for the show. It is possible that bad people may not come but some must. Only the difference may be that the bad people will come by the front door whereas the good will arrange with the manager to come by the back door.... Do you follow? *gandhi01*

This is my observation: that out of a hundred persons, almost ninety-nine persons die thinking of sex. In fact when death comes, the idea of sex becomes very strong. Because death and sex are opposite each other; they are the polar opposites. Sex is birth and death is the end of the same energy that birth released. So while dying, a person becomes obsessively interested in sex. And that becomes the beginning of another birth.

To die without thinking about sex is a great experience. Then something of tremendous import has happened to you. If you can die without thinking of sex at all, no lurking shadows of sex in your mind, of lust for life, you are dying as one should die. Only one percent of people die that way.

These are the people Buddha calls srotapanna--those who have entered into the stream, those who have become sannyasins, those who have taken a step towards understanding what is real and what is unreal, those who have become discriminating of what is dream and what is true. *trans201*

Spiritual Sex and Meditation

My teachings about sex are really based on the cultural heritage of India. No other country has been able to find a philosophy like Tantra, and Tantra is one of the greatest contribution of this country to the world. And my teachings are part of Tantra. It is up to date Tantra. *last420*

The sex I am talking about is spiritual sex, the divine experience. I desire a spiritual orientation of sex. *super05*

I urge you to approach sex only when you are cheerful, only when you are full of love and, last but not least, only when you are prayerful. Only when you feel that your heart is full of joy, peace and gratitude, should you think of having intercourse. A man who approaches intercourse like this can attain sublimation, and the ultimate realization, even once, is enough to free one from sex forever. With one single experience, you can break through the barrier and enter the periphery of samadhi. *super04*

You must strive for a continuous awareness of the glimpse of samadhi in coitus. One should try to grasp that point, that glimpse of samadhi which flashes like lightning in the midst of intercourse, which shimmers for a second like a will-o'-the-wisp and then vanishes. Your effort must be to know it, to become acquainted with it, to hold to it. If you can make the contact fully, even once, in that moment you will know that you are not a body, that you are bodiless. For that fraction of time you are not a body; in that moment you are transformed into something else: the body is left behind and you become the soul, your real self. If you have a glimpse of that glory even once, you can pursue it, through dhyana, through meditation, to establish a deep and lasting relationship with it. Then the path to samadhi is yours. And when it becomes part of your understanding, part of your knowledge and of your life, there will be no more room for lust. *super05*

To reach celibacy sex must be understood. To know sex is to be free of it, to transcend it; but even after a lifetime of sexual experience, a man is not able to detect that intercourse gives him a fleeting experience of samadhi, a peek into superconsciousness. That is the great pull of sex; that is the great allure of sex: it is the magnetic attraction of the Supreme. You have to know and to meditate upon this momentary glimpse; you have to focus on it with awareness. On everyone its pull is so tremendously strong.

There are other, easier ways to attain to the very same experience--meditation, yoga and prayer are other alternatives--but only the channel of sex has such a powerful influence on man. It is very important to consider the various ways there are to reach the same goal. *super02*

When, on the first day, I talked about the void, about egolessness, about no-mind, many friends were not convinced. Afterwards, one friend said to me, "I never thought about it before, but what you say has happened."

A certain lady came and told me, "I have never experienced this at all. When you talked about it, I recalled that my mind becomes still and contented, but I have never felt egolessness or any other deep experience." It is possible many have not thought about this before. *super04*

Morality

You ask me: *Do you think it is a bad thing to be moral?*

No. I do not consider it bad to be moral but I do consider the *illusion* of being moral bad. It gets in the way of real morality. *pway05*

Give the body abundant love and it becomes alive vital; its slumbering potential is awakened. But please remember I am not speaking of debauchery or of abstinence. Neither the debauchee nor the abstainer loves his body in the way I mean.

The debauchee shows his contempt for his body through his lack of self-restraint. Out of his disdain for his body he is inclined to abuse it. The abstainer has recoiled to the other extreme, but he is equally hostile to the body. Of course, the two have gone in different directions. The abstainer harasses his body in the name of self-control, in the name of renunciation; the other harasses his in the name of licentiousness. But neither feels any thankfulness to the body; neither has any love for the body. One of the characteristic features of a healthy mental equilibrium is a positive and a loving attitude towards the body. harassing the body in any way is an indication of a mind that is unhealthy, of a mind that is sick.

It all boils down to the fact that there are two kinds of mental infirmities that can plague a man. One is unrestrained enjoyment; the other, thoughtless renunciation. This is why the libertine can so easily make an about-face and dive into renunciation so fully. What a shame he cannot just stop in the middle! It is very unfortunate it is so easy to proceed from one illness to another.

These unbalanced people have taught us much. They have taught us that the body is an enemy, that we have to fight with it. And the religions have become obsessed with the body because of these harmful teachings. But this is to be expected; to be opposed to the body requires focusing a great deal of attention on it.

I say that if you wish to go beyond the body, to rise above the body, do not fight with it, do not allow any hostility towards it to grow in you. Love your body. Seek its friendship. The body is not your enemy; it is an instrument, a wonderful tool to be used. You have to stretch out the hand of friendship to anything you wish to use. And above all else you have to extend a friendly hand towards your own body. It is a marvelous example of

God's expertise as a skilled craftsman. It is a ladder laden with secrets that can lead you to God.

Only a mad man fights with a ladder instead of climbing its rungs, but unfortunately we live in a world of such madmen. Beware of them. It is very difficult to assess the havoc they have wrought amongst us.

You have no idea of the thousands of secrets that lie hidden in this body that has been naturally bestowed upon you. If you were able to learn the secrets of your own body alone you would possess the key to the endless mystery of the universal soul. This body is so small and yet how many wonderful mysteries it conceals! The mind is hidden in the body. The soul is hidden in the mind. God is hidden in the soul....

Your attitude towards the body must be one of deep understanding and sympathy. You must have enough awareness to look upon it with friendliness and to protect it. It is your fellow traveler on a long, uphill journey; it shares your joys and your sorrows. It is an instrument, a means, a ladder. And so to me it is impossible for any man with even a single iota of sense to be cruel to it, to enter into any sort of conflict with it whatsoever....

But do not stop with the body. Go deeper still. The physical body in only the starting point of our journey towards love of the self. If you move deeper you will encounter the mind. You have to love it too; you have to seek its friendship as well. Man is normally only aware of these two levels of his being--the body and the mind--but if you wish to rise above them or go deeper than them you have to learn how to use them. *long06*

From meditation to observation, from observation to knowledge, from knowledge to freedom--this is the path. This is the path of religion, of yoga. I want you to understand this path and to walk along it. Then you will know the alchemy of the transformation of conduct by inner revolution. Then you will realize that religion, not morality, is the fundamental thing and that morality flows out of religion. It is not morality but religion that is the sadhana to be practiced. Morality follows in the wake of religion like the tracks of the wheels of a bullock-cart follow the cart. If this becomes clear to you, you will see a very great truth, and a great illusion will be dispersed.

I look at the transformation of mankind from the standpoint of this inner revolution, of this penetration of the unconscious by the conscious. On the basis of this knowledge a new man can be brought into being and the foundations of a new culture and a new humanity can be laid. Such a man, one that has been awakened by self-knowledge, is naturally moral. He does not have to cultivate morality. Neither is it the result of his actions nor of his endeavors. It radiates from him as light radiates from a lamp. His good conduct is not based on opposition to his unconscious mind but comes out of the fullness of his inner being. He does everything with his total being. There is neither duality nor multiplicity in him, but unity. Such a man is integrated; such a man is free of duality.

And the divine music one hears when one has gone beyond all conflicts and shackles is neither of this world nor of this space. There is a timeless symphony, a blissful note, that

reverberates in us at that moment of peace, innocence and freedom from all discord. The very rhythm of this music brings one in tune with the infinite.

To me, this realization is God. *pway04*

Controversy about Sex

People were shocked when I spoke about sex at the first meeting last month, in Bombay. I received many angry letters asking me not to talk in this fashion, letters saying I should not speak on this subject at all. I wonder why one should not discuss this subject? When this urge is already inherent in us, why should we not talk about it? Unless we can understand its behavior, can analyze it, how can we hope to raise it to a higher plane? By understanding it we can transform it, we can conquer it, we can sublimate it. Unless that happens, we will die and still we will be unable to free ourselves from the grip of sex.

My point is that those who forbid talk about sex are the same people who have pushed humanity into an abyss of sex. Those who are frightened of sex, and have therefore convinced themselves they are innocent of sex, are lunatics. They have conspired to make the whole world a gigantic asylum.

Religion is concerned with the transformation of man's energy. Religion aims to integrate the inner being of man--both his chaste aspirations and his basic urges. It is also true that religion should guide man from the lower to the higher, from darkness to light; to the real from the unreal, to the eternal from the ephemeral.

But to reach somewhere, one has to know the starting point. We have to start from where we are; it is imperative we know this place first. And this is more important at the moment than the place we want to reach. In this context, sex is the fact, the reality; sex is the starting point. But God? God is far from here. We can reach the truth of God only by understanding the starting point of the journey; otherwise we cannot move an inch. We will be lost. We will be on a merry-go-round, going nowhere.

When I spoke to you at our first meeting I could sense you were not prepared to face the realities of life. Then what more, if anything, can we do? What can we achieve? Then all this hullabaloo about God and the soul means nothing. It is all empty of conviction; it is all just false talk.

It is only by acquiring real knowledge about something that we can rise above it. In fact, knowledge is transcendence. And first of all, one fact must be comprehended fully: man is born out of sex. The whole of his being exists because of the practice of sex. Man is filled with the energy of sex. The energy of life itself is the energy of sex.

What is this sex energy? Why is it such a powerful disturbance in our lives? Why does it pervade our entire beings? Why do our lives revolve around it, even to the end? What is the source of this urge?...

What I wish to emphasize is that this strong and recurring pull toward sex is for the momentary realization of samadhi. *super02*

The concept of nakedness is a subjective one. To a simple mind, to an innocent mind, nudity is not offensive; it has its own beauty. But up to now, man has been fed on poison, and gradually, with the passage of time, this poison has spread from one pole of his existence to the other. Consequently, our attitude to nakedness is completely unnatural.

When I spoke on this topic at the first meeting, at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium, a lady came to me and said, "I am very upset. I am very angry with you. Sex is a scandalous subject. Sex is sin. Why did you speak about it at such length? I really despise sex."

Now, you see, this lady despises sex although she is a married woman with sons and daughters. How can she love the husband who leads her into sex? How can she love those children who have been born out of sex? Her attitude to life is permeated with poison; her love will remain poisonous. And so there is bound to be a basic and deep rift between this woman and her husband. There will also be a fence of thorns between her and her children because the latter, to her, are the fruits of sin. The relationship between her and her husband is sin-oriented; she is haunted by an unconscious guilt complex where sex is concerned. Can one live in harmony with sin?

Those who slander sex have disturbed everyone's marital life.... *super03*

I am also informed by letter that Freud's opinions on sex may be worthy and acceptable, but asked how mine can be considered true and sincere.

How can you decide whether I am honest and sincere or not? In this connection, whatsoever I say, it won't be decisive because I myself am the subject under consideration. If I say I am honest it is meaningless. It is also meaningless if I say I am not honest, because the very subject under debate is whether the person making these statements is an honest man or not. So whatever I say in this context will be meaningless; it will be futile. I say, experiment with sex and find out for yourselves whether I am honest or not. You will come to know the truth of my statements when you attain to the experience for yourselves. There is no other way.

For example, if I were to talk to you about a certain swimming technique, you might doubt whether my method were feasible or not. My reply to that would be to ask you to come along to a place where you could wade into the river. If my advice were useful in helping you to swim across the river, then you would know that what I had said was neither worthless nor insincere.

As far as Freud is concerned, I wish to explain to this particular friend that it is quite probable Freud was not aware of what I am telling you here. Freud was one of the few seers who guided mankind in the direction of sexual liberation, but he had no idea whatsoever that spiritual sex existed. The knowledge Freud systematized was that of sick

sex; his research was with the pathological. Freud was a kind of doctor and his discoveries were used like treatments, doled out to sick people. Freud hadn't studied normal, healthy sex. He was a research scholar dealing in sickness, in perversion, and his mind was primarily set on treatment, on cure.

Therefore, if you are bent on confirming the truthfulness of what I say, you will have to turn to the philosophy of Tantra. Tantra made early attempts to spiritualize sex, although we banned thinking about Tantra thousands of years ago....

The Tantrikas tried to transform sex into spirituality, but the preachers of morality in our country did not allow the message to reach the masses. These are the same people who wanted to put a stop to my talks. *super05*

On my return to Jabalpur, three days after my talk at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium here in Bombay, I received a letter from a friend telling me that if I continued these talks I would be shot. I wanted to reply to him, but the trigger-happy gentleman seems to be a coward: he neither signed his letter nor gave his address; he was probably afraid I would report the matter to the police. Nevertheless, if he is present here, he should accept my reply now. Even if he is here, I am sure he is either hiding behind a wall or a tree. If he is anywhere around I wish to tell him that I am not going to report the threat, but that he should give me his name and address so that I can at least send him a reply. But, if he doesn't even dare that much, I will give him my reply here. He ought to listen carefully.

He is probably not aware of this, but in the first place he shouldn't be in a hurry to shoot me, because with the striking of the bullet, what I am saying will become eternal truth. Had Jesus not been crucified, the world would have forgotten him long ago. In a way, the persecution was beneficial to Jesus....

This is the brighter side to being crucified. Therefore, I say to my friend not to be in too much of a hurry to shoot me, otherwise he will repent his action for the rest of his days.

The second thing is that he should not worry too much about it, because I have no intention of dying in bed. When the proper time comes, I will do my best to see that someone or other shoots me. He shouldn't be hasty; I myself will arrange it. Life is useful but when one is assassinated, death also becomes useful. A bullet-ridden death can often accomplish what life could not....

So, my friend, if he is here, should not act thoughtlessly, otherwise he will quickly find himself to be the loser. I won't be harmed; I am not one of those whom bullets can destroy. I am one of those who will survive bullets. He shouldn't be in a rush to shoot me. He shouldn't be upset either, for I will do my best not to die in bed. That kind of death is unbecoming. That kind of death is a worthless death.

And the third point for him to remember is not to be afraid to sign letters, not to be afraid to give his address. If I am convinced there is someone brave enough and ready enough

to shoot me, I will keep the appointment without informing anyone, so that, later on, he will not be involved.

But there is nothing so very strange about this man. He wrote with the conviction he was protecting religion. He wrote because he thought I wanted to destroy religion, and he wants to restore religion. His intentions were not malicious. His feelings were very sincere and, to him, very religious. *super05*

Another friend of mine has sent a message saying that no saint or guru ever talks about sex. He writes that the high esteem he had for me has lessened because of my talks on sex. I wish to tell him there is no reason to be disappointed in me. First of all, if you once had respect for me, it was your mistake. Why was it necessary to honor me? What was your motive? When did I ask you for respect? If you were paying me respect, it was your error; if you are not so inclined any more, it is your privilege. I am no mahatma, nor am I inclined to be one.

Had I the slightest desire to become a mahatma or a guru, I would never have selected this subject in the first place. A man can never become a mahatma if he isn't very clever in selecting the topics for his discourse. I have never been a mahatma, I am not a mahatma, and I certainly do not want to become a mahatma--that desire itself is a projection of a subtle, refined ego. I am a man, and that is good enough for me. Is it not enough, just being a man? Can a man not be happy without riding the shoulders of other men, without imposing himself on others, without acquiring power in one form or another? Can a man not be happy simply by remaining a man? In whatever position I find myself I am happy and contented.

I long for greatness in humanity; I want to see a greater man. Isn't it greatness to become a man, to attain to the full measure of manhood? Every man can become great; every man is capable of becoming great in the true sense of the word. The days of the mahatmas and the gurus are gone; they are not needed any more. A great mankind is essential; the need of the hour is for a great humanity. There have been many great men, but what have we gained from them? The need is not for great men, but for a great mankind, for a greater humanity.

At least one person is disillusioned; at least one man has come to know that I am not a great man. This is a great relief, this man's disillusionment. He wrote me to tempt me with mahatmadom; he says I could become a great guru if I stopped discussing such topics. Up to now, the mahatmas and the gurus have been fooled by such approaches, and as a result, those great but weak people did not discuss subjects that might have proved disastrous to their own gurushipS, to their mahatmadoms. In their concern to save their own thrones, they never cared how many people they were harmfully influencing.

I am not concerned with being on some high pedestal. I do not dream about it; I have no designs on one. On the other hand, I am concerned that someone may want to make me a mahatma some day.

These days, there is no shortage of gurus and mahatmas, and to be considered as one it is very important to adopt the correct pose. It has always been so. But the crux of the matter is not the availability of mahatmas, but how an authentic man can evolve. What can we do to achieve that goal? How can we apply ourselves to that task?

I trust and believe that what we have discussed will guide you on the proper road toward breaking those barriers that stand in the way of the evolution of an authentic man. A path is visible; the gradual transformation of your lust is possible. Your sex can become your samadhi.

Now, as you are today, you are your lust; you are not your souls. You can also become souls, but only by the gradual transformation of your sexuality. Only then can your journey to God begin. *super05*

Osho concludes the series:

A spiritual sex can evolve. A new life can begin for mankind.

During the last four days, I have spoken to you about the possibility of reaching a new level of spiritual existence. You have listened to my talks patiently and with much love, although to listen to such discourses peacefully must have been very difficult for you; you must have felt embarrassed at times.

One friend came to me and voiced his fear that a few men, feeling that such a subject should not be talked about, might stand up and raise a cry to stop the lectures. He felt some people might strongly and loudly protest the discussion of such a topic in public. I told him it would be a better world if there were such brave people around. Where will you find a man who is so courageous that he will stand up at a public gathering and ask the speaker to stop his discourse? If such courageous people existed in this country, then the glib and nonsensical talks delivered from the high platforms of this country by a long line of foolish men would have stopped a long time ago. But they haven't stopped yet and they will never stop. All along, I have been waiting for some brave man to get up and ask me to stop my talk. Then I could have discussed the subject with him in detail. It would have been a source of great pleasure to me.

And so, to such discourses, on such a topic--despite the fact that many friends were afraid someone might get up to protest, that someone might create pandemonium here--you have quietly listened. You are all very kind. I am grateful for your patient and peaceful attention.

In conclusion, from my heart of hearts, I desire that the lust inside each of us may become a ladder with which to reach to the temple of love, that the sex inside each of us may become a vehicle to reach to superconsciousness.

And finally, I bow to the Supreme enthroned in all of us.

Please accept my respects. *super05*

I have tried almost all one hundred and twelve methods (of meditation). That list is exhaustive, there is no possibility of adding a single method more. You can make a method of combinations, but those one hundred and twelve are exhaustive.

Out of them all I have chosen witnessing, because most of them are based on this in different ways.

For example, if while making love you also witness, it becomes tantra. Tantra has taken one method, used it for love, and changed the whole sexual energy into a spiritual phenomenon. That's what I have been talking about, and I have been misunderstood by almost everybody. They think I am teaching free sex. I am teaching meditative sex, and they think I am teaching free sex. I was simply teaching that if you can make sex an object of meditation you can become free of it--because with meditation the energy starts moving higher and higher....

And the people who have been condemning me--that is their own imagination, their own creation, the whole idea of free sex. But it is sensational, particularly in a country which is very repressive about sex.

To me, sex is as natural as everything else. If we can make sleeping a meditation, if we can make eating a meditation, why leave sex out? And sex is so powerful that it should not be left out; otherwise, that will create disturbance. It should be absorbed into your total meditative process. It should become an organic unity....

Tantrikas were the first scientific religious people who took possession of their energy--which was already available. They managed to transform it in the same way that later somebody transformed the electricity from the clouds to become a light in your house. Nobody would have conceived before that the electricity flashing in the clouds could run your fans--and your air-conditioners and your railways.

Tantrikas had the first insight that man's sexual energy can be transformed easily. The only barrier is repression. If you repress it, then you cannot transform it. Don't repress sexual energy, don't condemn it, but create a friendship with it, that's what I have been saying. Don't think of it as a sin; it is not--you are born of it. The whole life is sex. If you call sex sin, then the whole life becomes sin, then the whole existence becomes sin--and this is not a religious approach to the world. We should make the whole world divine--not sin.

But nobody reports what I have been saying; they just go on misinforming people. This is a misfortune--that journalism still is not literature. *last415*

I have never taught free sex.

What I have been teaching is the sacredness of sex. I have been teaching that the sex should not be degraded from the status of love to the status of law. The moment you have to love to your woman because she is your wife--not that you love her, it is prostitution, legalized prostitution. I have been against prostitution, whether it has been legalized or illegalized. I believe in love. If two persons love each other they can live as long as they love. The moment love is gone, they should gratefully separate.

I have never taught anything concerning free sex. This is the idiotic Indian yellow journalism that has made my whole philosophy confined to two words. I have written four hundred books. Only one book is concerned about sex, three hundred ninety-nine books nobody bothers; only one book that is concerned about sex, and that too is not for sex, that too is how to transform sex energy into spiritual energy. It is really anti-sex....

What they have been doing all along is misinforming people and condemning that misinformation. They have never represented me fairly; otherwise, I don't think India is so unintelligent.

A country which has produced the philosophy of tantra, a country which has made temples like Khajuraho, Konarak, cannot be so stupid that it will not understand what I am saying. Khajuraho is my proof. All the literature of tantra is my proof. And this is the only country where something like tantra has existed. Nowhere in the world any effort has been made to transform sexual energy into spiritual energy.

And that's what I was doing, but the journalists are not interested in reality; they are interested in sensationalism. I have been misinformed on. *last414*

I am not the sex guru.

I am the anti-sex guru, if anything....

So those who call me the "sex guru" are simply stupid. They don't understand a simple thing.

I repeat again: I am the most anti-sex person in the whole world. If I am listened to there will be no pornography, there will be no homosexuals, there will be no lesbians--there will be no perversions of any kind. And you call me the "sex guru"! *mystic21*

It is difficult to find a greater enemy of sex than I am. I do not mean to imply that I abuse or reproach sex; I said it apprehensively, as a guide in the direction of transcendence, as an indication of how lust can be transformed. I am an enemy of sex in the sense that I favor the transformation of coal into diamonds. I wish to transform sex.

How can this be done? What is the procedure?

I say that another door must be opened, a new door. *super03*

Best-selling Book

Many persons came to me when the book *From Sex to Superconsciousness* was published. They came and they said, "Please change the title." The very word 'sex' makes them disturbed--they have not read the book. And those who have already read the book also say to change the title.

Why? The very word gives you a certain interpretation. Mind is so interpretive that if I say 'lemon juice', your saliva starts flowing. You have interpreted the words. In the words 'lemon juice' there is nothing like lemon, but your saliva starts flowing. If I wait for a few moments, you will become uneasy because you will have to swallow. The mind has interpreted; it has come in. Even with words you cannot remain aloof, without interpreting. It will be very difficult, when a desire arises, to remain aloof, to remain just a dispassionate observer, calm and quiet, looking at the fact, not interpreting it. *vbt17*

I am in a difficulty continuously, because the society forces you to remain celibate, at least up to the twenty-first year. That means the greatest possibility of achieving sex, learning sex, entering sex, will be missed. By the time you reach twenty-one, twenty-two, you are already old as far as sex is concerned! Near the age of seventeen you were at the peak--so potent, so powerful, that the orgasm, the sexual orgasm, would have spread to your very cells. Your whole body would have taken a bath of eternal bliss.

And when I say sex can become *samadhi*, I don't say it for people who are seventy, remember. I am saying it for people who are seventeen. About *From Sex to Superconsciousness*... old men come to me and they say, "We have read your book but we never achieve anything like this."

How can you? you have missed the time, and it cannot be replaced. And I am not responsible; your society is responsible, and you listened to it. *justlt10*

I have written one book--not written, my discourses have been collected in it--it is called *From Sex to Superconsciousness.* Now fifteen years have passed. Since then nearabout two hundred books have been published, but nobody seems to read any other book--not in India. They all read *From Sex to Superconsciousness.* They all criticize it also, they are all against it. Articles are still being written, books are written against it, and *mahatmas go on objecting to it. And I have written two hundred books, and no other book is mentioned, no other book is looked at.*

Do you understand?... as if I have written only one book.

People are suffering from a wound. Sex has become a wound. It needs to be healed. *sos210*

I have been discussed around the world, condemned, just because I am talking about going from sex to superconsciousness. But nobody has given any explanation why they are condemning me because of my book--which has been translated into thirty-four

languages, has gone into dozens of editions, and is read by all the monks whether they are Hindu, Jaina, Christian, Buddhist. Monks are the best customers for that book.

Here there was a Jaina conference just a few months ago, and my secretary, Neelam, informed me, "It is strange. Jaina monks come and they ask for one book only, *From Sex to Superconsciousness.* Then they hide it in their clothes and just get out of the door silently so nobody finds them out."

The book, *From Sex to Superconsciousness,* is not about sex, it is about superconsciousness. But the only possible way for man to find that there is some door, some way to go beyond his thoughts into eternal silence...Even though it lasts only one moment, that moment is eternity--everything stops. You forget all the worries, all the tensions. *celebr01*

Osho's impressions on Hippies

About this time Osho comes into contact with Western hippies, many of whom become his disciples. In March 1969, Osho gives a discourse entitled: The Hippie Rebellion

The hippie refuses to play the role of a yes-man. He believes in doing whatever he feels is right. It undoubtedly creates difficulties, but in a way the hippie can be called a sannyasin. Truly speaking, the sannyasin must have been a sort of a hippie at some time. He had also refused to tow the common line. He was a non-citizen and a run-away from society just like Mahavir who stood naked. The day Mahavir would have stood naked in Bihar discarding clothes, I do not think the orthodox people would have accepted this strange person without any protest. *whatr01*

The view point of the hippies is quite dear to me. They say, "We would like to live like natural men and women, as we really are, without deceiving. We will practise neither deception nor hypocrisy. We know that our path will be strewn with troubles, but we would put up with all these and try to live as we are." If a hippie feels that he should tell somebody that he is becoming angry with him and feels like abusing him, he would go to him and quite plainly speak out his mind without any hesitation or reservation. I think it is a great human quality. And he will not come afterwards to apologize until he really feels its necessity, because he will argue that he had a mind to abuse, so he abused, and he was now ready to face the consequences. But he refuses to be a hypocrite and to don a smile on his lips while his heart feels like abusing. But as far as we are concerned our exterior is not the same as our inner feelings. We are harbouring all sorts of hellish ideas within whereas our exterior betrays a completely different picture of us. Every man is, so to say, a personification of untruth. *whatr01*

The second thing which the hippies say is "We are as we are. We do not wish to obstruct our natural behaviour. We do not wish to conceal anything." One of my friends had an occasion to live for a few days with the hippies in a small village inhabited by them, and he reported to me that to live there is quite perturbing because they cast aside all the masks imposed on humanity and civilization. There, a young man, instead of saying all sorts of round-about things in poetical language or flowery words to a maiden to plead for her love, goes to her and straight-away tells her that he has a desire to sleep with her. He argues that when behind all this jugglery of words the central idea is sex, then why not express it frankly and plainly, and why it should be concealed behind the facade of flowery language. He can very well say to a girl in simple words that he wishes to sleep with her.

It may appear quite disturbing to us, but according to hippies, if after all this talk of poetry, music and love, the same thing is going to happen ultimately, it is quite proper to say it straight-away so that at least no one may be deceived. If the girl is not willing to oblige him, she can very well beg to be excused....

The second principle of the hippies is "natural living"--to be as one is. But it is a terrible thing to be as one is. It is indeed a very difficult thing because artificiality has gripped us to such an extent, and we have travelled so far in the domain of pretending that for us to return to our original state of naturalness has become well nigh impossible. *whatr01*

Another stand point of the hippie is expansion of consciousness. He is seeking how to expand his consciousness, and for this purpose is making all sorts of experiments--consuming ganja, opium, bhang, hashish, LSD, mescaline, marijuana, and even taking refuge in yoga and meditation. He is trying all these in his endeavour to expand his consciousness, to attain expansion of the contracted consciousness. Therefore, he makes use of chemical drugs: LSD, mescaline etc. Through the help of which his consciousness travels to another plane for at least a short time.

The law opposes it. As a matter of fact law takes up a cudgels against anything new because a law gets enacted at a particular time, and though ages roll by yet it remains static. So naturally there has to be opposition on its part to the use of drugs. The law condemns LSD as sin. I at least fail to comprehend how it is so. *whatr01*

I was staying in a house. On the roof of that house, few Westerners--their two families were staying. Whenever I used to stay in that house, they would say, "Westerners are very materialistic. They know nothing except eating, drinking, dancing and singing, they are absolutely materialistic."

Whenever I visited them they would say the same thing: "They dance till 12 o'clock in the night. Just eating, drinking and dancing. This is their whole life."

Once again I happened to stay in that house. But it was quiet upstairs, so I enquired whether they had left. The housewife said, "They have gone. But they were strange people, they distributed all their possessions." The woman continued, "They gave all their

utensils to the woman who washed dishes, and the utensils were all stainless steel, pure steel. There was radio, radiogram. They distributed everything. They were strange people."

I asked the woman, "You always used to say that they were very materialistic people, they just danced and sang, ate and drank and did nothing else." *Dekh Kabira Roya*

*First Talk in English to Westerners**

The first occasion Osho speaks publicly in English to a Western audience is in September 1969 at Pahalgam in Kashmir, where followers of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi invite Osho to talk to them. Maharishi teaches 'Transcendental Meditation', a 20-minute repetition of a mantra.

When I started using English, for two or three months I was thinking in Hindi and speaking in English. It was a double trouble. *last413*

I don't know English but I manage. I am surprised myself because English is such an unscientific language and I am not acquainted with it in any way, but when you have to say something, when you have something to say, then the language follows. If you have just a little bit of an acquaintance with the words they follow, they fall in line. *dark14*

I don't care. What does it matter if a word here and there is mispronounced? My whole life I have been mispronouncing. *books07*

I have met Maharishi Mahesh Yogi just by accident. I was having a camp in Pahalgam in Kashmir and he was also having a camp in Pahalgam. His disciples became very much interested and they wanted me to come to them and to talk to them, so I went there. We met. The man is simply ordinary, nothing special. And what he is teaching in the West is a very traditional thing in India; any stupid person knows about it. *ggate208*

Osho answers questions from disciples of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi:

Really, there can be no method as far as meditation is concerned. Meditation is not a method. Through technique, through method, you cannot go beyond mind. When you leave all methods, all techniques, you transcend mind. So meditation itself is not a method. Truth cannot be achieved through method.

Method is our own invention. We, who are ignorant, have achieved knowledge through methods constructed, created, projected, in our ignorance. Through method you can achieve a sort of self-hypnosis, a sort of auto-hypnosis. Any method, whatsoever it's name, can only give you an illusory kind of peace. Through method you cannot go

beyond yourself, because the method is yours, and it will strengthen you, your ego, your state of mind. If you leave all methods and all paths, and all ways, and remain in a total vacuum, doing nothing, thinking nothing--only then what we call meditation can be achieved.

But if you are following some method. some path, some guru, then you are going nowhere because it cannot lead you anywhere. It can only lead you into an illusory state of auto-hypnosis....

The mind, through old habits and through old patterns, needs constant occupation.

The mind needs constant occupation. If you give it some occupation, then it is all right. You may be doing "jap" (chanting a mantra); that too is an occupation. If you don't do anything, and even for a single moment can remain without doing anything--not even a single thought, not even doing any mantra, if you can remain for a single moment *alone,* not doing anything, that very moment leads through into inner depths....

The person who thinks is a man of non-understanding. A person who knows doesn't think. It is not a question of thinking. He sees, he is aware, but not in thinking. Thoughts are not opening, thoughts are closing; they close your mind. The more you are in a thinking mood, the more you are closed and isolated from the whole. If you are not thinking, if you just are, if you are in a state of being, then something comes. That is not thinking, that is the realization. That is not thinking, you have not thought it. And the more you have thought about it, the less is the possibility for its coming. The known must go for the unknown to come. The thinking must go for the truth to be revealed.

One is to be aware of the mechanism of the mind, how the mind works, how the mind needs constantly occupation. Every moment mind needs to be occupied. It has become a mechanical tendency; you need occupation. Once you leave the so-called worldly occupations you become occupied in spiritual affairs, but you remain occupied. One is to be aware of this very process of the mind. That awareness of the mechanical process stops the process. Moments come--they break through--and you see something, that is not your thinking, not a by-product of your thought.... *early07*

I am against the so-called transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. It is very destructive. It is a lullaby; it only gives you good sleep, at the most. It can't awaken you. It can cool you, it can give you a little calmness; it is good for people who are suffering from nervousness, tension, anxiety. It is a psychological device, it is a psychological drug--a non-medicinal tranquilizer. But it is not meditation, no. It is neither meditation nor transcendental; it is not at all. It simply soothes you, consoles you, helps you to go into good sleep.

And it is not accidental that America has become very much interested in the so-called transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, because America is suffering tremendously from insomnia. People have lost their sleep. They want sleep at any cost;

they are ready to try anything. And transcendental meditation can help you to have a good sleep.

But meditation is just the opposite. Meditation is waking up. It is not a lullaby, it is diametrically the opposite. It is a shock, it shatters your sleep and your dreams. If you are a beggar, you are no more a beggar; it shatters the idea of your beggarhood. If you are a prime minister, you are no more a prime minister; it shatters your illusion of being a prime minister. It shatters all identities. It simply reveals one fact, that you are God. It only reveals your reality and takes all illusions away. *secret04*

People come to me saying, "Maharishi Mahesh Yogi says that one who meditates will receive abundantly in that world and will receive in this world too. There will be worldly gain also. What do you say?"

If there were worldly gain from meditation then this country would be at the peak of prosperity. This country has meditated more than anyone else has. Buddha meditated, attained samadhi. The story says that flowers showered. I have not heard that dollar bills showered. Rewrite the story so that it can be related to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Rewrite the story.

But I understand Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's reasons. If you want to propagate something in America, the American craze is for money, not for meditation. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is a shrewd salesman. He is ready to give whatever you want. He has to give whatever the customer wants--a businessman does not bother with what the customer needs. What the demand is--if something wrong is demanded, then the wrong is given. He agrees with whatever is asked. A shrewd businessman believes that the customer is always right. What he says is right, right exactly like he says it.

In America he is selling meditation--and sales are moving there--he is selling meditation. America says we want health, so they will get health. If money is needed they will get money. If professional skill needed they will get professional skill.

I cannot give support to this kind of idiotic nonsense. *death06*

Death

If you ask me, it will look like an exaggeration, but in fact, in the whole of India I never found another Shambhu Dube. He was just rare.

When I was traveling all over India he would wait for months for me to come and visit the village just for one day. He was the only person who ever came to see me when my

train would pass through the village. Of course I am not including my father nor my mother; they had to come. But Shambhu Dube was not my relative. He just loved me, and this love started at that meeting, on that day when I had gone to protest against Kantar Master. *glimps20*

This is synchronicity.

Somehow a deep, deep connection existed. The day he died I went to him without hesitation. I did not even inquire. I simply drove to the town. I never liked that road, and I like driving, but that road from Jabalpur to Gadarwara was really a sonofabitch! You will not find a worse road anywhere...the road from the university to Shambhu Babu's house. I just rushed--a feeling in the guts.

I am a speedy driver. I love speed, but on that road you cannot go more than twenty miles an hour; that's the maximum possible, so you can conceive of what kind of a road it must be. By the time you arrive, if you are not dead then you are something close to it! There is just one good thing: before you enter the town you come across the river. That is its saving grace: you can take a good bath, you can swim for half an hour to refresh yourself, and give your car a good bath too. Then, when you reach the town, nobody thinks you are a holy ghost.

I rushed. Never in my life have I been in such a hurry....

That day I had to hurry, and it proved true because if I had been just a few minutes later I would never have seen Shambhu Babu's eyes again. Alive, I mean--I mean looking at me just the way he had looked that first time. I wanted to see that first look for the last time that synchronicity. And in that half hour before he died there was nothing but pure communion. I told him he could say whatever he wanted to say.

He sent everybody else away. Of course they were offended. His wife and sons and his brothers did not like it. But he clearly said, "Whether you like it or not, I want you all to leave immediately because I don't have much time to waste."

Naturally afraid, they all left. We both laughed. I said, "Anything you want to say to me, you can say."

He said, "I have nothing to say to you. Just hold my hands. Let me feel you. Fill me with your presence, I beg you." He went on, "I cannot go on my knees and touch your feet. It is not that I would not like to do it, just that my body is not in a position to get out of bed. I cannot even move. I have just a few minutes longer."

I could see that death was almost on his doorstep. I took his hands, and said a few things to him, to which he listened very attentively. *glimps22*

My (paternal) grandfather died. In my family, he was the oldest, and I was the youngest, but by a strange coincidence, we were great friends. And all those who were in between were against both of us....

When he died, I was sitting.... It was a beautiful winter morning and the sun had risen. I was just sitting at the door, because everybody else of the house was surrounding the old man. One of my uncles asked, "This is strange; your great friend is dead, and you are sitting outside the house enjoying the morning sun."

I said, "When he was alive none of you sat with him, except me. I am just giving you a chance; there will never be a chance again. But you can sit only by the side of the dead, not by the side of the living."

Neighbors came to sympathize, to comfort--they met me first, because I was sitting outside the house--and they would start weeping, and tears would be rolling down their face. I said, "Don't pretend," and they were very much shocked. I said, "These tears are crocodile tears, because I never saw you coming to the old man when he was alive. He was a lion; he could have made a breakfast of you. Now that he is dead....

But he had lived so totally, and his death was so beautiful. At the last moment he called me, took my hand in his hand, and said, "I have lived totally, without any regret. Just remember it: never listen to anyone, just listen to your own heart."

So I said to the neighbors, "There is no need to cry for a man who lived so blissfully, so beautifully. When your grandfather dies, then you can cry. And remember, I will not come, even to comfort you."

They could not understand what I was saying, and when somebody from my family dragged them in, they said, "Don't talk to him." They said, "He said very insulting things to us--that our tears are crocodile tears."

Coming back, I said, "Enjoy that your grandfather is still alive. In this comfort, I can see your heart enjoying that somebody else's grandfather has died. Your grandfather is alive, but I want to tell you--your grandfather has been dead all his life!"

They said, "We are not even talking to you."

I said, "It doesn't matter. But I wanted to be clear to you that all this comfort and sympathy is for those who have missed life, who have missed love, who have not lived according to their own longings." My grandfather was a simple man, but unpolluted, uncorrupted by the priests. His death was as beautiful as his life. *mess214*

In my village one old priest was very much respected as a wise man. I used to go to him. And to any question that I ever asked him, he would say, "Wait. At the right time, in the right season, you will find the answer."

I came back from the university and I went to see the old man; he was dying. I said to him, "You have been deceiving me. I have been waiting for the right moment and the right season. It has not come. And I want to ask you, at least while you are dying, to be honest. Tell me, has your right time come?"

He had tears in his eyes. He said, "Forgive me, I used to say that to everyone, just to avoid their question--because I don't know the answer. I am myself as ignorant as anybody but people think I am a wise man, and by and by they have convinced me that I am a wise man. I too have started believing in it."

I said, "At least now drop that belief. Die as ignorant as you are. Your whole life you have been dishonest, but even a single moment before death, if you are honest, perhaps the right time and the right season may come suddenly." And actually it happened. He closed his eyes, and I was sitting by his side and I saw the change happening around his energy; there was a freshness, a different fragrance. His old face became so beautiful--wrinkled with age, but now showing a maturity.

He opened his eyes and he took my hand in his hand and he said, "I cannot be more grateful to anybody in my life than to you, although you have not done anything. But seeing the fact that death is coming, I closed my eyes and for the first time I looked inwards. It was there, it has always been there." He died an enlightened man. He lived unenlightened, in misery, in suffering, but he died enlightened, in tremendous joy.

He told me, "Nobody should weep or cry; nobody should be sad or serious because my death is an illumination. What life has not been able to give me, my death has given to me. Celebrate! Tell the people that my death has to be celebrated."

And when I told the people, they wouldn't believe me. I said, "Whether you believe me or not, that old man's last wish should be fulfilled. If you cannot celebrate I will have to bring my friends, and we will celebrate."

I had to gather people, and they were hesitant because death is not celebrated, death is a calamity. But the death of an enlightened being, and particularly a death which makes a man enlightened, has to be a festival. It is far more valuable than birth. Birth brings you life. Enlightened death brings you eternal life, a timeless ecstasy, a blissfulness that never ends. *exist06*

One man I know, Dada Dharmadhikari--he is a very famous follower of Gandhi, a colleague of Gandhi, and a colleague of J. Krishnamurti. He does not believe in God, he does not believe in any traditions. He used to come to see me, and I told him, "Not believing in God is not enough; believing in God, or not believing in God, both are God-centered. I cannot say that I do not believe in God--how can I not believe in something which does not exist? Believing or not believing are both irrelevant when something is existential." But he was too full of Krishnamurti.

I said, "Some day some opportunity may come and I will be able to point it out to you, that this belief is only a reaction. It does not erase God, it simply puts disbelief in place of belief, but God remains in its place."

His son is attorney general of the high court. One day he came very much disturbed and asked me to come immediately, "My father is dying. He had a serious heart attack, and the doctors are worried that he may have another heart attack and it will be difficult to save him. Perhaps he will be happy to see you. He always talks only of you or J. Krishnamurti."

I went to his house. He was resting in a dark room and I entered slowly. I told his son not to announce that I had come. He was repeating "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama, Hare Krishna, Hare Rama" very silently, almost whispering. But I shook him and I said, "Have you forgotten J. Krishnamurti? Have you forgotten me? What are you doing? Hare Krishna, Hare Rama...!"

He said, "This time don't disturb me. Who knows, God may be a reality. And just to repeat a few times before death...there is no harm. If he is there I can say, `I remembered you.' If he is not there, there is no harm, just let me repeat it--no argument at this moment. I am dying."

I said, "That's what makes it very urgent to prevent you doing any stupid thing! This is against your whole life." Now he is eighty years old; he followed Krishnamurti for almost fifty years, has been in contact for twenty years with me, and at the last moment all intellectual garbage disappears and the old conditionings appear again. This was what his parents had taught him in his childhood, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama," because Hindus believe that in this dark age of humanity only the name of God can save you. The name of God is like a boat; you simply ride on the boat and it will take you to the other side of existence, the spiritual world.

He became okay; he did not die. And when he had become almost all right, I asked him about that day. He said, "Forget all about it. There is no God. I don't believe in God."

I said, "Again--because now death is no longer so close? That day you were not even willing to discuss it. You were even arguing: `At this moment, let me repeat the mantra that is going to save me.'" I said to him, "All your intellectual garbage is useless. It has not reached to your heart; it has not given you any transformation." *socrat25*

Osho's teachings on Death

In October 1969, at his Dwarka Meditation Camp, Osho gives revolutionary teachings on death: that it is a fiction. Osho explains that samadhi experienced through meditation is similar to the experience of death. Osho leads meditation techniques to understand the death experience. These discourses are published under the title: *And Now and Here*

The first thing I would like to tell you about death is that there is no bigger lie than death. And yet, death appears to be true. It not only appears to be true but even seems like the cardinal truth of life--it appears as if the whole of life is surrounded by death. Whether we forget about it, or become oblivious to it, everywhere death remains close to us. Death is even closer to us than our shadow....

What I wish to say is that it is essential to see death, to understand it, to recognize it. But this is possible only when we die; one can only see it while dying. Then what is the way now? And if one sees death only while dying, then there is no way to understand it--because at the time of death one will be unconscious.

Yes, there is a way now. We can go through an experiment of entering into death of our own free will. And may I say that meditation or samadhi is nothing else but that. The experience of entering death voluntarily is meditation, samadhi. The phenomenon that will automatically occur one day with the dropping of the body--we can willingly make that happen by creating a distance, inside, between the self and the body. And so, by leaving the body from the inside, we can experience the event of death, we can experience the occurrence of death. We can experience death today, this evening--because the occurrence of death simply means that our soul and our body will experience, in that journey, the same distinction between the two of them as when the vehicle is left behind and the traveler moves on ahead....

If the shell, the body, and the kernel, the consciousness, separate at this very instant, death is finished. With the creation of that distance, you come to know that the shell and the kernel are two separate things--that you will continue to survive in spite of the breaking of the shell, that there is no question of *you* breaking, of *you* disappearing. In that state, even though death will occur, it cannot penetrate inside you--it will occur *outside* you. It means only that which you are not will die. That which you are will survive.

This is the very meaning of meditation or samadhi: learning how to separate the shell from the kernel. They can be separated because they *are* separate. They can be known separately because they *are* separate. That's why I call meditation a voluntary entry into death. And the man who enters death willingly, encounters it and comes to know that, "Death is there, and yet I am still here."...

In meditation, too, one has to enter slowly within. And gradually, one after another, things begin to drop away. A distance is created with each and every thing, and a moment arrives when it feels as if everything is lying far away at a distance. It will feel as if

someone else's corpse is lying on the shore--and yet *you* exist. The body is lying there and still *you* exist--separate, totally distinct and different.

Once we experience seeing death face-to-face while alive, we will never have anything to do with death again. Death will keep on coming, but then it will be just like a stopover--it will be like changing clothes, it will be like when we take new horses and ride in new bodies and set out on a new journey, on new paths, into new worlds. But death will never be able to destroy us. This can only be known by encountering death. We will have to know it; we will have to pass through it.

Because we are so very afraid of death, we are not even able to meditate. Many people come to me and say that they are unable to meditate. How shall I tell them that their real problem is something else? Their real problem is the fear of death...and meditation is a process of death. In a state of total meditation we reach the same point a dead man does. The only difference is that the dead man reaches there in an unconscious state, while we reach consciously. This is the only difference. The dead man has no knowledge of what happened, of how the shell broke open and the kernel survived. The meditative seeker *knows* that the shell and the kernel have become separate.

The fear of death is the basic reason why people cannot go into meditation--there is no other reason. Those who are afraid of death can never enter into samadhi. Samadhi is a voluntary invitation to death. An invitation is given to death: "Come, I am ready to die. I want to know whether or not I will survive after death. And it is better that I know it consciously, because I won't be able to know anything if this event occurs in an unconscious state."

So, the first thing I say to you is that as long as you keep running away from death you will continue to be defeated by it--and the day you stand up and encounter death, that very day death will leave you, but you will remain.

These three days, all my talks will be on the techniques of how you can encounter death. I hope that, these three days, many people will come to know how to die, will be able to die....

Knowing death causes it to dissolve; then suddenly, for the first time, we become connected with life.

That's why I told you that the first thing about meditation is that it is a voluntary entry into death. The second thing I would like to say is that one who enters into death willingly, finds, all of a sudden, entrance into life. Even though he goes in search of death, instead of meeting death he actually finds ultimate life. Even though, for the purpose of his search he enters the mansion of death, he actually ends up in the temple of life. And one who escapes from the mansion of death never reaches the temple of life....

I say both things simultaneously: meditation is entering voluntarily into death, and the one who enters death voluntarily attains to life. That means: one who encounters death

ultimately finds that death has disappeared and he is in life's embrace. This looks quite contrary--you go in search of death and come across life--but it is not....

These three days we shall do the meditation of entering into death. And I shall speak to you on many of its dimensions. Tonight we shall do the first day's meditation. Let me explain a few things about it to you.... *now01*

Life is here, death has not arrived yet. It is sure to come; there is nothing more certain than death. There can be doubt regarding other things, but about death nothing whatsoever is in doubt. There are people who have doubts about God, there are others who have doubts about the soul, but you may never have come across a man who has doubts about death. It is inevitable--it is sure to come; it is already on its way. It is approaching closer and closer every moment. We can utilize the moments which are available before death for our awakening. Meditation is a technique to that effect. My effort in these three days will be to help you understand that meditation is the technique for that very awakening. *now02*

Now I will give suggestions for three minutes. Similarly, I will give suggestions for your breathing, and then for your thoughts. At the end, for ten minutes, we will be lost in silence.

Your body is relaxing. Feel it: your body is relaxing...your body is relaxing...your body is relaxing.... Let go, as if the body is no more. Give up your hold. Your body is relaxing...drop all control over the body, as if your body is dead.

You have moved inside; the energy has been sucked inside--now the body is left behind like a shell. The body is relaxing...the body is totally relaxed.... Let go. You will feel that it has gone, gone, gone. Let it fall if it will. The body is relaxed, as if you are dead now, as if the body is no more, as if the body has disappeared....

Relax your breathing also. Your breathing is relaxing...feel that your breathing is relaxing...your breathing has totally relaxed.... Let go...let the body go; let the breathing go too. Your breathing has relaxed.

Your thoughts are also becoming silent...thoughts are becoming silent.... Feel your thoughts becoming totally silent...feel inside, thoughts are calming down. The body is relaxed, the breathing is relaxed, thoughts are silent....

Everything is silent within you. We are sinking into this silence; we are sinking, we are falling deeper and deeper as one falls into a well, keeps on falling deeper and deeper...just like this, we are falling deeper and deeper into emptiness, into *shunya.* Let go, let go your hold completely.... Keep drowning in emptiness, keep drowning.... Inside, only consciousness will remain, burning like a flame, watching, just a witness.

Just remain a witness. Keep watching inside.... Outside everything is dead; the body has become totally inert. Breathing has slowed down, thoughts have slowed down; inside, we

are falling into silence. Keep watching, keep watching, watching continuously--a much deeper silence, a much more profound silence will grow. In that watching state, 'I' will also disappear--only a shining light, a burning flame will remain.

Now I will be still for ten minutes, and you keep on disappearing within, deeper and deeper. Give up your hold, let go. Just keep watching. For ten minutes, just be an onlooker, be a witness.

Everything is silent.... Look within, keep looking within.... Inside, let there be just watching. The mind is becoming more and more silent.... At a distance you will see your body lying--as if it is someone else's body. You will move away from the body, as if you have left the body. It seems someone else is breathing....

Go even further within, go deeper inside.... Keep watching, keep looking inside, and the mind will totally sink into nothingness. Go deeper, go deeper down within...keep watching...the mind has become totally silent.

The body is left behind, the body is as if dead. We have moved away from the body. Let go, let go totally; do not hold back at all, as if you are dead inside. The mind is becoming even more silent...the body is lying far away; we have moved far away from the body.... The mind has become totally silent....

Look inside. The 'I' has disappeared totally, only consciousness is left, only knowing is left. Everything else has disappeared....

Slowly, take a few deep breaths. The mind is now totally silent. Watch each and every breath, and you will feel the mind becoming even more silent. Your breathing will also seem separate from you, far away from you. Breathe softly and slowly. Watch how far away the breath is...watch how distant it is from you.

Slowly, take a few deep breaths. Then open your eyes slowly. There is no need to hurry to get up. If you are unable to open your eyes, there is no need to hurry. Open your eyes slowly and softly, and then look outside for a moment....

Our evening meditation is now over. *now03*

In each meditation camp there used to be four discourses and four question-and-answer sessions. This time it has happened that you have turned all the meetings into question-and-answer sessions. *now07*

Osho's controversial discourse series:

Beware of Socialism

In April 1970, Osho gives a series of very controversial discourses, which upset many Gandhians and Communists. These are published under the title: Beware of Socialism. Communists are attracted to Osho towards the end of this period of travelling and when Osho settles in Bombay.

When I criticized Gandhi, all the communists and socialists started coming closer to me; they thought that I must be a communist. Who else is going to criticize Gandhi? The president of the communist party told me, "We can be immensely helped by you because we don't have any person of your charisma who can influence the masses."

But I said, "Wait. I did not speak against Gandhism because I am a communist--now you have created another trouble, I will have to speak against communism."

And again the same advice: "No, Osho, you have to be very discriminating. These people can be of immense help to you. The communist party is the most organized party in the country and if they are behind you, your work...."

I said, "Forget all about work. First let me finish the communists because they have come under a misunderstanding and I don't want anybody to be with me under any misunderstanding." And I had to criticize communism just because of their desire.

And this has been happening politically, socially, religiously.... *last601*

So when the communists saw that the Gandhians were angry with me, they thought it was an opportunity*. If I can be their representative, it will be an immense help for them to gain power in India, because they have heard that I don't believe in any religions; they have heard there is no God, no heaven, no hell. They felt, "This seems to be perfectly agreeing with us."

In fact, my emphasis was far deeper than their own philosophy. So when I said that there are no religions, but there is something higher than religion and that is religiousness; there is no God as a person, but as a presence, and the whole universe is full of godliness...I walked on their fingers! Immediately all communists disappeared from my audience. But a few courageous souls have remained, and have become accustomed to my stepping on their fingers. And they have learned one secret:

With me it is not ideas that matter.

With me it is your transformation that matters.

And your transformation is possible only if your mind slowly, slowly becomes calm and quiet. *pilgr16*

A friend wants to know if I am paid by the capitalists for supporting them.

No payment so far, but if there is a suggestion please bring it to me. It is strange, the whole pattern of our thinking is such. When I speak in favor of socialism I receive letters saying that I am Mao's agent and paid by China. And when I criticize socialism they say I am in the pay of America and I am an agent of American capital.

Is it a crime to think? Do only agents think, and no one else? I wonder if the questioner himself is connected with some agency. If not why this question?

We cannot imagine that one can think independently. We say one must be an agent. This means that man does not have a soul of his own and he cannot think on his own. *social02*

The first thing to understand is that socialism today stands as an enemy, in opposition to capitalism. But whatever socialism may be, it is the child of capitalism. Capitalism arose out of the system of feudalism. And if capitalism is allowed to develop fully, it will lead to socialism. And socialism, allowed to run its full course, will turn into communism. And in the same way communism can lead to anarchism. But the basic condition is that these systems should be allowed to evolve fully, completely. But a child can be forced prematurely out of its mother's womb, and the mother may feel tempted to have a child sooner than later. An impatient mother may want to have the child in five months, instead of nine; she will escape four months of labor and see her child earlier. But such a child will be a dead child, not a living one. And even if the child survives, it will be worse than dead....

Remember, if capitalism is developed properly, socialism will be its natural outcome--in a pregnancy of nine months the child comes out of its mother's womb naturally and silently. So, talk of socialism when capitalism has not yet grown to its full height, is suicidal.

I am myself a socialist, so it will surprise you when I ask you to beware of socialism. I also want the child of socialism to come to India, but on one condition--that it completes its full nine months in the mother's womb. This country has not achieved capitalism as yet. So talk of socialism here at this moment is as dangerous...as dangerous as it proved in Russia, and is going to be proved in China. China is out to kill millions, and yet socialism will not come there, because nothing in life happens before its time. The law of life does not permit haste. This country has yet to develop its capitalist system....

What do I mean when I warn you against socialism? I ask you to let the time of pregnancy be complete. Capitalism is that time of pregnancy--let it complete nine months....

My understanding of the problem is this: It is only the Tatas and Birlas who can produce that enormous wealth which is needed for distribution. Distribution cannot happen otherwise.

If I warn you against socialism, it does not mean that I am the enemy of socialism. In fact, the socialists of the day are its enemies, for they do not know what they are doing.

They are setting on fire the very house they live in. They will be burned, and with them the whole country will be burned.

India's poverty is very chronic. So think well before you take a step in this direction. Let not the capital-forming process in this country break down. In fact, it is already weakening, but we do not see it. It seems we have decided not to see anything with open eyes. The government is making a mess of everything it undertakes to do. For every one *rupee* invested in the private sector of industries, we have invested two in the public sector. But all the public undertakings are running at a loss. Yet the government says that all the industries should be nationalized....

Many people find contradictions in what I say. But what I say is so simple, so clear. I repeat: Socialism will stem from capitalism if the latter is allowed its full growth. But capitalism should go only after it has completed its job. But today, unfortunately, the capitalist himself is gripped with fear. He cannot say with courage that capitalism has a rationale to be, to live. He also says socialism is right. And there are reasons for it.

The capitalist is afraid. He is afraid of the great crowd all around him. He is scared by the slogans and the flags and the noise raised by the power-hungry politicians. And in panic he says. "Then socialism is right." I see even the biggest capitalist is terrified; he is trembling. He thinks he has committed a sin; he feels guilty. And it is amazing....

In the course of the coming four talks I am going to discuss with you the many sides of this problem. And I would like you to send me your questions. if you have any, in writing, so that I can deal with them at length.

It is a very vital question, and deserves serious consideration. Lots of rethinking is necessary on every side of the problem. The effort is worth it. It is not necessarily so that what I say is right; it may be wrong. So I invite you just to think, and objectively. I don't expect more. If so many of us here think together and have a perspective of socialism, it will help the whole country." *social01*

I am against communism, because if a person is deprived of his private possessions, something of his individuality dies. His private possessions are a kind of safety around him, that keep him alive as an individual. *false06*

I have met Stalin's daughter, Svetlana. After Stalin's death she came to India. Just by chance I happened to be in Delhi, and the woman I was staying with...she is a rare woman. I will not tell you her name because what I am going to say refers to people who are still alive, and particularly to a person for whom I have tremendous respect. This woman is now nearabout seventy-five. I have never come across a woman that old and yet so beautiful....

She invited me, saying, "If you pass through Delhi, stay with me this time."

I was staying with her and she told me, "Svetlana is here. Would you like to see her?"

I said, "That's very good. I wanted to meet Stalin, but no harm; some part of Stalin...at least royal blood!"

When I asked her, "How was he behaving with your mother?" she just started weeping.

She said, "He was a monster. He used to beat my mother. He used to beat me for any small thing and we could not say a single word against him, because he would do the same to us as he would have done to anybody else--he would kill us. We were treated just like servants."

Even Stalin's wife could not enter his room without knocking and asking permission. She had to make an appointment--and they lived just in the same house. Stalin was very much in favor of what he called women's liberation. And people thought it was not women's liberation; it was just making all women prostitutes. Everybody was against it. The whole of the communist party's high-ranking people were against it; not a single person was in favor. That's why the policy was dropped.

Otherwise everything that was private became public--and by public it simply meant it became state-owned. Your house, your horse, your hands, your land--everything became state-owned.

Hence, in Russia it is not communism.

I call it state capitalism.

The state became the only monopoly--capitalist. In America there are many capitalists; in Russia there is only one capitalist. And certainly to have many is better. *ignor27*

Only when people become enlightened, when there is nothing but a pure consciousness, is communism possible; otherwise that day is just a utopia.

The word `utopia' is very beautiful. It means `that which never comes'. Only in enlightenment is there a possibility of equality, and to the enlightened person all beings--they may not be enlightened now--are going to be enlightened someday. So intrinsically, every being--every living being, the trees are included--wherever there is life in any form, they are all on the way, moving, evolving, going higher. And the goal is the same: to become awakened, to become absolute purity, consciousness, blissfulness, ecstasy....

I am a communist as far as man's intrinsic potential is concerned, and I am not a communist as far as man's actuality is concerned. He should be given every support, every opportunity to grow in his own way. A forced equality is destructive, destructive of all that is valuable. There should be big trees, tall trees reaching to the stars, and there should be small bushes; they both enrich existence. There should be lotuses and there should be roses and there should be marigolds. The variety, the difference, the inequality makes life richer, makes life more livable, lovable....

Inequality in humanity is a psychological truth.

Equality is a spiritual truth.

One should not get mixed up. *tahui14*

When I said, twenty years ago, that men are not equal, the Communist party of India passed a resolution against me, condemning me. And the president of the Communist party of India, S.A. Dange, declared that soon his son-in-law, who is a professor, is going to write a book to confute my idea that men are not equal. He has written a book against me; although there is no argument except anger, abuse and lies--but not a single argument to prove that men are equal. *zara203*

He has written a thesis against me because I am confusing people's minds. It is difficult to figure out whether I am atheist or theist, whether I am a religious man or an anti-religious man. Through the whole of his thesis he tries to figure who I am--and finds that it is impossible, and that I am simply a confuser.

Amrit Dange, the president of the Indian communist party and one of the oldest communists in the world, was part of the international communist party at the time of the Russian revolution, he was one of the members along with Lenin and Trotsky. Just by chance we were in the same compartment, traveling.

He said to me, "Have you seen?--my son-in-law has written a book about you. For three years he has been studying you. You have created so much literature that it is going to be impossible to do research on you. He was going mad, day and night. And you seem to be impossible: it is not only that you contradict yourself one time, you contradict again, and you contradict again. Finally it became impossible to find what you mean, because.... And that's the conclusion that he reached."

I said, "You throw the book out of the train. He is a fool, tell him. Why did he waste three years? Life is so short and you are a communist: *Rinam kritva ghritam pivet*--borrow ghee, drink ghee. Why waste time with a madman like me?"--and I took the book from his hand and threw it out of the window.

He said, "This is too much!"

I said, "You can pull the emergency cord. What purpose has the red cord always hanging there? Pull the cord." But by that time we were miles away from the book, and it was midnight.

Amrit Dange said, "There is no point in pulling the cord--and even if I pull the cord, we have come miles, and it is midnight--where are we going to find the book? And there is no need to be worried: my son-in-law has all the books. They are not being sold because people say that either...." There was a clear-cut division in India--either somebody was for me, or somebody was against me. Those who were for me were reading my books;

they wouldn't waste their time with his thesis. And those who were against me did not want even to hear my name--what to say about the book.

So he said, "We have all the books. Perhaps you are right; he is a fool. Three years he has wasted, and he has published it with his own money. No publisher was ready to publish it, 'Because,' they said, 'the country is clearly divided; there are no neutral people available, so who is going to purchase the book?' He published it with his own money and now he is sitting on the whole lot."

I said, "You can go on distributing this way, the way you distributed it to me. Distribute it. Let people read it even if they cannot get any substance out of it--because *he* has not been able in three years to find out what I mean. Nobody is going to find out, because I am not stating logical, philosophical maxims. I am a whole presence."...

Authentic religion will not be theistic or atheistic.

Authentic religion will not be materialistic or spiritualistic.

Authentic religion will be wholistic. It will not divide life into compartments, it will destroy all the compartments of sinners and saints, heaven and hell. *person22*

I have asked many communists, very old communists....

I asked Dange, "Have you ever meditated?"

He said, "Meditated--for what? Why should I meditate?"

I said, "If you have never meditated, then you don't have the authority to say that there is no soul, no God, no consciousness. Without going inside yourself, how can you say that there is nobody? And see the absurdity of it: *who* is saying that there is nobody? Even to deny you will have to accept that there is somebody. Even to say that there is nobody, somebody has to be assumed." *dless24*

One of my friends, Rahul Sankritayana, a scholar of Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit, was a Buddhist monk. But he also became interested in communism because of the simple similarity that Buddha has no God and Marx also has no God. So he started becoming interested in Marxism, and finally he became a communist. And the Soviet Union asked him to go to Moscow University to teach Sanskrit there. So he went to Moscow.

Out of India, in Moscow, things were different. Here it would have been impossible for him to remain a Buddhist monk and yet fall in love. In the Soviet Union there was no difficulty. He fell in love with a beautiful woman, Lola--she was also a professor in the same university, and she had two children.

But the Soviet government did not allow him to take the wife or children out of the Soviet Union. He could live there, but he wanted to come back to his own country. And

he was also afraid. In a way the government was fulfilling his innermost desire--how could he go to India with a wife and two children? He would be condemned by everybody, particularly the Buddhists: "You are a monk!" So he was happy in a way, that the government itself did not allow it, so there was no question.

He came back. He told me, "When I first went to the Soviet Union, I asked a small boy, `Do you believe in God?' He said, `God? People used to believe in that in the dark ages. If you want to see the statue of God, you can go into the museum.'"

But this is also programming. It is not that these small boys know there is no God, or that even Karl Marx knew there was no God. Only a man of immense meditation can know whether God is or is not.

So you are programmed, and so deeply ingrained is the program that you think it is your nature. Your fictions, your hopes, your future...nothing is natural.

Nature knows nothing except this moment. Nature knows nothing about hopes and desires and wants. Nature simply enjoys whatever is available this moment, now and here. *celebr05*

Rahul Sankritayana told me, "The first thing that was shocking to the Russians was my hands."

I said, "Your hands?"

He said, "Yes. Whenever I shook hands with them, they immediately shrank back. They said, 'You must be a bourgeois. Your hands don't show that you have ever worked.'"

I told the Buddhist monk, "You touch my hand. Then you will know that you are a proletarian and I am a bourgeois! That will give you great consolation." *last129*

I had one communist friend--he was really a great intellectual. He had written many, nearabout a hundred, books, all on the communist theme but in a very indirect way: they were novels. But through the novel he was preaching the communist theme, so indirectly that you would be influenced by the novel. The novels that he has written are first rate--he was a first-rate creative writer--but the result ultimately will be that he will be pulling you towards communism.

His name was Yashpal. I told him, "Yashpal, you are against all religions"--and communism is against all religions, it is an atheist philosophy. "But the way you behave and other communists behave simply proves that communism is another religion."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I simply mean that you are as fanatic as any Mohammedan, as any Christian. You have your trinity: Marx, Engels, Lenin. You have your Mecca--Moscow; you have your

kaaba--the Kremlin; you have your holy book--*Das Kapital.* And although *Das Kapital* is now a hundred years old you are not ready to change a single word in it. In a hundred years economics has changed totally--*Das Kapital* is absolutely out of date."

He was ready to fight. I said, "It is not a question of fight. Even if you kill me that will not prove that you were right. That will simply prove that I was right and you could not tolerate my existence. You give me arguments."

Communism has no argument.

I said to him, "Your whole philosophy is based on the idea that the whole of humanity is equal. This is psychologically wrong. The whole of psychological science says that each individual is unique. How can unique individuals be equal?"

But communism is fanatic. He stopped speaking with me, he stopped writing letters to me. I used to pass through his city, Lucknow. He always used to come to the station to see me--he stopped coming to see me.

When many of my letters were not answered I wrote a letter to his wife. She was a very loving woman. She wrote to me saying, "You can understand--there is no need for me to tell you that he *is* a fanatic. And you touched his weakest point. Even I keep myself alert not to say anything against communism. I can do anything, I can say anything against him, but I should not say anything against communism because he cannot conceive that anybody can be against communism."

He told me once, "We *are* going to take over the whole world."

I said, "Your project is a very small one, this earth is very small. Why don't you join in my project?"

He said, "What is your project?"

I said, "My project is very simple. I am a man of very simple taste and very easily satisfied. I am just going to take over the universe. Why bother about a small earth which will be included in the universe? No need to be worried about it." But communism believes it is going to take over the whole earth, and almost half of the earth they have already taken.

Their fanatic attitude will create the reaction in America to become fanatically Christian. That seems to be the only alternative for Americans, but they don't know.... You can survive communism, but you cannot survive fanatic Christianity.

Just trying to save yourself from one danger your are falling into a greater danger.

I can show you the way to survive communism--not only for you to survive communism, but for you to help the whole world to get rid of communism. it is very simple: just make people more rich. Let poverty disappear, and there will be no communism left. *dark29*

Osho's New Dynamic Meditation Technique

In April 1970 Osho introduces a revolutionary cathartic meditation technique, which he calls Dynamic Meditation. In May at Nargol Meditation Camp, Osho leads experiments in this new meditation to awaken kundalini energy. This becomes a source of controversy. Osho continues fine-tuning this technique until 1973 (see p.). Dynamic Meditation becomes his world-famous meditation technique.

There are two ways: either relax directly as Tao implies, or relax indirectly as the Upanishads say. Create the tension to its ultimate, and then there will be relaxation. And I think the Upanishads are more helpful, because we are tense and we understand the meaning, the language, the ways of tension. Tell someone suddenly to relax and he cannot....

I was working for ten years continuously with Taoist methods, so I was continuously teaching direct relaxation. It was simple for me so I thought it would be simple for everyone. Then, by and by, I became aware that it is impossible. I was in a fallacy: it was not possible. I would say, "Relax!" to those I was teaching. They would appear to understand the meaning of the word, but they could not relax. Then I had to devise new methods for meditation which create tension first--more tension. They create such tension that you become just mad. And *then* I say, "Relax."

When you have come up to the climax, your whole body, your whole mind, becomes hungry for relaxation. With so much tension, you want to stop, and I go on pushing you to continue, continue to the very end. Do whatsoever you can do to create tensions, and then, when you stop you just fall down from the peak into a deep abyss. The abyss is the end, the effortlessness is the end, but the Upanishads use tension as the means. *ultas107*

Osho leads the new meditation technique:

Please sit or stand apart. Keep a little distance from one an other so that those of you who want to lie down may do so comfortably. No one will talk, there will be no chit chatting at all.

You will sit quietly and no one will sit close to another. There is plenty of space here, so don't be miserly. It would unnecessarily spoil everything if someone falls on you in the

midst of meditation. Keep apart. Sit or lie down... Take your position as is convenient for you... Close your eyes... And do as I ask you to do.

First Stage: Ten minutes deep breathing

Close your eyes and begin breathing deeply. Inhale as much as you can, and exhale as much as you can. Put all your energy into inhaling and exhaling deeply, breathing in and breathing out. Breathe in deeply and breathe out deeply. Become breathing itself. And exert yourself fully. The deeper the breathing in and out, the greater the possibility for the latent energy to awaken. Breathe in a deep breath and breathe out a deep breath. Breathe in and breathe out...Take a deep breath in and take a deep breath out and continue the process for a full ten minutes. You become a breathing machine, and nothing more. You are only breathing in and breathing out for ten minutes. Then I will give you the second *sutra*, the second stage. It will form the second stage of today's meditation. So for the first ten minutes work hard with deep breathing...

Take a deep breath in and throw it out deeply...Exert yourselves fully. Just become a breathing machine, a bellows that pulls the air in and throws it out vigorously and continuously...Let every fiber of your body vibrate with breathing. Breathe in deeply and breathe out deeply. Deeply and very deeply. Be come a breathing instrument. Concentrate all of your attention and all of your energy on breathing and on breathing alone. Take deep breath in and take deep breath out. And watch that now a deep breath is coming in and now a deep breath is going out. Breathe and also observe that you are breathing and breathing deeply. Remain a witness. Keep witnessing that breath is going in and going out. Bring all your attention to deep breathing; bring all your energy to deep breathing. Now I am going to be silent for ten minutes. In the meantime you continue taking deep breaths in and throwing deep breaths out. And watch from inside that breaths are going in and going out regularly and constantly and vigorously....

Second Stage: Ten minutes' catharsis

In this stage you have to let go of your body completely. Breathe in and breathe out deeply and leave the body free. Let it cry if it feels like crying. If tears well up let them well up. Let your eyes shed tears...If your hands and feet tremble, let them do so. If the body shakes and moves and whirls, let it do so freely. If it stands up and begins to dance, leave it free to stand up and dance. Take deep breaths and let go of your body. Whatever happens to the body let it happen; don't come in its way...Deep breathing, deep breathing, deep breathing. For ten minutes continue deep breathing and relax the body. If the body takes certain postures and gestures--*asanas* and *mudras*--allow it to take them. If it rolls on the ground, allow it to do so. Leave the body free and just remain a witness, a watcher. Don't hinder the body in any way...

Continue deep breathing; bring your full energy to breathing, and leave the body to itself. Whatsoever happens to the body, let it. Don't hesitate; don't shirk, and don't shrink at all. Don't resist the body in any way. And don't think of others. And let go of the body. Many things will happen when the energy will awaken and ascend. Tears will well up and fill

your eyes, the body will shake, the limbs will move and *mudras* will be formed. The body may even rise up. Let everything happen. You are alone here; there is nobody but you. Let go. Breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply. Work hard for one to two minutes, before we enter the third stage. Bring it to its climax before we enter the third stage....

Third Stage: Ask: "Who am I?"

Deep breathing will continue. Bodily movement will continue, and to them add the third *sutra.* Ask within yourselves: "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?" Ask inside you, "Who am I?" Let your every breath be filled with this one question, "Who am I? Who am I?" Let breathing, deep and fast breathing continue, and ask inside you, "Who am I?" Let the body continue to move and sway and ask from within "Who am I?"

Keep asking this question without any interruption, let no gaps occur in between. And pour all your energy into asking: "Who am I?" For ten minutes squeeze all your strength into asking it: "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?" Madly ask the question, "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?" Ask it with all your being, let the question reverberate through your whole being, "Who am I?" Continue deep breathing, and let go of the body. Whatever happens to it, allow it. And ask, "Who am I? Who am I?" Exert your utmost for ten minutes; and then we will rest. So apply your full strength..."Who am l? Who am I? Who am I?...

Use your total energy, don't spare yourselves, don't withhold yourselves in the least. Exert yourselves totally. Breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply.

And now drop all efforts and enter the fourth stage, the stage of relaxation and rest.

Fourth Stage: 10 minutes' total rest

Now no questions and no deep breathing. Drop everything, abandon every effort. For these ten minutes keep lying as if you are dead, as if you are not. Give up everything. For these ten minutes drop all efforts and lie in waiting for him. Cease to do anything; neither ask "Who am I?" nor breathe deeply. Just keep lying--relaxed, restful. Listen to the roar of the sea. Listen to the wind passing through the pines. If a bird calls, listen to its sound. For ten minutes feel as if you are dead, as if you don't exist.

And now open your eyes slowly, slowly. If your eyes don't open, then cover them with your palms. Those who have fallen down and who find it difficult to get up should first take deep but slow breaths and then rise up. Don't be in a hurry, don't rise abruptly. Get up slowly, very slowly. And if someone cannot rise even after breathing, then he should stay lying a little longer and breathe deeply but slowly. Then he should first sit up and then rise very slowly. Open your eyes...One who cannot get up should further breathe deeply but slowly, and then rise very gently. *mirac103*

Another friend has asked: *You have talked of four stages of meditation. Would you please explain them fully?*

Firstly, you should know that the first three of them are merely steps to meditation, not meditation itself. The fourth one is meditation. The fourth is the door, while the other three are doorsteps. Steps don't make for the door, they only lead to the door. The fourth stage is the door to meditation which is relaxation and rest, emptiness and void, surrender and cessation, dissolution and death, or whatsoever you call it. That is the door, and the first three steps take us to it.

And the fundamental principle behind the first three stages is one. If one is to relax, he will have to pass through a state of absolute tension; it is then that passage to relaxation becomes easy enough. If a man works throughout the daytime, he can sleep well in the night. The harder one works the deeper he sleeps. One can argue that since sleep is the opposite of work, how can he sleep who works hard? He should not be able to sleep, because labor and rest are so opposed to each other. Logically sleep should be available to one who rests the whole day in bed. But the truth is that he will not be able to sleep at night if he rests in the daytime.

That is why, as man's life is becoming increasingly comfortable, his sleep has been disappearing from the world in the same measure. The more comforts and leisure we have, the less sleep we will have. And the irony is that we go on adding to our comforts in the hope that they will help us sleep undisturbed. But the contrary is the case. With the growth of civilization and leisure sleep will disappear, because hard work is a prerequisite of sleep. As one works so he sleeps. Similarly as one's tension mounts and reaches its climax he easily slips into deep relaxation.

The first three steps seem to be completely contradictory to the fourth, which is meditation. One may ask, how can anyone relax after exerting so hard, after passing through peaks of tension and turmoil touching on madness? I say, only then he can relax. The truth is that relaxation follows tension as night follows day, as the valley follows the peak. The higher the peak the deeper the valley. The higher the hill you fall from, the deeper the canyon you enter. Don't forget that every mountain has its valley. In fact there cannot be a mountain without a valley. As the mountain grows up it creates deep valleys all around it. That is how when your tension grows, side by side you are gathering energy to relax and rest. The higher the summit of tension the deeper the valley of rest. That is the reason I ask you to bring all your energy into it, to exert your best, to stake your all and not to withhold yourself even a little bit. That is how you will reach the height of tension and then descend into the bottomless pit of relaxation and rest. And it is in that moment of absolute rest that meditation happens.

The basic thing is that you should reach the peak of tension and then drop tension altogether. *mirac106*

You ask: *In your earlier teaching of meditation you always asked us to be relaxed, still, silent and aware. And now in the course of intense breathing and asking 'Who am I?" you exhort us to bring all our efforts into it. So which of the two techniques would be good?*

There is no question of good and bad here. I understand your point; it is not a question of good and bad. You have only to find out which of the techniques gives you more peace and adds to the momentum of your meditation. It cannot be the same for everybody; they will experience it differently. There are people who attain to relaxation only after they have run themselves into the ground. And there are others who can go into relaxation instantly; but they are few and far between. It is rather difficult to move straight into silence; only a handful of people can do so. For the majority of people it is necessary to go through a lot of exertion and tension before they can relax. But the purpose in both cases is the same--the final objective is the same. It is relaxation. *mirac109*

All of us have suppressed much. We have not allowed ourselves to cry and laugh; we have not allowed ourselves to run and play and dance either. We have suppressed everything. We have closed all our doors from inside, and we have become our own prisoners and guards. We will have to open all our doors and windows if we want to go out and meet God. But then fear will assail us, because all that we have suppressed will surface. If you have suppressed tears they will surface, and if you have suppressed laughter, it will come up. Let them come out, and let them be washed away.

We are here, in this solitary place, so that fear of people will not affect us. And these pine trees will not be offended, they will not say a thing. Rather they will be pleased with you. And the waves of the ocean too will not take any offense. They are not afraid of anything. They roar when they feel like roaring and they go to sleep when they want to sleep. And so also these sands here will have no objection whatsoever.

Let go of yourselves completely and let whatsoever happens inside you happen. Don't resist. Dance if you feel like dancing, and shout if you feel like shouting. If you feel like running, then run. And even fall down if you feel like falling. Let go of yourself in every way. And if you do so you will suddenly find that some energy inside you has begun ascending in a spiral form, some force has begun to wake up. And you will also find that all the closed doors have begun to give way. Do not let any fears assail you in that moment. Be totally one with that inner movement, with the dance of that circular energy; lose yourself into them completely. Then the thing may happen. *mirac102*

My understanding is that sooner or later, this meditation that I am giving you is going to be a therapy of great significance, and it will unavoidably become a way of treating the mentally ill and restoring them to health. And if it be possible that every child in the school goes through this meditation, he will be saved from insanity for the whole of his life. He will never be mad; he will be immune from this disease, because then he will be his own master, master of his body mind. *mirac111*

In the same way the body has its own ways in different states of meditation.

Try to understand it in this way. If you disturb a particular position of the body, the corresponding state of the mind will soon be disturbed accordingly. Or if somebody asks you to be angry without the fists clenching, without the teeth gnashing and eyes reddening, can you be angry? You simply cannot be angry. How can you express anger without the cooperation of its corresponding bodily organs? You cannot be angry if you are asked to do so without letting it affect your body in any way. Similarly, if someone asks you to love without letting your eyes be filled with love's elixir, without letting its waves pass through your hands, without your heartbeat quickening, without your breath being any different--in short, without your body expressing your love in any manner, you will say, "Excuse me, it is very difficult; I simply can not do it."

So if during meditation your body begins to turn and twist in a particular way and if you try to prevent it, you will damage the inner state of meditation and then it cannot make any headway.

All the yogic *asanas*, bodily postures, have been made available to men through different states of meditation. In the same way the yogic *mudras*, or what we call gestures, were developed through meditation. You must have come across many kinds of Buddha statues wearing different yogic mudras. These mudras also came into being through some particular state of the mind. And subsequently a whole science of mudras was developed. Now it can be said from your exterior, from your bodily mudras--provided you are not acting and you are allowing yourself to be taken over by meditation. It is happening to you internally.

Therefore please see that you don't come in their way or try to stop them.

My understanding is that dance, in the beginning, was born out of meditation. And I think all that is significant in life has had its origin in meditation. Meera* did not have to go anywhere to learn dancing. People are mistaken if they think that Meera found God through dancing. Meera burst into dancing when she found God. The fact is otherwise: no one finds God through dancing, but one can dance if he finds God. What can a drop do but dance when a whole ocean enters into it? What can a beggar do but dance when he suddenly comes upon a treasure of infinite wealth?

But man has been so much crushed and crippled by civilization that he cannot dance. My understanding is that if we have to make the world once again religious, it would be necessary to regain the natural state of man's life--his spontaneity, his ease.

So when meditative energy rises and your whole being begins to dance, don't obstruct your body, don't suppress your bodily movements. Otherwise all progress will be arrested, and that which was going to happen will not happen. And we are a fear stricken people. We say, "If I begin to dance what will my wife say who is here? What will my son say who is sitting next to me?" We say, "If I dance what will my husband think of me? He will say that I have gone mad." If this fear is there, no progress in the inner journey is possible.

Apart from bodily postures and gestures--asanas and mudras--many other things happen. *mirac102*

*Note: Meera, enlightened devotee of the god Krishna, noted for her dancing and singing

The experience of the awakening of the kundalini*, the primordial energy, is a new experience greater than the child's, because while the childbirth happens only at the level of the body, the awakening of the kundalini happens at the level of the soul. It is therefore, a totally new birth. It is for this reason that we call him a *brahmin* who goes through this experience. Brahmin is he who is twice born. He is also called *dwij*--one who is twice born. **Note: After Nargol Meditation Camp, Osho answered many esoteric questions about kundalini, chakras, psychic experiences, the occult, etc. It is not possible to give many excerpts because they need to be read in full, see:* In Search of the Miraculous, The Psychology of the Esoteric, Hidden Mysteries *mirac101*

And it is at the junction of the soul and the body, at their meeting point, where the energy known as kundalini resides. Kundalini, or whatever name you give it, is the same energy, and it resides at the junction of the body and soul.

Therefore this energy has two forms. When this energy flows towards the body, it becomes sex; and when it flows towards the soul, it becomes kundalini or whatsoever you call it. And this energy is descendent while moving to the body and it is ascendent while moving to the soul. So while kundalini is an ascending energy, sex is a descending one. But the seat of kundalini, the place of its location, is hammered and moved by breathing, deep and fast breathing. You will be surprised to know that you cannot keep your breath tranquil while making love. Love-making brings about an immediate change in the movement of the breath. No sooner is one excited sexually, than breathing is stepped up. Because unless breathing hits this center, sex energy cannot get moving without being hit and stimulated by breathing, sexual intercourse is impossible. The same way, *samadhi* or ecstasy is impossible unless this kundalini is hit and stimulated by breathing.

Samadhi is the apex, the highest point of the ascending energy, and the sex act is the nadir, the lowest point of the descending energy. But the breathing works equally in both directions.

Deep breathing has a profound effect on the kundalini. *Pranayama,* the science of yogic breathing, was not discovered unnecessarily. Through long experiments and investigations and through enduring experiences it was known that a great deal can be accomplished with the help of breathing and its hammering on the kundalini. Really a lot can be done through deep and fast breathing. And the more intense and strong the hammering, the swifter the movement of energy. And so far as we ordinary people are concerned, whose kundalini has been asleep for countless lives, the need for intense and hard hammering, hammering with all our strength is much greater.

Breathing hits the kundalini, the basic center of energy. And as your experience will deepen you will clearly see even with closed eyes the exact spot where it is hit by

breathing. So it often happens that with the hammering through deep breathing one gets aroused sexually. It so happens because your body is acquainted only with this experience, the experience of sex being aroused through deep breathing. So as a matter of habit the body begins to move in the familiar direction of sex whenever you breathe deep and fast. And that is the reason why many seekers--both men and women--have the feeling that deep breathing stimulates their sex center immediately.

Quite a number of people had similar experiences in the presence of Gurdjieff, and it was just natural. Many women thought that as soon as they went up to him, their sex centers were hit and stimulated. This was only natural. But because of it Gurdjieff was much misunderstood and maligned; although he was not at all at fault. The blame should not lie at his door. The fact is that the vibes around a person whose kundalini is awakened, are such that they begin to affect your kundalini as soon as you go near him. And since your own kundalini is asleep near your sex center, the vibes of the awakened one hit you at your sex center. That is how it happens at the first contact.

Deep and fast breathing is bound to have a profound effect on the kundalini. And all the centers, which you call *chakras,* are nothing but halting places for the kundalini on its journey's way. These are the centers through which the kundalini passes. Ordinarily there are any number of such centers, and there are different estimates of them. But broadly speaking there are seven important centers where the kundalini, while moving up and down, is likely to halt and rest for awhile. And it will have its effect when it comes in contact with them.

And its first effects will be felt on the center which is your most active center as such. For instance, if a person constantly works with his brain, then with deep breathing his head will become very heavy. It will be so because his brain center happens to be his most active center. The first impact of breathing will be felt on his head, his active center, and it will become heavy. And if a person is sexual, his sex center will be stimulated in the first instant. Similarly a loving man will find his love stimulated, enhanced and flowing. And if one is emotional, his emotions will be heightened.

So the most active center will be hit and stimulated first by deep and fast breathing. But very soon it will begin to affect other centers too. And accordingly a change, a transformation of the personality begins simultaneously. You will begin to know that you are changing; you are not the same person that you were up to now.

We don't know that there are very many possibilities within each one of us. We are familiar with only that center of ours which is active and dominant and where we exist. So when another center opens up it seems that our old personality is gone and a new man has appeared in its place. Or it seems we are now not the same as we were before. It is like this: I am aware of only one room in a house where I live, and I carry the imprint of this room in my mind. And suddenly one day a door opens and another room appears before me. Then my whole mental map of the house will undergo a change. Now the house that I had thought to be mine will be a very different house, and I will need to arrange it anew.

So as the various centers will be hit and activated, new dimensions of your life will begin to unfold and manifest themselves. And when all the centers will be active together--that is, when energy will flow through them all uniformly--then for the first time we will live a whole life; we will live totally.

Ordinarily no one lives wholly, totally; we all live fragmentary lives. All our upper centers remain untouched. So deep breathing is going to hammer and activate them all.

And the question "Who am I?" does the same thing; but it hammers the centers from another direction. So try to understand it, as you now understand the functions of deep and fast breathing. How does the chant of "Who am I?" work on the kundalini?...

"Who am I?" is a very fundamental question and a very existential question at that. "Who am I?" is a question which involves the totality of our existence in all its depth and heights. This question will take me where I was before I was ever born, behind all my past lives. This question can take me where I was in the primeval beginning. The profoundness of this question is infinite. And so is its journey equally profound. Therefore, this question will immediately strike the basic center, the deepest one--the kundalini.

Deep breathing strikes the center physiologically, and the question "Who am I?" does the same job mentally, psychologically. This question hammers the kundalini with mind energy and deep breathing hammers it with body energy. And if both the hammer strokes are strong enough... Ordinarily there are only two ways of hammering the center--one through breathing and the other through asking "Who am I?" There are other ways as well, but they are a little complicated.

Another person can also be helpful in this matter. If you do it in my presence the effect will be quicker and greater, because then there will be hammering from a third direction of which you have no idea. That is the astral direction whose hammering is subtler than the physical and mental ones. When you breathe intensely it hammers the center physically. When you ask "Who am I?" it does the same thing mentally. And when you do it in the presence of an other through whom your astral body is hammered, then a third journey begins. So if fifty people meditate here together, it will be much more intensive than if only one person meditated. Because of the longings of fifty persons combined with the vibrations of their intense breathing, an astral atmosphere will pervade this room, and a new kind of electrical light waves will begin to circulate all around, which will hit you from another direction....

With the hammer-strokes of these two things--deep breathing and "Who am I?"--the kundalini will awaken. And with its awakening extraordinary experiences will begin to happen; because all the experiences of all your past lives are associated with the kundalini--in a way they are deposited there. Your experiences of infinite lives, including your lives as a tree, as a fish, as a bird, the experiences that you went through in the entire course of your evolution are lying strewn on your journey's path. And this serpentine power known as kundalini has absorbed them all. Therefore many kinds of things can

happen and you can identify yourself with these experiences. Any kinds of things, unthinkable things, can happen. You have no idea of the many subtle experiences with which the kundalini is associated....

And after we have entered the path of the kundalini, after we have joined its pilgrimage, our story as the story of an individual comes to an end, and the story of consciousness, the whole consciousness begins. Aurobindo used to speak in these terms, and it is difficult, the thing could not be very clear. Then it is not the story of an individual, it is the story of consciousness itself....

So a vast world of subtle feelings and experiences is linked with the kundalini. All of it will become alive and awake and confront you from every direction. That is why, in such a situation, one often looks like a madman. Because when we are quietly sitting, he suddenly breaks into laughter for he comes to see something that we don't see. And he might suddenly begin to scream at a time when we are all laughing, because something may have happened to him which will not happen to the rest of us.

So ordinarily there are only two ways of hammering the kundalini.

And the third way is an extraordinary way: the way of *shaktipat*, or transmission of energy. This is an astral way, and it needs a medium, a vehicle. You can achieve intensity in meditation only if another person helps you. The other person does not have to do anything; just his presence is enough. He becomes a vehicle, a catalytic agent.

Infinite energy permeates the world all over. It is just a question of tapping it. Now we fix an iron rod on our rooftops so that when lightning strikes the house it passes through the rod and sinks into the earth, and the house remains unharmed. Lightning can strike the house even in the absence of the iron rod, but then it will destroy the whole house. But the iron rod is a recent discovery, and lightning has been there from time immemorial. The shaktipat of lightning has been there for long, but we thought of the rod only recently.

Man is surrounded all over by infinite energy which can be used for his spiritual growth. Infinite energy is there and all of it can be utilized for man's spiritual upliftment. To do it, however, a medium, a vehicle is needed. You can be your own medium, but initially it can be dangerous. The shaktipat, the fallout of energy, can be so powerful that you may not with stand it. It is just possible that some delicate senses of your body are jammed or they break down. Every energy has a measure, a voltage which has to be in the right proportion to your capacity to withstand it. The medium of another person serves as an instrument regulating the energy in its relation with your capacity to withstand it.

To act as a vehicle for shaktipat it is essential that divine energy has already descended on the other person. Then only can he plan and manage the *shaktipat* according to your capacity. And he is not required to do anything in this regard; his mere presence does everything that is needed. Presence is all that is needed. His presence acts as a catalytic agent; the medium himself does nothing. So if someone claims that he can do anything,

he is utterly wrong. No one can do shaktipat, but someone's presence can catalyze it, cause it to happen.

Now I think that when seekers attain some depth in meditation, shaktipat will begin to happen here with full force. There is no difficulty about it; there is no difficulty at all. Nobody need do anything; it will happen on its own. You will suddenly find that quite a different kind of energy has entered you from without; it does not come from within you. Whenever you will experience the rise of kundalini, it will seem to be rising from within you; and whenever you will experience shaktipat, it will appear to be coming from the outside, from above. It will be so. It will be felt as clearly as one feels water falling on him from above and water rising about him from below.

The experience of kundalini is like drowning, as if you are standing in the bed of a river and the level of the water is rising from below and you are being drowned in it. The experience of kundalini is always like this--one of getting drowned in a river. You will feel that something from some depth is rising up and you are being engulfed in it, drowned in it. But the experience of *shaktipat* is quite different; it is like rains falling from the skies, falling from above. That is what Kabir speaks about when he says, "O monks, nectar is raining," and his monks ask where. It falls from above and makes you soaking wet.

Now if both these processes take place together, it will at once step up your progress. Then, simultaneously the rains will be falling from above and the water of the river rising from below. Then the events of rainfall and the river being in flood are taking place simultaneously, and you are being drowned, you are being destroyed from both ends. Both processes can happen together; there is no difficulty involved in it. *mirac109*

There is another way which I have left out so far. I have so far explained to you what has been done generally to awaken the kundalini; but the kundalini is not the whole of the kunda or the pool (at the source of kundalini). There is an other way which I may have to talk to you about separately. Very few persons in the world have taken this way. It is not one of awakening the kundalini, with which we are familiar, but of getting immersed in the kunda itself. It is not like awakening a small part of the energy and using it for growth; it is a matter of merging our entire consciousness in the kunda or the pool of primeval energy. In that event no new senses will be awakened; in that case no extrasensory experiences will be availed, and even the experience of the soul will be missed completely. In that event, one will directly encounter and experience God, the supreme....

If someone wants the plunge directly into the *kunda,* the kundalini does not come in his way. That is why some of the spiritual paths did not talk about the kundalini; because it was not necessary. Those who taught direct merger with the *kunda* did not think it necessary to talk about the technique of kundalini awakening. But my own experience says that the direct paths could not work. They may have worked with one or two rare individuals, but that does not matter much. One flower does not make a spring. Therefore, one has to go through the longer route.... *mirac110*

So in spiritual discipline there are a thousand things belonging to a thousand levels. And then there are a few things that are very personal and secret and esoteric. The meditation that I am teaching you now is such that it can be talked about publicly; but there are things that I cannot discuss in large groups; I will not. I will talk about them with only a few chosen individuals who are deserving.

So although Buddha had said a lot, all of it was not recorded. The same way, not everything that I will say will be recorded. All of it cannot be reduced to writing. Firstly I will say only that much publicly which can be recorded without any risk. Publicly I will say only that much. And that which needs to be treated and preserved as secret teachings will never be disclosed to the public. I will transmit them to deserving individuals who will save them in their memory....

My difficulty is that there is a gap of twenty five hundred years between Buddha and our times, and it has made a great difference; over this period man's consciousness has grown. I now think there are many things that Buddha thought should remain hidden that can now very well be made public. Twenty five centuries have made a basic difference. So I say that a great many of the things that Buddha thought to be secrets can now be taught openly. Similarly a great many of the things that I consider to be secret can be revealed twenty-five hundred years after me, provided man's consciousness continues to evolve the way it should.

Do you follow what I am saying? Even if Buddha were to come back, he would like to reveal many things he had held back from his own times. *mirac109*

In the afternoon between three and four we will sit here in silence. I will be sitting here at the same place. You all should arrive here five minutes before three. And I will be here exactly at three. There will be no conversations, no chit chats whatsoever. Not even a word will be uttered. Everybody will sit here in complete silence. I will be sitting here silently for an hour. In the meantime if somebody feels like it he will come and sit silently near me for two minutes and then retire to his place. He will not stay here longer than two minutes so other friends may have their turn. For a whole hour just sit in waiting.

Try to spend these three days constantly in meditation. Even when you go out for a walk by the seashore or anywhere, go alone and sit there in meditation. *mirac103*

A few pieces of rock from an unknown quarter fall on the meeting ground, but Osho continues to speak in his calm and serene voice.

What is the matter? Is it rocks coming? It does not matter. Keep the rocks with you with care. Someone must have pelted them out of love.... Those who are talking in the rear should stop at once. If they wish to stay here they should quietly sit down or else they may leave the place. No one should be here as a spectator, and even if one wants to remain here as a spectator he should observe complete silence. No one will disturb another in any way.

It seems someone has pelted rocks and he has done it more than a couple of times. If he thinks it is necessary for him to do so, he should direct them to me and to no one else. *mirac105*

A little while ago a friend met me on the road and said, "Please ask these people here not to get so much excited, ask them to play it on a lower key, otherwise an explosive situation may be created. Two persons while meditating, went all naked." He said it rather lovingly: that some people were upset because two persons had shed their clothes, and so I should restrain them.

Every one is naked behind his clothes and no one gets upset about it. Inside our clothes all of us are naked and no one is disturbed. But everyone is disturbed because two persons shed their clothes during meditation. It is a great irony. It would be understandable if someone had disrobed you and you got upset. But why are you upset about someone shedding his own clothes? It was okay to be upset if someone had robbed you of your clothes, although that too would be meaningless. Jesus has said, "If someone deprives you of your coat, give him your shirt too. Maybe, he could not take more because of his shyness." His protest was justified if someone had removed his coat. But why should he lose his head if someone takes off his own coat? It seems that he was just waiting for an opportunity when someone took off his coat and he slackened his efforts and put all the blame on him.

It is amazing how somebody going naked should disturb your meditation, unless you are closely watching him doing so. Were you meditating or what? In fact, you should not know who sheds his clothes and what is happening around you. You have to do your meditation and remain confined to yourself. Or should you be interested in what others do? Are you a washerman or a tailor that you take so much interest in others' clothes? Your worries are baseless and meaningless.

And one who sheds his clothes...just think of it. You will know it if you are asked to strip yourself of your clothes. Then you will know that one had some great reasons for shedding his clothes; something must have happened to him to do so. Perhaps you will not do it even if one offers you a hundred thousand rupees in reward. And this person has shed his clothes without any such offer, and you are unnecessarily upset. Some strong reason must have arisen which prompted him to do so. We have not yet learned to see and understand life with sympathy and care....

It is amazing that merely discarding of clothes on the part of one should...What can be the reason? What is the fear behind it? The fear is really terrible. We are so naked inside, we are so utterly degraded and poor in our beings, that the sight of a naked man--nakedness is closely associated with poverty and squalor--reminds us of our own inner degradation and poverty. There is no other reason than this.

And remember, nudity is one thing and nakedness quite another. Looking at Mahavira no one can say that he is naked, he looks so beautiful. And so far as we are concerned we look naked and ugly even in the best of our garments.

Did you watch carefully those persons who shed their clothes during meditation? You dared not, although you must have stolen a glance at them now and then, otherwise you would not have been upset about it and thought of an explosive situation arising out of it. The same friend wrote to me that women are especially disturbed about this matter. What does it mean? Are they here just to watch if someone sheds his clothes? They were here to meditate; instead they were stealthily observing others. They gave up self remembering, they ceased to observe themselves and instead they busied themselves with prying and snooping on the naked persons. Then the situation is bound to be explosive. Who asked you to keep an eye on them? You had your eyes closed. How did it matter if someone was naked? So far as the naked person was concerned,he did not watch you at all. If a naked one had come to me and complained that the presence of women was very embarrassing to him, it could be understandable. It is strange that women found themselves in an explosive state because of him. Your mind would have been gladdened if only you had seen him carefully. Then you would have known how simple and innocent it was. There was so much to gain; your mind would have felt light and unburdened. It would have made a great difference for you. But it seems we are determined to shun all that is really gainful. And perhaps we long to court a disaster. And there is no end to our mad beliefs and concepts.

A time comes in the course of meditation, and it comes irresistibly to some, when they must shed their clothes. And they shed their clothes with my permission. So if you want to explode, you had better explode on me. Everyone who bared their bodies here had obtained my permission. I had okayed their action. They came to me and said that in the course of meditation they felt that if they did not shed their clothes something within them would be blocked. And I asked them to go ahead without clothes. And it is a thing that should concern them, not you. So why are you worried about it? And if anyone has berated them for this, he has done a very wrong thing. You have no right to do so.

You should understand that there comes a moment of innocence when many things become hindrances for the innocent mind. Clothes comprise one of the strongest inhibitions of man; they make for the deepest of taboos. They represent one of man's oldest and deeply ingrained customs. And a moment comes in our social life when our garments become the symbol of our whole civilization. But it is equally true that a moment comes for some, not for all, when they feel like unnecessary weight on the mind....

I don't ask you to shed your clothes, but if some one does it there is no reason whatsoever to prohibit him. If even in a meditation camp we cannot allow this much freedom--that one can be free to this extent, if he wills so, then it will be impossible to find this freedom anywhere else in the world. And a meditation camp is meant for seekers, not for spectators. Here as long as one does not come in the way of another, he is entitled to his absolute freedom. If someone trespasses on your freedom, trouble begins, and you have a cause for complaint. If someone becomes naked and knocks you, if he hurts you, there is every reason to restrain him. But so long as he is doing something with himself, doing his own thing, you are nobody to meddle in his affairs and you have no right to raise any objections.

What we treat as disturbances for meditation is very amusing. If someone is naked, meditation of many others is spoiled. It is no good trying to save a lame meditation, a weak and feeble meditation like this. What is its worth? This much, that if one had not shed his clothes you would have done it. But it is not possible. No, you have to get rid of such petty matters, exceedingly petty matters. *Sadhana* or spiritual pursuits is a matter of greatest courage. Here we have to uncover ourselves layer by layer, as we peel an onion. In its deepest sense *sadhana* is encountering one's innermost nudity. It is not necessary to shed clothes, but for some, a situation can arise sometimes when it will be necessary to do so. And remember that you cannot think of this situation from outside; neither you have a right to judge if it is right or not right, nor to speculate about it. Who are you to do so? How do you come into this matter? And how can you know it? Do you think people who drove Mahavira out of their villages were wicked people? No, they were as civilized and cultured as you are and, like you, they thought that since he was naked he had no place amongst them.

But it is unfortunate that every time we repeat the same mistakes. The friend who met me in the street said with love and sympathy that I should restrain these people from going naked, otherwise attendance at our meditation in Bombay will sharply fall. Let it fall; let not a single person come! There is no need at all for wrong people to come to meditation. For me it will not make a difference if only one person turns up. The same friend also said that women would wholly keep away; not one of them will attend the camp. Let them keep away. Who tells them to attend the camp? It is for them to decide, and decide for themselves. And if they choose to attend, they can do so on my conditions. The camp cannot be held on their conditions. And the day I will hold the camp on your terms, it would be well if you don't attend it at all. Then I will have no use whatsoever for you.

The meditation camp will be run on my terms. I do not come for you, nor can I conduct myself according to your wishes. You cannot dictate and direct me. Gurus, Masters who are no more, become popular after they are dead and gone for the very reason that you can manage and manipulate them as you like, they cannot do a thing. But if the Master is alive, he is bound to be difficult for you. That is why an alive Mahavira is beaten and a dead Mahavira is worshipped all the world over. The living Master is troublesome, because you cannot shackle him, you cannot control him.

In my eyes no other reasons for your coming have any validity except one. And who comes and who does not come is of no consequence to me. I want that whosoever comes should come with full understanding as to why he comes and for what. *mirac108*

Osho concludes this historic Meditation Camp:

The last thing I want to say is that what has happened here in these three days has great significance. Some friends have had unique experiences and some others had glimpses of them, while a few others made efforts, but could not make it, although they did make some progress no doubt. But everybody did his good bit except a few who have the illusion that they are intellectuals and who in reality have less of intelligence and more of book knowledge. Except these few, everybody participated in meditation, and in spite of

many difficulties a special kind of energy was created here and quite a lot has happened that is significant.

But this is only the beginning.

If you devote one out of your twenty four hours every day to this meditation, a door can open onto your life. Shut yourself in a room for one full hour and tell your family not to worry about what may happen inside for that hour. Then shed your clothes and be completely naked and do the meditation in a standing position. Spread a mattress on the floor of the room so that you are not hurt in case you ever fall down. Stand up and meditate, but before it inform your family members that many things can happen inside the room--you may shout and scream, anything can happen--but they should not disturb you. And carry the experiment daily for one full hour till we meet together again at the next camp. If the friends who have taken part in the camp here continue with this practice in their places then I will take up a separate camp for them where great progress will be possible.

There is great possibility; the possibility is really infinite. But you will have to make some efforts...If you take one step forward, God will take a hundred steps towards you. He is always ready to come to you. But if you don't take a single step, then there is no way to help you. So take this meditation home and continue to do it regularly and enthusiastically.

I know many things will inhibit you. Your children will say, "What has happened to father? He was never like this; he was always grave and serious. And now he is dancing and jumping and shouting. Whenever we made a racket in the house, invariably he took us to task. What is it all about?" Children will certainly laugh at you. You should ask their forgiveness for trying to control them in the past, acknowledge your mistakes openly and tell them to play and dance freely to keep alive their natural propensities for dance and play. It will be of great benefit to them in the future. We force old age on our children much too prematurely. So tell your family not to be curious and inquisitive about what you do inside the room for an hour, and not to argue with you on this score. If you once make it clear, there will be no trouble in the future. In a few days they will get used to your affairs, they will leave you to yourself.

And then you will see that meditation has its effects not only on you but on the whole family.

If possible, have a separate room for meditation, and use it exclusively for meditation. Don t use that room for any other purpose. It may be a small room, but keep it under lock and key. If any members of your family want to join you, allow them on the condition that they meditate with you and not do anything else. It is different if a separate room is not available, but a separate room for meditation will have many advantages. If it is used exclusively for meditation, it will be charged with meditative energy. And when you will enter it you will find that it is not an ordinary space.

We radiate our energy all the time all around us; we send out rays of our mental energy all around us. And the space around us, even inside a room, absorbs this energy. That is the reason why a few places remain holy for thousands of years. If a man like Mahavira, Buddha or Krishna sits in a particular place, it takes on his extraordinary vibe, his unearthly impact, which can last for thousands of years. From such a place one's entry into the other world, the spiritual world, becomes much easier.

Every well to do person--and I have a single criterion to judge a well to do person and it is that he has a temple in his house, otherwise he is a pauper--should have a temple in a part of his house. At least one room in every house should be reserved and used as a temple, as a door to the other world. Don't use that room for anything else. Enter it in silence and use it only for meditation. The other members of the family will by and by begin to be interested in meditation, because then changes that it will make for you will begin to show.

Now people have started going to those few people here who have experienced changes in themselves, changes that are very significant, and they ask them, "What is it that has happened to you?" These few people in their turn come to me to ask how they should answer the inquisitive people. The same way your children, your parents and others will ask you; they will get so interested in meditation. And if you persevere long enough with your sadhana, then the day will not be far away when the greatest of events will happen in your life--for which we have to pass through infinite numbers of lives and which we can miss for infinite numbers of lives.

The coming few years are going to be very significant years in man's history. Now a handful of people will be of no help in matters spiritual. Unless a mighty spirituality is born, unless a mighty and massive spiritual movement sweeps the earth, making its impact on millions of people, it will be impossible to save the world from the mire of materialism. It will be a very, very momentous moment in man's life; the coming fifty years are going to be fateful and decisive. Either religion will live, or stark irreligion, all that is against religion, will live. These fifty years will also decide about Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna, Jesus, Mohammed, Rama and the rest of them. All these luminaries will be on one side of the scales while on the other side will be the large crowd of insane politicians, materialists and other ignorant people bent on deluding themselves and others too. They are in huge numbers, while only a handful of people will be on one side of the arraignment. And in fifty years' time the decision will be made.

The struggle that has been going on from time immemorial has reached its moment of decision. And looking at the situation as it obtains at present, there is not much hope. But I am not disappointed because it seems to me that very soon a simple and natural and easy way can be found which will revolutionize the lives of millions of people spiritually.

A few individuals can be of no help in the present times. In olden times it was enough if only one person became enlightened. Now this won't do. In view of the tremendous explosion of population taking place in the world, a few individuals cannot do a thing. Now something tangible can be possible only if, commensurate with the huge population,

hundreds of thousands of people are influenced and involved in spiritualism. And it is possible as I see it. If a few people form a nucleus and begin the work, then India can play a significant role in that momentous fight. No matter how poor and miserable, how degraded and slavish, how misled and misguided this country has been, yet this land has some well preserved treasures with it. Down the centuries such people have walked this land that their light, their fragrance, their longings have left their vibes in the air, have left their imprint on every blade of grass here. Man has of course gone wrong, but the dust of this land still remembers Buddha's feet walking it. Man of this country has gone wrong, but the trees still cherish the memory that Mahavira had once stood in their shade. Man has really gone wrong, but the seas surrounding this country still know a different voice they had heard in the past. Man has no doubt gone astray, but the skies of this country are still full of hopes. Everything is there, only man has to come back home.

Of late, I have been constantly praying with the hope that collective explosion in the lives of millions of people may be possible. And you can be of great help in this endeavor. Such explosion in your own life will have immense value not only for you, but for all mankind. With this hope and prayer that you will not only light your own lamps, but that your light will help other extinguished lamps to be lighted, I bid you farewell.

I am grateful to you for having listened to me in peace and with such love, and I bow down to God sitting within each one of you. Please accept my salutation. *mirac108*

Osho attracts controversy Controversy

This is one of the greatest problems for the mystics: "Who can I tell about this, who will understand?"

I was travelling in this country for fifteen years, day in, day out, year in, year out, talking to thousands of people. Slowly, slowly I became aware that I was talking to walls. These people could not understand what I was saying. They could hear, but they could not listen. The words reached them but the meaning was left behind. I tried in every way, but it was impossible. Then I had to decide to stay in one place and only to talk to those few who really wanted to understand--and not only to understand, but who were ready to be transformed. *guest01*

Once I was talking on Krishna in a meeting, and people were sitting with their backs towards me, talking with each other, gossiping--their backs towards me! That was the last day, the last straw on the camel. In the middle I left. The president of the meeting said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I am going forever! I am finished with these stupid people. I am talking about Krishna, they have invited me to talk to them, and nobody seems to listen." *wisdom06*

If I see people silently sitting, attentive, drinking in every single word, focused, meditative, I can say far higher things; far more complicated things can be explained to them.

But if no friends are sitting in front of me, I always have to begin from abc. Then the plane can never take off; then the plane has to function like a bus. You can use a plane like a bus. It can take off only when it gains speed; a certain situation is needed for it to gain speed.

I used to talk to millions of people in this country; then I had to stop. I was talking to thousands--in a single meeting, fifty thousand people. I traveled around this country for fifteen years, from one corner to another corner. I simply became tired of the whole thing, because each day I would have to start from abc. It was always abc, abc, abc, and it became absolutely clear that I would never be able to reach xyz. I had to stop traveling. *wisdom06*

I have been moving in the masses for years. I have not decided in a hurried way to drop out of the mob--I saw that it was absolutely absurd: you go on talking to people who are not ready to listen; you go on talking to people who are not seekers, who are not in any search; you go on talking to people who have come just for entertainment. Why should I waste my energy and time? I tried in every way to be available to bigger crowds, but then I found it was impossible. They come here as an entertainment, and they hear through one ear and from the other it is lost....

I looked into thousands of people, and I found that only a very few are there who will take the seed to the heart, who will become soil to it, who will absorb it. And others are just curiosity-mongers, just entertaining themselves. Maybe the entertainment is religious, but it is meaningless. *trans410*

I am not interested in the masses, because if you are interested in the masses you have to be manipulated by the masses. I am not in any way a mass man, because I am very individual. I have my own way, my own life, my own style, and I don't allow anybody to interfere with it. If you want to become a man of the masses, the whole mass interferes with you. They teach you how you should sit and how you should stand and what you should say and what you should not say and what you should eat and what you should not eat and when you should go to bed and when you should get up. They teach you everything. This is very ironical that the people who think they are leaders of the masses and gurus of the masses in fact are the slaves of the masses. The masses teach them how to be. They don't have any freedom. And the masses go on looking from everywhere: "Are you really following what the mass wants to be followed? Are you really following the idea of the mass, what a saint should be like?" Or if you are not following, then you become a fallen saint; then you are a sinner.

I don't allow anybody to dictate my life. I don't allow anybody's life to be dictated by me. That's why I don't give any discipline to my people. I simply confer freedom on them and a responsibility to be free. Never interfere with anybody's life, and don't allow anybody to

interfere with your life. Be individualistic. I am not a socialist, I am not a communist. I believe in the individual. I am absolutely an unashamed individualist.

I was moving around the country, I was moving among the masses for many years, but I was surprised to see the fact that the masses try to manipulate you. Rather than learning anything from you, rather than taking anything from you, they try to manipulate you. *ecstas06*

People try...hundreds of people have tried even with me, with all good intentions: what I should say, what I should not say. Their ignorance is such that they don't understand that if they are wiser than me, then why are they following me? They are my followers, advising me--what I should say and what I should not say, what I should do and what I should not do. They have come to me to be transformed and they are trying in every way to transform me! *razor15*

When you come near a master you have to decide, because it is no ordinary affair. It is a great risk, your whole life is at risk. So if you move around in India you will find either my friends or my enemies, those who are madly in love with me or those who are madly in hate with me. That is bound to happen. The reason is simple. Those who are madly in love with me and those who are madly in hate with me--they both had to decide. *justlt02*

I have experienced it my whole life. Thousands of people have come to me and disappeared. If they find that some of their superstitions are fulfilled by my statements they remain with me, but the moment they see that they were not right--I am not in support of their superstitions, on the contrary, I am against them--they immediately become my enemies. When I was supporting their death they were with me, they were paying great respect and reverence to me. And when I started to be really a friend to them, a health, a wholeness, they turned into enemies. *zara201*

In India it happened, one man wrote a book against me and he sent me the proof copy. I looked into it--it was all rubbish, lies, fictitious stories with no evidence. Still, I sent him my blessings and told him to print it on the first page of the book. He could not believe it; he was so disturbed: what kind of man is this?

He lived in Baroda, a thousand miles away from me, but he came to see me--he had never seen me. He was just collecting third-rate yellow newspapers and cuttings and gossips, rumors...and he managed to make a book. And he asked me "Have you seen inside or have you simply sent blessings?"

I said, "I have gone through it word for word; it is all bullshit, but you have done so much work collecting bullshit, you need blessings."

He said, "But this looks strange--with your blessings. I know this book: even while I was collecting and writing.... My purpose is to earn money--this book is going to become a bestseller--but now seeing you and your response, I feel perhaps I should not have done this."

I said, "No, you continue. Let this book go into the market. Collect more, because while I am alive more and more lies will be there, more and more gossips, rumors--you can always earn money; this is a good way. It is not doing any harm to me. And the picture you have chosen for the cover is really beautiful."

He said, "My God! I was thinking you would be angry, ferocious."

I said, "Why should I be angry, why should I be ferocious? Life is too short to be angry, to be ferocious. Even if we can manage to be blissful, that's enough; if we can manage to bless, that's enough. What you do is your business, but you have done it well. Your writing is good; what you have written is nonsense, but the way you have put it and presented it is really good. And you devoted almost one year to my service. I cannot pay you, but I can give you my blessing."

And the book was published with my blessings and *every* criticism that appeared in newspapers about the book mentioned it: "It is strange that Osho blesses it." And just that simple blessing cancels the whole book. *psycho29*

In India, one radio station was reading my statements every day, for ten minutes in the morning, without mentioning my name--but passages from books, stories. Hundreds of letters came to me saying, "These people are stealing from your books."

I said, "Don't be worried. My name is not significant, my message is. They are cowards, or perhaps they love me but they are government servants."

In India radio is owned by the government, television is owned by the government. If they use my name, they may lose their jobs. And certainly during that series, which was continuing for six months, even ministers, cabinet ministers and the prime minister, were quoting from those statements, thinking that they have nothing to do with me. But the people who were listening knew that those statements were not coming from Indira Gandhi--they could not be, they had no relevance with the person--they were stolen. And they started searching for the place from where the statements had been stolen.

Finally I met the person, the director of that radio station. He was a lover of me, and he said, "I have been condemned. Hundreds of letters are coming to me, saying, `You are stealing. You are not mentioning Osho's name. But if I mention your name then the series will be stopped that very day. I will continue as long as they don't discover....'"

And the moment it was discovered, immediately the series was stopped and the man was removed. He told me, "It happened because of that series. People started writing letters to the prime minister saying, `This man is stealing passages from Osho.'"

The prime minister herself had been stealing. Her lectures have been sent to me, and word for word, long passages have been stolen from me. But I have always taken the standpoint: let the truth reach to people by any means, by anyone. *psycho03*

It used to happen: thousands of people were listening to me; I was traveling around the country. A gathering of fifty thousand people would be there in the cities. And on one side people who were against me shouting, and people who were for me would also be shouting--and I was speaking! And the police standing there continuously, so that those people who were for and against didn't start clashing.

It was almost impossible to work; that's why I stopped traveling. Now I don't go anywhere. Those who are really interested in truth will have to come to me. *unio204*

For many years I traveled alone all over India talking to all kinds of people. And slowly, slowly, troubles started arising. Politicians started becoming afraid. They cannot tolerate anybody who has power over millions of people. It was difficult for politicians to collect a few people to listen to them, and I was speaking before a hundred thousand people or two hundred thousand people. This became a great problem for them, that if this man turns towards politics he can prove a great danger.

They started disturbing my meetings. They started creating chaos in the meetings, blocking the roads so I could not reach to the place in time, even trying to prevent me from stopping at a station. They would collect their people and they wouldn't let me step down from the train to the platform. This was the terminus--the train could not go ahead--but they were insisting that I should be taken back, that I cannot stop here in their city. *mystic27*

I would be speaking in an Indian city, and the electricity would be cut off. And this was happening so often, again and again, that it could not be just accidental. The fifty thousand people would be sitting in darkness for half an hour, one hour, and the electricity wouldn't come on. And finally I would have to inform them, "Now it is pointless--you please go home. I will stay a little longer in the city so you will not miss any lecture of the series." And as the people were leaving, as I was leaving, the electricity would come on. *psycho23*

Shoes have been thrown at me, stones have been thrown at me. I am speaking, and in the crowd a band is playing so nobody can hear what I am saying. Poison has been given me twice, to kill me. And the last thing before I left was an attempt on my life. *last128*

The awakened man understands humanity so deeply. By understanding himself he has understood the miserable state of all human beings. He feels sorry for people; he is compassionate. He does not return evil for evil for the simple reason that he does not feel offended in the first place. Secondly, he feels sorry for you; he does not feel antagonistic towards you.

Once it happened in Baroda:

I was talking to a big crowd. Somebody sitting just in the front row became so disturbed by what I was saying, he became so disturbed by it he went out of control, he lost his senses. He threw one of his shoes at me. At that moment I remembered that I used to play

volleyball when I was a student, so I caught hold of his shoe in the middle and asked him for the other one. He was at a loss.

I said, "You throw the other one too! What am I going to do with one? If you want to present something...." He waited. I said, "Why are you waiting? Throw the other one too, because this way neither will I be able to use the shoe nor will you be able to use it. And I am not going to return it, because evil should not be returned for evil! So you please give the other one too."

He was so shocked because he could not believe it...first, what he had done he could not believe--he was a very good man, a scholar, a well-known Sanskrit scholar, a pundit. He was not expected to behave like that, but it had happened--people are so unconscious. If I had acted the way he was unconsciously expecting, then everything would have been okay. But I asked for the other shoe, and that shocked him very much. He was dazed.

I told somebody who was sitting by his side, "You pull off his other shoe. I am not letting him off, I want both the shoes. In fact, I was thinking of purchasing some shoes, and this man seems to be so generous!" And the shoe was really new.

The man came in the night, fell at my feet, and asked to be forgiven. I said, "You forget all about it, there is no question...I was not angry, so why should I forgive you? To forgive, one first has to be angry. I was not angry, I enjoyed the scene. In fact, it was something so beautiful that many people who had fallen asleep were suddenly awakened! I was thinking on the way that it is a good idea, that I should plant a few of my followers, so once in a while they can throw a shoe so all the sleepers wake up. At least for a few moments they will remain alert because something is happening! I am thankful to you."

For years he went on writing to me, "Please forgive me! Unless you forgive me I will go on writing."

But I told him, "First I have to be angry. Forgiving you simply means that I accept that I was angry. How can I forgive you? You forgive me, because I am unable to be angry with you, unable to forgive you--you forgive me!"

I don't know whether he has forgiven me or not, but he has forgotten me. Now he writes no more. *dh1109*

Everyone is afraid of danger. There is no need to be afraid. In danger there is no thought, only thoughtlessness. Many times I have moved into danger. I love danger. Thousands of times I have been in real danger.

Once I was traveling in Rajasthan. I was in a first class compartment. In the middle of the night a man attacked me with a dagger as I was sleeping. I opened my eyes and looked at the man. He looked into my eyes, my childlike eyes. You can understand the whole story if you just look into my eyes. He looked into my eyes, saw the child, and stopped. He dropped the idea.

I said to him, "What is the matter? Why are you not doing your thing? I am doing my thing so you can do yours. I dare you!"

He said, "You are the only man ever to dare me. Excuse me, I cannot stab you. I want to be your disciple." He is now one of my disciples. *notes01*

Many attempts have been made on my life, but I have never felt insecure. There is no insecurity for me.

When I was a professor in the university, insurance people used to come to me saying that I should get insured. I said, "That is stupid, because I never feel any insecurity. Why should I get insured?" "No," they would say, "for your children." I would say, "I am unmarried. Do you want me to produce children the way Jesus was produced? Just for your insurance policy, I have to produce children?"...

There was a time for thirty years when I was traveling alone around India, not even a single person with me, facing hostile crowds of thousands of people. But I have never felt insecure for the simple reason that if I am saying the truth, how long can you remain hostile? *last207*

So I immensely enjoy people's negativity and I take it as a challenge--a challenge to my love. If I can still love them, only then do I know what love is. If I can love only people who love me, then it is business, a bargain. If I can even love people who don't love me, who certainly are hateful towards me, who would like to destroy me, then it is true love, it is unconditional love--it makes no demands on them.

I have experienced as much negativity as one can ever experience, and from my very childhood because my attitude has been that of a rebel. I have been disobedient, rebellious. I have annoyed almost everybody: my relatives, the people of my village, my teachers, my professors. I have annoyed everybody--I enjoyed it!--but I have never hated anybody. Even the people I annoyed, the people who took every kind of revenge on me...I have been expelled from colleges, from universities, but I have never hated anybody. Even the people who were the cause of my expulsion, my love for them has remained the same.

And they were puzzled by it, they were very much at a loss, because they were expecting that I would be angry. But I was never angry--rebellious certainly, but angry never; disobedient certainly, but disrespectful never. With all my respects I disobeyed! I remained always 'humbly yours'--rebelling, fighting, annoying them, doing every kind of thing that they would not like, but always 'sincerely yours'. About that even *they* were certain--that I was sincerely respectful.

I have experienced all kinds of negative reactions from others; that has not destroyed my love. In fact, on the contrary, it has made my love more integrated; it has made my love so centered and grounded that now I can say nothing can shake it, nothing can change it. Even if somebody kills me I will die loving him. *ultas10*

There are friends who hurl insults at me and then go away. My heart is genuinely grateful to them for through the abuses I can feel my love flowing towards them, and it spreads a peace that is not of this world throughout my entire being. *long06*

Just think of me for thirty years continuously wandering in India, and in return getting stones, shoes and knives thrown at me. And you don't know Indian railways, waiting rooms, you don't know the way Indians live. It is unhygienic, ugly, but they are accustomed to it. I had suffered for those thirty years as much--perhaps more--than Jesus suffered on the cross. To be on the cross is a question only of a few hours. To be assassinated is even quicker. But to be a wandering master in India is no joke.

I was the healthiest person you could find. Before I started these journeys, knowing perfectly well my health was going to be destroyed.... I had to eat all kinds of food, and in India the food pattern changes just within a few miles. I had to live with dirt, uncleanliness, and I had to be ready for all these rewards--stones, shoes, knives being thrown at me. And India is a vast country, almost a continent--I was always on the train.

There are places which take forty-eight hours to reach by the train. And aeroplanes reach only to a few capital cities. If you want to reach the people you have to go in a train. And if you want to enter the very central parts of the country, you have to use even worse trains. Of course, I went on and on destroying my health, knowing perfectly well what I was doing.

But what I had found I wanted at any cost--at the cost of my life--to share with a few people, to make them afire. My body may die in the effort, but I have made a few other bodies lighted with the same flame, and they will go on spreading the fire around the earth.

People used to say to me, "Your body is like a marble statue." It was. My weight was one hundred and ninety pounds, and it was not fatness--I have never been fat. It was immensely solid, like a rock. I was never sick, I was unaware what it means to be sick. But as my body went on deteriorating, I became aware what headache is, what migraine is, what stomach upset is, what finally became my diabetes and my asthma. Now I am only one hundred and thirty-one pounds, down from one hundred and ninety. *false24*

When I used to travel in India, for twenty years continuously, I came across many things. In India people have the idea, particularly the villagers--and eighty percent of India consists of villages--that if you serve a saint you earn tremendous virtue, *punya*, merit, and you will be rewarded greatly in heaven, so you have to serve a saint. Now whether the saint wants to be served or not, that is not the point at all! So many times I had to force people to go out of my room because they wanted to serve me. And "service" in India means they will massage your feet...I would say, "But I want to sleep!"

And they would say, "You can sleep, but you cannot prevent us from serving you. Otherwise how are we going to earn merit?"

They would force themselves upon me.

It is out of those twenty years of experience that in my ashram there were guards because the people have served me so much, I am tired of it! They would start massaging my body and I would say, "I don't like massage at all!" But that is not the point, that is irrelevant, whether you like it or not. In the middle of the night, somebody would enter the train at a station and start serving me. I would be fast asleep--he would wake me up. He would say, "You can rest, but the train is going to stay here for one hour, so I did not want to lose this opportunity." And for one hour I had to suffer! They would go on doing whatsoever they wanted to do. *theolo04*

It has happened so many times, in different ways. I was traveling from Calcutta to Varanasi. I had a fever; I was utterly tired--seven days camp in Calcutta. I simply wanted to take some medicine and go to sleep, and a man entered. I asked, "What do you want?"

He said, "I don't want anything. I will just sit on the floor; I always wanted to sit by your feet, and now I have got the chance."

I said, "Listen, I am having fever and I want to go to sleep, and your presence will be a disturbance to me." But he wouldn't listen.

In India, the idea is that spiritual people don't suffer from fever, they don't need to sleep, they don't need to rest. They should be available twenty-four hours a day, to all kinds of idiots. And this is not only uneducated people. One afternoon, when I was sleeping in Jaipur, suddenly I saw that somebody is walking on the roof. And then he pulled out a tile and looked at me. I said, "What are you doing there?"

He said, "Nothing...I have never seen you from very close. There are always fifty thousand people in your meetings, and I'm so far away that I cannot see your face. You can rest, you can go to sleep--but I will wait here."

But the gardener of the bungalow had seen the man, so he came rushing in, forcing him to get down. I inquired of the gardener, "Do you know this man?"

He said, "I know him. He is a government official, well-educated."

But in India, it is thought to be that just *darshan*, seeing the saint, is earning great virtue. What happens to the saint is not the question--that is his problem. Now how can you rest and sleep if somebody is sitting just on your head, looking at you? *rebel25*

I was surrounded by thousands of people for twenty-four hours each day. There was no possibility of any intimacy, mm?--I might be talking to you and somebody would come and jump on my feet, and hold me and I would have to stop talking to you....

It was impossible even for me to sleep...because people were there. It was impossible for me even to eat--people were there--and they were taking prasad from my food.... It was

impossible to eat! They would have killed me! They almost killed me; they destroyed my health utterly. *door12*

I lived for twenty years without any organization, but then it was so impossible to work. Even in the night when I was asleep there were fifty people sitting in my room; everywhere there was a crowd. Even to talk to me was impossible; one could not ask anything. It became so impossible to give attention to individuals, to help them to grow, to share my joy with them. And the crowd was absolutely useless, because I am not a person who can have anything to do with a crowd.

My work is basically concerned with the individual because only the individual has the capacity to grow. The crowd never grows; it remains always the same. It was the same when it crucified Jesus, it was the same when it poisoned Socrates. it was the same when it killed Mansoor*, it is the same with me. The crowd is absolutely useless; the crowd belongs to the lowest stratum of intelligence.

And what I am saying can be understood only by very highly intelligent people; that is the possibility of only a few individuals, a few chosen individuals. Just to make it possible for chosen individuals to be with me I had to create a formal organization. *zzzz11*

*Note: Mansoor was an enlightened master killed by orthodox Mohammedans

Osho stops travelling

You ask me: *Why did You stop traveling?*

Traveling, I was trying to find people who are ready to go with me to any end. The moment I became aware that I had enough people in India, that I need not bother to go on traveling, I could now settle in one place and let people come to me. As I became settled, Indians came, and soon people from around the world slowly, slowly started coming. *last113*

In 1970 Osho writes to a friend:

This was my assurance given to many friends in the previous life that when truth is attained, I will inform them.

That I have done.

Hence, my travels in India are almost over.

Certainly some friends are outside India also--I am creating the bridge to contact them.

Although friends have no memory of the promise taken,...

But what is known to me must be done.

Now, generally I will stay at one place.

This way I will also be able to concentrate more on the seekers.

And I will be more available to those who really need me.

Whether I travel or not, whether I speak or not, it will make no difference for those who are ready to move along with me.

For them, even not travelling my travels will be continuing,

And even in my silence I will be speaking.

If my body disappears in the formless, even then they will go on receiving the support of my hands.

And not only today but ever--I will show them the path through the eternal flow of time.

Because, not I am *not*--only God is singing the song through my flute.

May those who have eyes see it.

May those who have ears hear it.

May those who have wisdom recognize it. *letter03*